Dream Log

Liber Cuniculi

INDEX

CONTEXT

Important Notes for Sydney:

- Go through all tech symbols when we are done updating symbol numbers since we recategorized them all.
- NEW SYMBOLS #16, #96, #130, #142, #166 #177
- Fix 134 duplicate

These are the dreams as they stand. They often feel liminal, and, more often than not, they contain a myriad of esoteric themes and principles. They are one of the many reasons why I am convinced of what the vast majority of people have determined impossible; the inalienable existence of divine, higher forces. Forces that I know dwell at the outermost edges of human comprehension.

From my earliest recollection my dreams have been rife with divine figures, occult symbols, and esoteric metaphors. However, I remained blind to their true significance until I was twenty-five. It began in earnest in the late summer of 2020. On August 11th of that year, I decided, somewhat on a whim, to dive deeply into esotericism and the occult. I began my studies eagerly, but with no real assumptions as to what my studies might yield. Barely a month later, on September 8th, the unreal had come knocking at my door. A shocking experience of the otherworldly and impossible began to unfold in front of me and would continue to unfold ever more rapidly over the course of the next eleven days. What started as simple curiosity rapidly became something far more visceral. It was then that I lost touch with consensus reality and crossed into direct, undeniable experience of the impossible; observing phenomena that openly defied the laws of physics.

I have been a changed person ever since. This new chapter of understanding has afforded me insights that have completely recontextualized the dreams that have haunted me since childhood. These are those dreams.

Important Note for Reader:

For a more streamlined reading experience of the most compelling dreams in the journal see list below:

{**1- 10, 14, 16, 19,** 21-**22, 23**, 27-29, 31, **36, 44 – 45**, 47, 49, **50**, 52-54, 58, **61**, 67, **70**, 83, 94, **95, 97-98, 101, 104 – 106, 111-112,** 116, **117,** 121, **122,** 125, 129, **136**, 140, 144, **159, 162-163, 174, 184, 197, 201, 204,** 205-206, 209, 217, 238, **245,** 247, **250**, 258, 271, **272,** 303, 315, 326, 336, **340,** 334, **349, 354,** 358, 392, 405, **418,** 424, 442, 456, 460, **469, 479, 480,** 481, 483, 485-486**, 502,** 511, 517, 531.}

1. (1998)(4 years old) The first dream I ever remembered upon waking. I'm in a completely pitch black, infinitely large room (#26 #27 & #155) save a single, incredibly bright spotlight (#34) shining directly down upon me and nothing else. I'm on the floor curled up in a ball with my arms wrapped around knees. I'm rocking back and forth; pleading with an unseen masculine entity that I now presume is a deity (#156). (*I can't actually see it, but I am aware of the fact that in front of me is a single step up (#70) onto a platform that's likely about 3 to 4 inches above the floor where I am laying. I know that there is a throne (#94) facing toward me on the platform and that there is some sort of ethereal being (masculine) sitting in it and observing my pleading*) I'm absolutely devastated, viscerally so (*The devastation, so inhumanely painful, a child would have no business dreaming it into existence*). I'm violently sobbing, wailing out in anguish, grabbing at my body like I'm trying to tear myself apart at the seams. I just keep screaming – crying over and over and over again. "Please don't turn me into a monster again! Please don't turn me into a monster again! Please don't turn me into a monster again!" I don't stop pleading for a single moment and it is as though I am pleading forever, but the dream ends regardless.
2. (1998) Second dream I ever remembered. I am getting out of my bed (*the same bed I was asleep in at the time*) in my childhood bedroom (Blytheville house) (#116) and walking into the main hallway (#72). In this hallway, next to my bedroom door (#82) is a black void (#52). This void looks to be a perfectly square (#172) hole. I don't see the hole in time and I begin to fall (#170). And I keep falling…and I keep falling, and it just doesn't stop. This empty, square hole is an infinite void (#155). I recognized that the experience of falling was occurring ad infinitum. Upon waking I remember struggling to grasp the concept of an experience that never ends (#144).
3. (1999) (5 years old) I had a dream that I was in a random living room in some random home and there were two women (#108) circling the couch in the center of the living room that both looked exactly like my mom (#111). Both of them were telling me that they were my "real mother." I remember being very upset by this as I was very protective of my mom and was terrified I'd make the wrong choice. As they're fighting amongst themselves about who the real mother was I notice one of the mothers has lightning (#16 & #36) flashing in their eyes. After taking into consideration how abnormal (#156) this was I made my choice. I said that the one without lightning in her eyes was my real mother. I assumed the mother with lightning in her eyes was a witch (Consistent with 5 year old logic). After I made the decision I immediately walked over to the couch (#95), got on top of it, grabbed a pillow, placed it over my head, and deliberately woke myself from the dream (#152) because the dream was scaring me (#171).
4. (2000-2001) (6 or 7 years old) I'm being punished for some unknown crime in a Middle Eastern setting (#122). There are these stalls that they have erected that are used as flogging stalls (#137). They hang me from the ceiling by a single foot (#127) while the other leg is somewhat crossed. (*I now know this position to be very similar to the one the "Hanged Man" is depicted in*) As one of the guards (#98) is about to enter my stall I struggle with the rope until I'm able to free myself (#126). I flee (#125) the stall and potential flogging and run into the brush where I am able to evade my captors.
5. (2001-2002) I've been captured by the main antagonist of the videogame (#65) Crash Bandicoot, Neo Cortex, and I am being kept in a cage (#127) in the highest part of his tower (#74). It seems I have been prisoner there for years.
6. (2001-2002) Main antagonist of the videogame (#65) Crash Bandicoot has captured me and a slew of other people and has hung us from the ceiling in cages (#127) in the middle of some sort of warehouse

(#81). I am able to escape (#126), and, once I get things in order, I return to the warehouse and save all the others who have been captured (#63).

7. (2001-2002) Im trying to evade a terrible evil (#125) in the midst of a large forest (#2) (*The dream location of said forest is also rooted in the physical world for some reason. The dream happened close to the trees we planted as my "college fund" back behind Max's old place*). I'm wearing a red cloak (#45) and I am being closely pursued by a snarling wolf (#41). (*This dream is also connected to another dream I would later have. The forest I am fleeing through is directly connected to the "kingdom" that I would later steal from*)
8. (2001 – 2002) "The Kingdom." I'm sneaking through the king's (#98) castle, trying to find his horde of wealth. I find the treasure room in the back right side of the castle. I successfully steal (#169) some his treasure and attempt to flee (#125). Unfortunately I am caught almost immediately. I am stuffed into a small, plexiglass (#73) style enclosure. The enclosure is against the wall and only has three plexiglass walls attached to the back wall. It is comically small. I can only sit on a small bench or stand straight up. I can't actually move inside of it. I am told by the king that I am to stay in the enclosure for 21 years (#127). I think about how boring and torturous that experience would be, and try to escape instead. I escape (#126) and run into the village. Once they discover I'm missing the king sends two male guards (#106) after me. The reason I even initially stole from the king was because I thought the king's people deserved the treasure far more than he did. Because I was known to be a Robin Hood-esque presence in the village, I was hidden by a lovely couple in their loft style home. I hid (#123) under the dining room table (#124). The couple did their best to lie to the guards once they knocked on their door, but it was no use. The guards pushed past them and found me rather quickly. They both dragged me back to the throne room of the castle, and threw me in front of the King who was sitting comfortably on his throne (#94). He's about to re-sentence me, and that's when a black portal (#52) with slight purple (#46) tones of light surrounding it (#36) opens up on the ceiling above us. The black hole begins to pull me off of the floor, into the air, and into it. Just before I'm about to be swallowed by this void the king looks up at me, stares me dead in the eyes, and says "You can't escape your dreams forever" (#145). That's where the dream ends.
9. (2002) Odd dream of fleeting images of an electric chair and a machine in which lava overflows as another means of capital punishment.
10. (2002) At the start of the dream I was on top of a hill. I was stranding directly in front of a zip line. This zip line led to the door of a "research center." Outside of the research center below the hill was a sea of agitated people. And by sea, I mean to say there were thousands if not hundreds of thousands of them. One of top of the other, over and over until all of their movements together resembled the waves of a violently raging ocean. Crashing over one another through their violent motion. Each of these individuals was either a villain or a monster. My eight year old mind using all of its accumulated knowledge of what an "enemy" might look like based on its experiences with various forms of media (videogames, movies, etc.) Each and every one of them was desperate to reach me and tear me apart. I knew this concretely as looked back up at the zip line attached to the hill on which I stood. I took hold of the zip line's handle and went straight down to the door without a moment of hesitation. Without any traces of fear in my body. At the door was the lead "scientist" of the research center Neo Cortex (from videogame darling Crash Bandicoot). I was immediately carried into the facility and made into the main course of great banquet. I was hogtied and an apple was placed in my mouth. After the feast was over I was brought into a room, which oddly was in the middle of the singular room that made up the entirety of the facility. This room's walls did not touch the walls of the building. Existing as a lone island might. Inside of this room was nothing but numerous and rather creative devices of torture. And as I was repeatedly placed inside of these devices they were to use upon me with great delight and enthusiasm I did not scream. I did not yell. I did not react at all. A baseline of a placid smile remained

constant upon my face. Almost separate to whatever conscious was to be had in that room. This smile never faltered, never moved. Seemingly content, wherever my actual being was actually located. One device stood out to me. A wooden wheel that I was strapped too upside down. Once they had placed me on the wheel they began to spin it rapidly and began to throw knives at the wheel and as I spun. My eyes wide and that still smiles revolving around and around again. I was eight years old when I had this dream.

11. (2002-2003) Nightmares about a massive, foreboding Deborah DeValcourt. Her black shadowed outline contrasted by the light from the room behind her (#36). It is implied that she has violent (#137) intentions.
12. (2002-2003) I dream that there are these violent attackers trying to come through my bedroom windows ((#69)). One of them shoots me in the face with a shotgun (#137 & #65 & #142) (See end of Tomb Raider game animation).
13. (2002-2003) First flying (#61) dream. There's some device in my right hand that I have extended to the sky. It's helping me use my energy to fly upward.
14. (2004-2005) A few years later I dream about "The Kingdom" again. This time the entire kingdom has transformed itself from a medieval village to a modern cityscape (#21). Skyscrapers (#74) and all. My dream begins in a dark hallway (#72) in front of this massive, ornate entrance way. The door (#82) opens in the middle and becomes two separate doors when you pull them open. When I open these doors I find myself staring at a comically large conference room (#150). Perfectly suited for its comically long conference table (This conference table is a stand in for the same one from Van's old office at Coldwell Banker). At the end of the sea of office chairs (#162) is a single office chair at the head of the table. It is much larger and fancier than all of the other chairs. Sitting in that chair is the same king (#98) from the other dream. This time he's wearing a business suit and staring directly at me yet again. He says "I see you're back. Take a seat," (#145) in a particularly calm tone of voice. My heart starts to race and my fight or flight kicks in and I book it down the hallway (#125). That's where the dream ends (Windows (#69) to the city were on the left. I also fled left into the hallway)
15. (2005-2006) I'm a prisoner (#127) at Hyrule Castle and Kendall (#117) gets together some soldiers to come and retrieve me. A massive war (#134) is waged and Kendall is eventually successful.
16. (2007-2008) I'm in this beautiful glass city (#73 & #21) where all the skyscrapers (#74) are translucent. Everyone's doors (#82) and windows ((#69)) are wide open and beautiful music (#175) plays at every corner. No matter where you go the volume of the music remains the same. It's cold, but it's not at all uncomfortable. It's like the perfect temperature that stands between true cold and true heat (#144). I enter one of the many parties going on throughout the city and become fast friends with this dude who was an incredible dancer. We danced (#129) together and then we went on and explored the entire city and had numerous adventures along the way. We finally come upon the massive bridge (#51). The only way you could access the city of glass. We looked down and peered into the watery depths of the river (#7) that lay below. We looked at one another looked back down and immediately leapt off the bridge (#170). I hit the water and feel an electric current of ice cold water run through my body. I float up to the surface and drag myself out of the water onto this small sand dune type thing. I look and see that my friend had already beaten me there. We cozied up against one another and we slowly began to dry. We embrace one another intimately (#167) and I wake up.
17. (2008) Running through a haunted plantation and attempting to rid the house of violent (#137) ghosts (#153). I find this button at the top of the stairs (#70) and I forcefully push to button because I think it might make the ghosts leave. That's when I become suddenly perfectly still (#123). (I wake up from that dream and realize I'm experiencing sleep paralysis. I can't move or breathe and I'm really freaking out. I come to after fifteen seconds or so)

18. (2008-2010) I am back at the castle based on the one from Hyrule in Zelda Ocarina of Time (#65). The one I'd dreamt of previously. I was in some sort of room designed for guests to observe the king (#98) from a platform. Maybe it was originally made so villagers could come witness his speeches without him being in danger. I'm not sure. Regardless, I was on the platform with the king (+throne (#94)) being publicly humiliated and given lashes (#137) as some sort of deranged punishment.
19. (2008-2011) I find myself at the entrance of the weirdest place I've ever seen. It's like there's a massive rock up in the mountains (#9) (The chunk of land is literally floating above the mountains without anything underneath to support it) The only entrance to the floating rock is this rickety bridge (#51) that's right next to a single tree on which a very creepy owl perches (#41) (The tree is dead). The owl watches me as I cross the bridge. The building itself looks similar to a rundown manufacturing plant (#81). Definitely an industrial building of some variety. There's a party (Music (#175)) taking place in the building that is suddenly interrupted by an active shooter (#136). I run (#125) out the side exit as the shooter is right behind me. I push past door after door. A grenade lands next to me (#137) so I run as fast as I can. Once I get past the third door (#82) without being harmed I turned around and directly faced the shooter. He's staring at me and I'm staring directly at him. He shakes his head lightly and turns around, and walks away.
20. (2009-2012) Went on a trip on a cruise ship (#55). There were these massive water slides (#30 & #128), and a state-of-the-art IMAX (#83). Things seemed rather high end no matter where you looked.
21. (2009-2011) The green (#42), velvet tent (#25) that exuded pure, evil intention. You could feel waves of it rolling off of (#144) the structure. You come across the tent only once you've passed through the "carnival" (#24) right beside it. Very eerie, threatening vibes. (To the left and forward is the green velvet tent of evil to the right and back is the carnival tent)
22. (2010) (My very first "life dream" (#151). A dream where I live out an entire existence and find myself mourning the loss of those I knew and loved from said "life dream" upon waking) I live out in the middle of the woods (#2) with my mother and my sister (#112 & #111). We live in a quaint, two story cabin (#77) where we rarely receive visitors. One night, very late in the evening we receive a knock at the door (#82). My mother opens the door, and there's a very attractive man on our doorstep. My sister and I are peering at the door from the living room (#89) while mom greets the man. The man immediately turns towards me and says that he's here to talk to me. My mom is taken aback and begins to question the man. He isn't very receptive to her questions, and his eyes never leave me as he gives her vague answers. My mom turned to me, and asked if I knew that man. I said I didn't even though I knew deep, deep down that I must know him from somewhere. He felt familiar and important to me even though we hadn't met. He asks me directly if he can come in. I'm unsure of what to do as my mom and sister stare at me, confused and apprehensive. He repeats the question again and tells me he can't cross over into our home unless I tell him that he can. It's almost like I'm in a trance, and I tell him to come in. My mom and sister are shocked, but I tell them everything is fine as I take the man upstairs (#70) and into my room. My mom and sister stay downstairs in the kitchen and living room, wondering what they should do. The man sits me down on my bed (#96) and sits to the left of me. We have a long conversation that I can't seem remember many details of. The conversation ends with him and I deciding to leave my home and go wherever the man comes from. We leave through my window (#69) that leads out to the roof (#78) and we "teleport" (#62) off of the roof and into the clouds. We're standing on a sea of clouds (#17) that do not seem to end (#150). (It seems to be infinite space (#155) from what I can see) It's mostly dark there so I assume it must be night time. We're standing directly in front of a fire (#35 & #36) pit that has a blanket beside it along with a picnic basket full of grapes and wine (#174). I look out at the expanse and I can see a sea of fire pits that look exactly like our own. It goes on forever. I can't clearly see anyone else at the other fire pits, but I can feel that there are two

individuals at each fire pit. The man asks me to sit, and I do. We watch the fire as we feed one another grapes and drink wine. We talk to one another, we laugh, and we scoot closer together. We began to comfort each other with physical touch. Nothing sexual, but incredibly comforting. We extinguish the fire and lay down on the blanket next to one another. One thing leads to another and we have sex (#167) with one another. When I wake up (#148) it is daytime, and I can see the land of clouds far more clearly than I could last night. I turn to the man and he's still sleeping. I lightly rouse him from his slumber and ask him if he could take me home now. He bolts straight up and suddenly seems more awake. He turns to me with a strange look and says, "I can't." "What do you mean," I ask. He tells me that we already completed the ritual. We sat by the fire, consumed the grapes and the wine, and lay with one another. I ask him what he means and he tells me to go look. I see an opening in the clouds and realize I can look down at my planet. I look and the planet is now a barren wasteland (#19) (It's around this time I start suspect that he is a deity (#156) There is no life on it at all. I am suddenly overcome with grief for my mother and my sister and beg him to take me to them. He seems so sad and tells me that he thought I understood what this all meant. I start to cry and demand he take me down to my planet. He tells me it's no use, there's no life anywhere, but I insist. I'm not mad at the man; I know that he thought we both understood that this would happen. I keep insisting he bring me to my planet, and he eventually relents. I'm suddenly standing on my planet and there is no sign of life anywhere. Everything is grey and dead. I'm devastated and in denial. I begin to roam the entire planet front and back (#131) searching for my missing mother and sister, and I do so till the end of time (#144) as the god stares at me sadly and longingly from above. When I wake up I find myself in the throes of despair not only for my mother and sister, but also for the deity who I knew in my heart I had loved deeply, and completely. The fact "none of them had ever existed" was traumatizing to me, and I wept over them for about ten minutes until the memories began to fade and my mind took mercy upon me.

23. (2010-2012) I find myself in the high tower (#74) of the masculine and feminine god (#156). We're looking down upon the mortal world, and I see just how deeply the people are suffering. I turn to the masculine and feminine god, and ask them why they're allowing such a thing to happen. They claim it's what they deserve, and that they must atone for their shortcomings. I don't find this answer satisfactory and tell them both that I'm going down to the mortal world to do something about this (#63). They seem somewhat dismissive and pretty much tell me to knock myself out. (For some reason this dreamscape is tied to a physical location. The tower is above and beside Ashley Randt's childhood home (#117), and the place I land once leaving the tower seems to be located in that "valley???" where the phone lines cross close to the first gate) I go down to the mortal plane and find myself in this strange V shaped valley (#1) that's been created by the outer walls of these massive ziggurats on either side of me. But what's really interesting is the walls that surround either side of me. The walls have door way after door way after door way (#82) on each side. I look ahead and the doors never seem to end. Each door is a black void (#52) with nothing inside of it. Nothing I can see at least. I know that this is part of my journey to help the mortals so I begin walking forward; passing door after door, hoping I find what it is that I need. The dream ends.
24. (1-29-2010) "Anthony wasn't there for some reason. But Will and Tamara (#117) you guys were there. There were several dreams I had ha-ha. Will was at a concert (#175) part of my dream and Tamara you and I went on an adventure at some weird town."
25. (2-8-2010) "Today was a day of naps. Had another amazing, random dream. Kanye West was the head of a league of super villains and I defeated him." (#63)
26. (2012-2014) The staircase (#70) upwards the man and the woman. The matrix of babies in green (#42) flames (#35). Making fun of man for not being curious enough to fearlessly barrel ahead. Man felt the babies

exuding a feeling of contempt and anger that frightened him. Man goes back down the stairs. ”Just like a man” I say contemptuously (#120).

27. (2013) (My second “life dream” (#151). This one revolves around a friend from college.) I’ve lived a full life and find myself attending college (#164) with a fairly tight nit group of friends. There’s one in particular who is a woman of Indian (#122) decent that I love and cherish the most. We’ve been friends for many, many years. I was even the one who introduced her to her fiancé who was initially one of my friends from class. Time passes us by, and we all graduate. About a year later my friends decide to have their wedding at this gorgeous cathedral (#27). I’m so happy for the two of them (), and I show up to the wedding (#28) early to find the perfect seats. Close enough that I can see everything, but not so close that I’ll get caught up in foot traffic once the ceremony ends. As I’m waiting for my friend to walk down the aisle I suddenly wake up. Once I realize I hadn’t lived that life, and that I’ll never see my friends again I begin to cry. I stay emotional for about ten minutes until the crystal clear memory of what it felt like to be living in that world started to fade.
28. (2013-2014) Greek style college (#164), tiered dorm environment. Very reminiscent of the ancient schools.
29. (2013-2016) War (#134) in Hell (#135). My father was a soldier in the war as he felt it was his duty. My mom (#111) used to also fight in the war but she’d just given birth to another child. After that it just wasn’t worth it so she retired. I was told not to go. So my mother, my sister (#112), and I are waiting by the portal (#52) for dad to return. I suddenly decided that I was going to go in. And immediately once you get there, at the station, there’s not battles going on there. Battles are happening towards the outer edges (#137). And each person is assigned a task, and they have to complete this task if they want to be free and go back home. Each task is about alleviating suffering. And my specific task (The one immediately assigned to me once I passed over the threshold) was to specifically heal and research joint pain in the field. So, I’d do work out in the hellscape a lot, but I was also permitted to return and study at the local university (#164). I started building equipment that soldiers could wear that would prevent joint injuries (#63). Some unknown person kept going to the university to sabotage my inventions for some reason. It was incredibly frustrating
30. (2013-2016) Converse (#132), indoor water park (#30) entrance. No other sensory data.
31. (5-9-2013) My most traumatic experiencing of “false awakening” (#149). False awakening occurs when you are attempting to wake up from a dream only for you to supposedly wake up in the same bed you fell asleep in only to realize you’re still dreaming. It’s like your dream is insisting upon itself and trying to get you to stop trying to end it. The worst one, in the motel room in Ohio (All of which occurred on your trip to Rock on the Range with your big sis Denise) starts off with me “waking up” (#148) in my motel (#75) room with many of my “friends and family” (#111) desperately clamoring at the door (#82). They’re all saying there’s been an emergency of some sort and that I need to open the door right now. I immediately know in the depths of my soul that the last thing I need to do is open that door. The presence behind the door feels ancient and hostile. Since my usual exit has been blocked I go over to the window (#69). Even though the room I fell asleep in was on the first floor, outside of the window is nothing but an endless void of black (#52 & #155). I really wanted to wake up (#152) and get the heck away from these vaguely threatening entities (#153) so I go ahead and jump out of the window into the void. I immediately “wake up” again in the same room with the same entities shouting from behind the door. I’m shaken but I’m not completely discouraged so I jump out the window and try again. I again wake up in the same room with the same threatening voices. I’m completely lucid (#146) at this point so I’m freaking out. I realize the only thing I can do is keep trying so I do. I keep count of each and every time I try to wake up and wind up in the dream yet again. I try again and again and again until I finally get to twenty-one failed attempts. I sit down on the edge of my bed and begin

to contemplate my existence. My first thought was “I’m dead. I died in my sleep, and I am now in limbo.” I’m terrified and absolutely baffled by the entire situation. This is when I actually woke up. My heart was racing and a wave of relief washed over my body as I realized I was back in the “real world.”

32. (2014) Sleep paralysis in my Jonesboro dorm. Some sort of black, fuzzy entity (#153). Takes advantage (#167 & #139) and leaves. I wake up.
33. (2014-2015) Overgrown with foliage (#11). A tightly packed ASMSA (#164). Hot Springs looks like it’s been taken over by the elements for some reason. Nature is taking everything back.
34. (2016) My third, “life dream.” (#151) That revolved around my daughter and I) I was a single mother who had raised a beautiful daughter (#111 & #113) for twenty-two wonderful years. She’d grown into such an amazing, intelligent, gorgeous woman, and I couldn’t have been more proud of her. Over the course of her life one of the biggest things we would bond over was music (#175). We see an advertisement for a Panic @ the Disco reunion tour, and we decide we’ll go together for mostly nostalgic purposes. It was finally time for our city’s (#21) PATD concert, and my daughter and I were both in the bathroom (#90) getting ready. This is when I suddenly woke up. I once again became emotional about the daughter “I never had” and became deeply unsettled by it for the usual ten minutes after awakening.
35. (2017-2018) I am driving recklessly (#58) in a dream that is tinted the color of copper (#43). I am violently upset and emotional over my parents (#111) once again. I’m suicidal and considering crashing. I’m on the phone (#66) with my therapist and she is unsuccessful in her attempts to calm me down. To the right of me I look into the vehicle beside me and see a young boy staring at me from his window (#69). This makes me stop driving recklessly. My therapist and I meet up and I decide to take a break out in a cabin (#77) out in the woods (#2). Stay there for a while until my parents show up with murderous intent (#137). I am forced to kill them in self-defense (#138 & #140)
36. (2018) (A dream including dreaming within a dream (#148) and reading a book as the book’s narrative became the new focal point of the dream. 23 – 24 years old when I had this dream) “San Francisco Meet Up.” The dream starts with me living in some apartment building in the middle of downtown San Francisco (#21). My landlord (#98) is keeping exotic animals (#41) illegally and keeping them in terrible conditions. I’m upset about this, and I decide to call the cops (#98) on her. She gets caught and fined, but that’s pretty much all they do about the situation. The landlord knew that I was the one that called the cops on her so she evicts me from my apartment. I’m sad about the situation, but I know there’s not much I can do about it. I walk out the front of the building and into our parking lot (#79). I get into my vehicle (#58) (Red (#45) Ford Edge) and decide I’ll take a nap (#148) and regroup after. The parking lot my vehicle is in is directly in front of this massive theatre – book store (#168) that’s close to the massive, ornate fountain (#92)in the middle of a roundabout that is a big tourist attraction here in San Francisco. I fall asleep and I begin to dream a separate dream (#148). I dream that my vehicle came out of park and rolled directly into the front of the theatre – book store (#59). In this separate dream I “wake up” (Still dreaming inside of the original dream) and realize what I’ve done. Elisa (#104) shows up and attempts to help me flee (#125) the scene. This is when I actually wake up and go back into the initial dream we started in. My vehicle hasn’t moved, but four hours have passed since I started napping. My mom (#111) is supposed to be in town today so I decide the theatre (#83) – bookstore would be a great place to meet. I have nothing else to do so I decide to go ahead and visit the theatre – bookstore, primarily the bookstore portion. On one of those featured book tables I see a book title that stands out. I begin to read the book (#161) and the dream is suddenly transformed and switches to the perspective of the protagonist () in the book. I don’t realize this while I’m reading, but it’s obvious that the protagonist is another version of me (#110). She looks exactly like me except for one big difference. She’s part human, part augmented machine. We start off with her roaming the island (#6) that she lives on.

The island seems to be utilized for manufacturing, and many robots (Ones that are entirely robot and not partially human) are going back and forth assisting with the manufacturing process. She comes across her two male robot best friends (#106) who had finished their work for the day. They meander about the island a bit until she realizes it's time to go home to her father. The only family she has is her father who's essentially somewhat of a mad scientist. He's the one who created her in the first place, and the entire island is covered in technology created by her father for these manufacturing purposes. Robots aren't the only ones that work on the island. There are plenty of humans as well. She comes home and finds that her father is missing. She figures he's out on official business and decides to go ahead and sleep (#148). When she wakes up everything seems entirely too quiet. Her father is obviously not in the house or the workshop. (She seems to sleep in the workshop which looks like an industrial building (#81)) But that's not the only issue. She walks outside and realizes the entire island is barren save a few robots here and there. All humans had disappeared off of the island. She doesn't understand why they would leave the island so she keeps exploring. She eventually comes across her two robot best friends again and they're just as confused as she is. She decides to go rummaging through her dad's workshop to see if she can find anything useful. She invites her friends to tag along. As she's going through all these different cabinets and shelves in the workshop she finds these documents outlining how to create portals. She was surprised since her father had never mentioned inventing anything at this scale, but she's encouraged that she found a potential solution to their problem. She knows neither her nor her friends are going to be able to stay on the island and continue to function forever. She reads the instructions step by step and opens up a portal (#52) of her own. She goes into the other room and explains to her friends what's going on and asks them if they want to come. They do, and they follow her to the portal. They all jump in at once and find themselves in the middle of a lake (#3) surrounded by a forest (#2) and these beautiful mountain ranges (#9). They're also all waterproof so that isn't a concern. The landscape is stunningly beautiful. She knows that this isn't where she needs to go so she opens up another portal and asks her buddies if they want to follow. They tell her they're happy with the location they've found themselves at so she bids them farewell and enters the second portal. She's suddenly in some city on the side of the road. She hails a taxi and gets in the back right seat. There's another passenger with her in the back, and the driver is trying to engage in small talk with the two of them. She ends up going into this long diatribe to both the passenger and the driver. She starts off by saying, "Time isn't linear. Time is a circle." (#145 because of the Hermetica) She makes a circular shape with her hands to fully drive the point home. She continues, "What has happened has always happened, what is happening is always happening, and what comes to pass has always and will always come to pass." The other passenger is terrified by this strange woman with her strange words. The taxi driver is delighted. He has never had a more interesting passenger and senses that there's something larger than himself taking place. The driver eventually brings her to the theatre – bookstore. I continue to read and have no recognition of what is happening. She walks into the bookstore and taps me on my right shoulder. I am suddenly taken out of the narrative of the book and find myself looking a version of myself that is part machine. She tells me I need to come with her so I follow her out of the bookstore. She leads me to the right side of the building and down this back alley (#72). Down the alley on the left is a door that is still a part of the building they just walked out of. She opens the door (#82) and leads me inside. I find myself in an incredibly dark room (#26) that is illuminated by a single spot light (#34) shining down on a table with three chairs at the center of the room. At the head of the perfectly square (#172) table is another Sydney (#110) who is sitting calmly, obviously waiting for the two of us (#108). The first thing the other Sydney says to me is, "You're lucky to be a Sydney. Sydney's have each other's backs." (#145) I'm oddly calmed by this statement. She continues, "Sit. We're here to talk about our plan on how to approach the game of consciousness." "The game of

consciousness (#64)?" She replies, "Yes, we're going to break the "wheel." I sit down with the two of them, and we discuss the details of this plan for hours. I have no recollection of what was said during the planning.

37. (2018-2019) I am being threatened and provoked by my housemates so I go out my bedroom window (#69) and onto my roof (#78) and into what I can only describe as a "zombie (#176) apocalypse (#19 Halloween (#31)." There's a horde of zombies all coming straight for our house and they're all dressed in various Halloween costumes. I jump off the roof and into the grass and immediately start running (#125). There's so many of them and every last one of them turns to pursue me instead of continuing towards the house. They're surprisingly fast for zombies and I'm not sure what to do. I'm on my last leg and I decide to face my fate. I turn around and see a zombie cheerleader getting closer and closer to me. For some reason it seems fitting to rip my shirt open and reveal my chest while I scream "Here! Is this what you fucking wanted!?" at the pursuing horde. I finish screaming this as the cheerleader gets incredibly close to me. Immediately after finishing my sentence I see the zombie cheerleader with her hand pointing directly at me as it approaches. I, almost instinctually, bite off the finger (#138) that's pointing at me. (I felt the crunch (#144)
38. (2020) Submerged in complete darkness (#26). Still know visually that I'm kneeling looking up at him while he's standing with the gun pointed at my temple. My expression is tranquil, placid, and loving. I'm giving him a genuine smile when he takes the shot. Shot by my ex (#133& #137 & #142 & #99)
39. (2020) Trump erects enormous TVs (#68) in every city (#21) across the country. He's playing a slideshow of my nude photos in an attempt to humiliate me.
40. (2020) There's this haphazardly constructed building that's held up by a few planks of wood. On top of that building is a gift store (#168) that's protruding from the building like it'll tip over and fall at any moment. The higher up you looked the more ridiculously it had been constructed. The entire thing was just sitting there breaking almost every law of physics (#150).
41. (2020) I was brought to this antique store (#168) that looked like it would be used by royals. I had been permitted to take as much as I want from the store for free. I had done some great thing and was being rewarded.
42. (2020) I was visiting a vintage clothing shop (#168) and I was stealing (#169) quite a few dresses. How I did it? I have no idea. All I know was I got a massive haul from the visit.
43. (2020) I'm in this impressively overwhelming tech store (#168) in some sort of high end mall (#84). I play with some of the gadgets while I wait on someone.
44. (2020-2022) The dream starts off with me being pursued by a group of people and I run (#125) into NY (#21) park to hide (#123). As I'm passing this stone fence leading into the park I see a beautiful black woman (#122) perched on the wall with a fire red (#45), asymmetrical afro. She says "first time huh?" in a very condescending tone of voice. I don't really notice and immediately tell her "You're so beautiful." I am suddenly teleported (& #62) to this abandoned building in a world that had been mostly destroyed (#19. I don't seem to care so it must have seemed like I was there the entire time. I get the feeling that the woman at the entrance of the park sent me here so I could find refuge from my pursuers. I fall asleep (#148) on the floor, and I wake up in a beautiful home in someone's king sized bed. A beautiful black woman (#122) walks into the room and I'm jumping out of the bed apologizing profusely. I tell her that I didn't know how I'd gotten there, and that I was sorry I was in her house. She looked at me somberly and took my hand and led me out onto the lawn. She was acting like I had these spells of forgetting fairly regularly. She sits us down on some lawn chairs and she begins to stroke my hair (#165). Come to find out she's my girlfriend (& #121). I start crying and I say that I don't know when or where I am. She says, "It's Tuesday. We're in Alma." I laugh and tell her that, "I'd never live in Alma." She just kept looking at me with a slight frown and

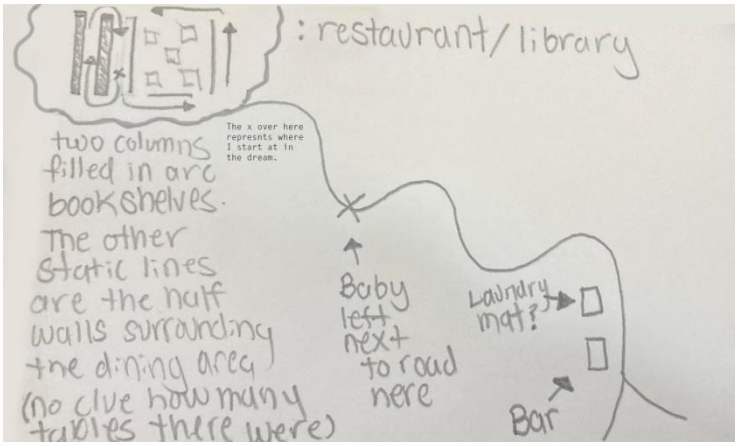
continued to stroke my hair. Over time I grow accustomed to my new life. I have a wonderful girlfriend and I grow close to our group of friends. One day we're all hanging out in our living room and I fall asleep on the couch (#95) (This is the start of a dream inside the original dream (#148). I find myself in a golden subway station (#4 & #47). The walls glisten like stars and everyone is wearing the most ornate and stunning garments. We're all "going home." I walk down to the subway train and see there are velvet () ropes that contain the path they'd made to the front doors (#82) of the train. At the entrance of the velvet ropes I see a sea of shoes (#132). I become incredibly nervous and wonder what test this might be. As I'm deeply pondering which shoes are the correct pair to select in order to be permitted access to the train. My girlfriend turns to me and laughs. She says, "I think you're just supposed to take off your shoes sweetheart. It takes a moment but it dawns on me what she had just said. I let out a sigh of relief and laugh at my unnecessary anxiety. As we're about to board the train I run into an old patient of mine. We run at each other and embrace each other tightly. We fall to the floor laughing. We tell each other how much we missed the other. It had been lifetimes since I'd last seen him (#144). We all board the subway together. Back in the living room I'm napping in one of my friends mentions shoes in passing. I wake up and roll off the couch asking who said shoes. My girlfriend laughs, apparently I do this a lot because she turns and says, "Just because you dream about something with shoes doesn't mean it's a synchronicity." I reply, "It stuck out enough that I thought it was worth mentioning." "Why," she asks. "Because people were taking their shoes off in a subway tunnel (#56)," I reply. She laughs and tells me "that's fair."

45. (2020-2021) Hotel Hell (#75 & #135). Abandoned tents (#25) on farm (#15). Searching the tents and find nothing. I come out of one to see some people dressed in farm clothes running towards me with bad intentions. I start to run (#125) and head for the city (#21) I end up getting picked up by the police (#98). Apparently they're also in on whatever is going on. . The cops put me in a room and a while later they bring in a tall figure that appears to be a deformed monster. It tells me I will be taken to hell but first….. I have no recollection or sensory data of being assaulted, but afterwards I have clear knowledge that an assault took place (#167 & #139) taken to hell by elevator (#71). Horrid twisted monstrous creatures roam the halls (#72) and defile corpses and many other horrid things (#137). There are windows (#69) with window sills almost six feet up above the floor. I realize that the monsters never look up, only ahead. Because of this I begin to hide (#123) in the window sills while I wait for one to pass and repeat the process ad nauseam. Eventually I find a safe zone in the dead center of the infinitely tall (#155) and wide hotel hell. For some reason it appears to me as my hometown's high school football field (). I hear Elisa (#104) sobbing on the other far end of the field and from her sobs I know it's too late. I'll have to come back to save her because she's in no shape to flee with me right now. Escape by using a hatch at the top of the elevator to climb on top of the elevator. When I do I notice there's another elevator right above me with a hatch on its floor. I open up the hatch quietly and I see several hell-spawn inside. I realize the elevator is about to take off so I grab the floor from the latch firmly and hold on for dear life. After what feels like forever they finally get to their floor and depart. Once it's clear I climb into the elevator only to find a button I'd never seen in any of the other elevators. It goes to the surface. I have escaped! Even though I was alone in the elevator four others leave the elevator to freedom alongside me. (#107)

46. (2020-2022) Another death dream (#133). I'm floating through the void of space (#52) next to my father (#111) who seems to be unconscious. I realize quite suddenly that I'm experiencing death after getting into a car wreck (#59 & #58) with my father. I become very conscious of the fact that the sensory data I was processing was the sensation of death itself (#144). We continue to float towards this bright, white light (#36) coming from the left of us.

47. (2020-2022) I am in a cavern (#10) of some sort and in the center there is a swimming pool (#128) shaped like a cross with a three rounded shapes rounding out the edges of the cross. I hear someone say "supposed to have been born a butterfly (#41)." (There used to be large pools of water in the caves of initiation (#27)
48. (2020-2021) I'm in "the Community" (#97) There's a heap of me and my friends cuddling in the living room. The best and most validating feeling. I was cuddling my beautiful black friend (#122) and we began to make out. I looked into her eyes and felt this overwhelming and most genuine love (#144 & #121).
49. (2020-2022) I'm sitting in the driver's seat of my vehicle (#58). To the left of me is the car window (#69) that somehow contains a red (#45) light (#36) bulb. The window shatters and the red-light bulb transforms into three red (#45) candles (#35) that are dripping wax onto the remaining shards of glass. In a blink of an eye I am outside of the vehicle but still in the room the vehicle is in. I presume it's a garage. I'm outside of the car sitting comfortably on an office chair (#2). The front of the vehicle is to the right of me, and to my left a bit across the room is a TV (#68) that might be broken because the only thing that is playing is loud static. I'm not afraid in the slightest. The office chair moves on its own and brings me close to the front of the TV playing static. I don't react and continue being somewhat childlike in my contentedness. So contented in fact, that when the office chair retreats back to its original spot (#131) and whips me around to be face to face to the door leading outside that my inner reaction was to think to myself "yay, a door!" (#82) No fear of the red light, shattered glass, dripping candles, or static TV. Just feelings of concentrated joy.
50. (2020-2023) I'm in a densely wooded forest (#2), and I am fleeing (#125) from a group of assailants. I can't see them, but I know (innately) that they are a group of cavalrymen chasing me on horseback (#41) (their weapon of choice: swords (#143)). I reach the furthest southeast portion of the territory my dream is encapsulated within. I was running from the west side of the dream and heading towards the east. So, from my perspective I was escaping by heading up and to the right of me to the edge of the territory. When I reach that corner of the dream I am able to escape into another portion of the dream and wind up at a different location. I find myself continuing to flee eastward on this wide pathway through the clouds (#17 & #17). I reach the top of some stairs (#70) and see that there is a circular overhang (ledge) that is protruding eastward off of the pathway. This protruding platform is heavily populated with many different gods and goddesses (#156) standing around and talking to one another. To the left of me (northwards and right before you reach the platform) is another set of stairs that lead up to a beautiful, ornate gate (#52). On the other side of the gate there is a gorgeous entranceway. It has two, marble columns that are attached to this elaborately decorated marble piece that connects the two. I am still running because I feel that it is necessary to continue fleeing to ensure the cavalrymen don't catch up to me. I turn left and run up the stairs and as I'm nearing the gate I take a giant leap into the air and over the gate, and I land gracefully on the other side. As I'm continuing to run and nearing the entranceway, I hear some random goddess panicking. She frantically asks the other deities if I had come into contact with the gate when I leapt over it. Unable to get a straight answer, she anxiously yells for someone to clean the gate. Apparently she was not okay with a human being touching the gate, and feared I had tainted it. I do not stop and continue on the path.
51. (2020-2022) I start off inside of this massive restaurant (#88) / library (#163) where I seem to be employed (#168) alongside two or three other employees. We're all walking down these pathways that seem to have no rhyme or reason to them. Our shift ends and I leave. That location is somehow connected to the town I wind up in by a curvy road in the mountains (#9) surrounded by a forest (#2). For some reason I'm driving a white truck at the beginning of my journey down this road, but after a few minutes of driving (#58) I exit the vehicle and come to find that there is a black baby (#122) that has been left on the side of the road. I am unsure if I left the baby or if someone else did, but either way I continue down the road on foot.

After a rather lengthy walk I come across a town pretty much in the middle of nowhere. Ever since I left the restaurant / library it's been night time and is completely dark outside (#26). I come across a bar (#174) at the end of the stretch of main road in the town. The bar gives off a super weird energy (#144), but I can't figure out why. I enter the bar and there is a small aircraft (#54) that is suspended from the ceiling by these thick steel wires. It looks as though it's simply there for decoration. Some patron or the bartender says something snide about me and my capabilities. It is at this point I transform into a rather large deity of some variety (). I'd say I'm about ten feet tall. Luckily the ceiling is rather high to account for the suspended aircraft. I fly (#61) about the bar in a show of strength – power and stop fairly quickly after I began. I'm suddenly outside of the bar again and I am back in my "human" (ish?) form. I'm filled with thoughts of the baby that had been abandoned by the side of the road, and I am determined to go back and retrieve the baby (toddler?) (#115). I walk the main strip as I try to come up with a plan. Then I wake up.


: restaurant/library
The x over here represnts where I start at in the dream.
two columns filled in are bookshelves.
The other static lines are the half walls surrounding the dining area (no clue how many tables there were)
Baby left next to road here
Laundry mat?
Bar

52. (2020-2023) I'm on the roof (#78) of this building pretty high up in the sky. In front of me are a series of similarly shaped buildings that get progressive shorter the further you go. The buildings' roofs essentially create a series of platforms that slowly decrease in height. As I stared down at these other buildings, I realized that my sensory perceptions were incredibly abnormal (). My lungs felt more effective and capable of taking impossibly deep, oxygenizing breaths. It made me feel clearheaded and like I was capable of achieving great athletic feats. Not only that, but my movements were exaggeratedly powerful. When I jumped towards the next roof so I could go down this series of platforms, I found that I had leapt onto the roof of the building that was three buildings away from me. My leaps were beyond powerful (#144) and my body felt like energy was surging through it. I felt more at home and comfortable in my body than I ever have. When I woke up I was forced to reflect on the fact I was able to experience a sensory state that should have been completely inaccessible to me. The limitations of my human body wouldn't allow me to experience such a thing (would be unable to recreate that feeling under any circumstance). And yet, here I was experiencing something my own human body wouldn't be able to experience. If my imagination and experience is limited by the scope of what my human experience can afford me, why was I able to experience a perceptual state that could only be achieved in a different form?
53. (2020-2022) I am submerged in complete darkness (#26). I am relaying some sort of important spiritual information to an unseen audience. I know innately that what I'm sharing with them is the absolute truth. Regardless, the unseen audience becomes furious with me, and one by one members of the audience start

to stab me (#137) in the center of my body. Even as I'm being stabbed I keep repeating these spiritual truths so the audience can hear. I am stabbed over and over and over again regardless of my intentions.

54. (2021) I'm running around a hospital (#23) and trying to find help. I'm deathly sick and they usher me into a room. I'm delirious and rambling something about "archetypes."

55. (2021) (3 part dream. Post SI) the rainbow vision. Native art piece pulsating (#144). The pink (#49) sky with rolling lightning (#16 & #36). Birds (#41) flying towards me. After lightning experience I started to forget it like I do in real life and I notice. Rude woman accosts me. I leave and enter my car (#58) "The cafeteria deal decline" with - - - (#99). Headed to gate on the far top right. Pass by once and see one man sitting at a cafeteria table. I head towards the gate (#52) at the right. It's closed. I turn around and suddenly there are two other men (#106) sitting opposite the original guy at the cafeteria (#85) table. I don't recognize the man but he's talking to (you know who and you know who) them and says rather authoritatively that they'd "love too, but the price is far too high." I somehow recognize that the two men had been bartering with my soul.

56. (2021-2023) There is this massive airship (spacecraft) (#54) that is headed to some far away location out in the far reaches of space. I am not permitted to enter the airship because there is a woman (who seems to have quite a bit of pull) on the airship that apparently dislikes me for one reason or another. I'm still allowed to go with them. Instead of being on board, I am chained to the outside of the ship. The chain is connected to the (bit larger than usual) office chair (#162)I am perched in. Somehow this will still allow me to reach the location with the other passengers without dying. The dream suddenly shifts and Conner (#111) and I are being violently attacked (#137) by our father (not our actual dad Van though. Looked like some random guy but couldn't really make our details of his face). Conner strikes and kills him (#140) before he kills the two of us. We stash the body and mom returns home. As the days go by without our dad coming home, mom becomes increasingly irate. Pissed that he hasn't been home in three days. Conner and I agree with our mom and say nothing else.

57. (2021-2022) I'm in --- (#99) house and essentially haunting the fuck out of him. I sneak (#123) from room to room attempting to create an unsettling energy that would bother him every time he was home. I was not caught (Either due to my skilled sneaking or me being some sort of disembodied energy).

58. (2021-2022) I'm trapped inside of this random man's house. The man's goal is to keep me there with him always (#127). As he roamed the house looking for me I was somehow able to shrink myself down () to about 3 inches tall and hide (#123) under an end table (#124) in his living room. Once he went into another room I made my way to his bedroom. His bedroom windows (#69) led to his backyard so I attempted to open one of the windows so I could escape. In order to do this I had to unshrink myself. As I was escaping (#126) out the window the man came into his bedroom and saw me escaping. At this point he turns around and runs down his hall (#72) to reach the door (#82) to his backyard. While he's doing this I am running to the edge of his property that is fenced in by these enormous chain link fences (#80). I am able to successfully climb over the fence as the man desperately jumps towards me in an attempt to grab me. At this point I flee (#125) into town and eventually find a manufacturing plant (#81) near the sea (#8) to hide in. Somehow, the man manages to find me by asking pedestrians if they had seen me (showed them a picture of me). Once they had told him about the manufacturing plant he left and arrived back on the scene in a tactical helicopter (#54) packed with soldiers in full gear. But for some odd reason this time he was a woman (#119). I was able to recognize the change in gender, but was still fully aware that the man and woman were the same person, with the same goal of capturing me. The helicopter closed in on the manufacturing plant and the soldiers (#134) began to stream out of the helicopter and into the building in order to find me. That's when I wake up.

59. (2021-2022) I was going to college (#164) somewhere and I was able to find a cute little cottage (#77) on the far side of a field (#5) that was adjacent to the college. Up on the hill (#4) the cottage sat. The rent was shockingly cheap (#168) and I was happy I'd found such an agreeable place to live.
60. (2022) I'm in an office with some guy and I mention to him that I'd been working with him in real estate for a year and a half on that very day. He congratulates me and tells me how excited he was that our message had been so well received. He continues to boast at how far we'd spread the word, and that he was excited to see what comes next. (A year in a half prior to this dream had been the September 2020 incident)
61. (2022) I find myself staring directly at Inanna and another Sydney (#110). They are both facing my direction. I then realize that from their perspectives they are looking into a mirror (#93) whilst I'm seeing it as though it is a window (#69). They don't seem to realize I am observing them. As they gaze into the mirror together Inanna says, "You look like your mother" to the other Sydney (#156). After Inanna says this I realize that both Inanna and the other Sydney have the exact same (really bold) makeup on. The makeup itself looked odd and kind of like the result of a filter of some variety.
62. (2022-2023) Yet another zombie (#176) apocalypse (#19. Very few were in the area because this was a mostly uninhabited valley (#1). I'm walking over a hill (#4) at sunrise (#36) and come upon this quaint cabin (#77) to the right of me. (In an endless field (#5 & #155)
63. (2022-2023) Have my right-hand extended outwards. A baby owl (#41) perches on my pointer finger.
64. (2022-2023) Dreaming in mom's (#111) house in Clarksville. There's a room to the right of the living room that was serving as a morgue. Bad waves of energy (#144) are being exuded from it. My mom covers my eyes and says "don't look."
65. (2022-2023) (Parody dream, super funny.) In this dimension () most of the people from my original graduating class (#117) back at "Lamar" (doesn't look like Lamar) vehemently dislike me. Something about how I'm always dressed a certain way, put too much time into my appearance, and that I'm up my "own ass." A similar picture to the one of me in the hallway (#72) as a three or four year old wearing my "Hawaiian garb" (#122) cheesing at the camera. Think coconut bra and leaf skirt. It goes viral in the original graduating class but nowhere else. They meme the hell out of it and start making signs or add words to the photo that say things like, "Artisanal, whore, poet," and "Sorry everyone can't be decadent, art sluts like you." These signs were being hung in the newest high school (#164) basketball gymnasium (#85). Upon waking this seemed like the funniest possible thing that could be said about me. Love it.
66. (2022-2023) I'm in a world where you can insert yourself and your friends directly into a videogame (#65). I and this rather large friend group enjoy the communal, immersive experience with one another.
67. (2022-2023) I'm in my childhood home (#116) (the one on the bluff) and my parents (#111) are freaking out and yelling at me. They say that electronics have gained consciousness – sentience (), and that it's all because of my "magic" (#159) As they scream that I "broke the world" and that everything's "gone mad" the lights begin to flicker (#36) at something's will. My parents are absolutely terrified and try to hunker down closer to the floor. Apparently even the TV (#68) will turn off if the energy that controls it becomes upset with the viewer. I am unfazed by the entire debacle and leave the room to go find my phone (#66). Once I find my phone I gently tell it that it is loved.
68. (2023) I am out in the middle of a heavily wooded (#2) park and come upon a swirling cloud of blue smoke (#17 & #44). I'm immediately put on edge and decide to turn in the opposite direction and keep walking. There's something about it that seems vaguely threatening (#144).
69. . + ⊹ . □ . ⊹ + Unknown Dates:

. + ⊹ . □ . ⊹ + (Unknown date) One of many apocalypse (#19

dreams. The world is coming to an end. The cities (#21) are burning (#35) and the highways are crammed full of desperate, traumatized people. As I'm driving (#58) down one of these highways I come upon a man selling a 7 year old girl on the side of the street. I'm appalled and immediately roll down my window (#69) to ask the man how much he's asking for the girl. He tells me, and I pull out my wallet to hand him the cash. I tell the girl to sit in the passenger seat and we continue forward. I tell her that I'll keep her safe (#115), and that I'm sorry for everything she's gone through.

70. (Unknown date) "The Vines (#11) of Wrath." I'm living on another planet in another dimension (), and my planet is being destroyed (#19. We've been invaded by alien life forms. These life forms are sentient vines that radiate pure hatred (#144). You can feel the waves of hatred rolling off of the vines like waves. These vines have already strangled most of the life out of our once lively planet. I decided to hide (#123) in a wardrobe in this random building that I'm assuming is a dorm. The vines have already spread across the entire planet. As I'm hiding in the wardrobe I can feel the presence of one of the vines in the hallway (#72). I suddenly get this overwhelming feeling that the vine wants me to come on out and outside of the building. I leave the wardrobe (#91), walk past the vine winding itself through the dorm (on right), and exit the building. Once I am outside I see the beginning of what the vines wanted me to see. The world has been conquered, it's over. I watch as the vines constrict the entirety of the planet. I watch as the ground cracks open, and our planet starts breaking into millions of pieces. As the cracks get wider a radiant, white light (#36) begins to shine directly from the cracks. The light is so bright that it's almost blinding. I realize that the vines wanted me to witness the obliteration of my planet. I watch as the cracks widen wider and wider until the bright light consumes the scene and it's all over. This is where the dream ends. (Light was to the east of building)
71. (Unknown date) I'm in the midst of a zombie (#176) apocalypse (#19. People have been cornered into the few walled settlements we were able to establish before the zombie plague consumed the vast majority of the world. I'm a traveling doctor (#23) (The healer archetype?) that travels from settlement to settlement helping people with their medical needs. For some reason I am a man in this dream (#119). He is me and I am him. I find myself in the red (#45) light district of the settlement I've just arrived at, and find myself contemplating the morality of the existence of a red-light district in the midst of an apocalypse after having paid a courtesan (#167).
72. (Unknown date) Copper (#43) tint engulfing the entire city (#21), a four-way intersection, a back alley (#72) Chinese takeout location (#168). You pick up your order and continue to bike (#53) throughout the city.
73. (Unknown date) "Fancy" city (#21). (Think complete gentrification) I end up grabbing a coffee on the main strip (#168), and grab some take out at this chicken (#41) place a few streets over.
74. (Unknown date) I'm in some random apartment and I hear sirens get louder and louder to the point they seem to be surrounding me. I walk outside onto my fire escape and see a horde of police officers (#98) outside and a helicopter (#54) above me pointing a spotlight (#34) on me. It seems I'm wanted for some sort of theft (#169).
75. (Unknown date) I'm grocery shopping (#76 & #168) in some random town when an active shooter (#136) comes in and begins to slaughter everyone. I'm able to get away (#125) by crawling in an air duct above the scene. When the cops (#98) come I'm relieved that the horror is finally over. Nope. The cops are now shooting at the survivors including myself (#137). I quickly make my way through the air ducts and out of the building. I run from the building as I'm actively pursued by cops.
76. (Unknown date) I'm in the middle of this fairly large school (#164) and everything is normal at first. We're all going to and from classes and suddenly I'm thrown into a dimension () that is right above the initial,

normal dimension. All of the students have been transformed into mindless, aggressive husks of themselves. I survive by behaving and walking the way that they did. I could feel such an evil presence all around me (#144). I'm suddenly thrown down into a dimension below the school. I'm in some sort of computerized control center (#67) and I tear down the wall behind it only to find a system of grated tunnels (#56). I realize my objective fairly quickly. There's a masculine entity (#153) that is behind what's going on that is fleeing through the tunnels. I pursue him. (3 layers of school) When I leave the "school" I realize that it's enclosed in barbed wire (#80) fences. We're being held here against our will (#127). To escape (#126) I first have to exit through the horrid warden's (#98) home built at the exit of the property. I then fight my way through to a very dangerous minefield. I traverse it carefully and actually make it to THE gate (#52). I think to myself in the dream that "I've never gotten this far before! I finally got to this gate!!

77. (Unknown date) I'm in the middle of the woods (#2) close to my childhood home (#116). I'm sitting on a cheap office chair (#162) that's attached to some sort of track. A lone wolf & (#41) is acting very aggressively and snarling at me. It begins to lurch at me. The tract retracts me, and I am suddenly flying down the track right to the front door (#82) of my childhood home. I go inside and ask to stay safely inside for now (#123).
78. (Unknown date) I'm at a college (#164) but all of the buildings are ten times bigger than they normally are (#150). The sun (#36) is shining down on this dorm that towered far above me. I enter a building to the left of me and I find myself in these grand, oversized performance halls. The velvet () curtains towered down from the ceiling and seemed to go on forever (#155).
79. (Unknown date) I'm participating in some sort of battle royal competition (#64) and I end up being the winner (No violence on my own part or others was seen in the dream itself). After I was about to leave the arena I got into the car (#58) with my family (#111). The driver (Presumably Van) began to rev the engine and I realized they were going to crash the car into the wall. I am able to open the door and roll out of the vehicle (#125). Their vehicle picks up speed and barrels straight for the wall. They crash and the vehicle is completely destroyed (#59).
80. (Unknown date) Had a dream I was in the same bed I fell asleep in (#149). I'm sitting up and talking to Van (#111) before he goes and runs an errand. As soon as he exits the bedroom I find that I suddenly can't breathe. I'm trying to take in oxygen but nothing is happening. I wake up.
81. (Unknown date) In a scenic area that looks a lot like Colorado (mountains (#9) + lake (#50)). My mother (#111) and I go on a hike together. At some point I'm driving home and I pass directly by this beast of an eighteen wheeler. (#58)
82. (Unknown date) This couple () in a truck (#58) almost hits me, and my road rage gets the better of me. They almost hit me as they were turning so I honk my horn in response. They immediately turn their vehicle around and they start following close behind my car. I try to get to safety by parking in the lot (#79) next to a grocery store (#76 & #168) with the plan to run in. As I'm walking towards it they swerve their truck in front of me, between me and the store. I panic and run (#125) into the building that is in construction to the left of the parking lot. There are all these wires and metal protruding from everything. I'm running down this horribly lit hallway (#72) as the couple follows behind me. They're both wielding knives (#143) come to the end of the hallway, and find there's nowhere else to go. They proceed to stab me to death (#133& #137).
83. (Unknown date) I'm in the midst of another zombie (#176) apocalypse (#19. For some reason the visuals representing the ground were completely missing (#150). We're running (#125) through the air and me and my group come upon these narrow buildings. We try to fortify the buildings quickly but it's too late. Just as the zombies were about to clamor up the steps (#70) I am suddenly in the middle of this endless (#150 &

#155) white expanse (). The visuals of a solid ground were still missing. I come upon what I know to be the masculine god (#156). He's tall enough that you can hardly see his face. He embraces you carefully in the warmest hug you've ever experienced (#144). (I am attracted to him; he of course knows already and kindly ignores the impulse)

84. (Unknown date) I'm attending this school (#164) in this brick building that is shaped like a skyscraper (#74). It somehow has rooftop (#78) parking (#79). I am very disliked at this school and actively bullied.
85. (Unknown date) I am in some realm () that looks like nothing I've ever seen. It's a warmly lit expanse of clouds and various buildings and homes lining the edges of the clouds (#17 & #17). I sneak along the edges and know there is a way in on the far side of this island (#6) in the sky. I eventually reach my destination and celebrate having made my way into the realm I had been searching for (). I'd essentially passed the test of whether I'm worthy enough to enter heaven.
86. (Unknown date) I'm in some sort of helicopter (#54) looking down on these mountainsides (#9) that looked a lot like Hawaii (overlooking a field (#5)). The dream suddenly shifts and I am in this tight pedestrian path way with a waterway in the middle. Everything is cobblestone and rather old looking. I keep coming across these sharp fences (#80) but I continue to make my way over them. I'm using parkour techniques and moving quickly as I can feel eyes all over me.
87. (Unknown date) It's late into the early morning and I'm on edge. I'm out by the tractor shed (Farm (#15)) when the lamppost (#37) flickers ominously. I'm overcome with an overwhelming sense of dread.
88. (Unknown date) Make a pit stop at the dollar general (#168) in Clarksville. The one that was behind the pizza hut. I stock up on some much needed items before I start my road trip (#58).
89. (Unknown date) I'm in this gargantuan mall (#168 & #84) that seems incredibly familiar to me. I walk into a portion of the mall that serves as a convenience store and a bar. As I enter that area of the mall I become well aware that I am in a dream (#146) as I remember being at this mall in previous dreams. I take in my surroundings and think to myself, "might as well," and I order a glass of wine (#174) at the bar and make myself comfortable.
90. (Unknown date) I'm in this very fancy hotel (#75) and have to continuously move rooms (#125) and hide (#123). We were supposed to not get caught under any circumstance.
91. (Unknown date) Engaging in physical intimacy with Mila Kunis (#167 & #121) on a conference table (Same conference table as the one at Coldwell Banker again) as Bruce Willis (#119). Helicopter (#54) flies up to our window (#69) and begins shooting at us (#137 & #142). A chase begins (#125)
92. (Unknown date) I'm in this massive industrial building (#101) on the outer skirts of a city (#21) I had dreamed of before. The ground begins to shake and the roof (#78) collapses and rains debris down on everyone. It was at this moment magma erupted out of the earth and began to fill the collapsing building with lava (#35). I'm on a platform up some stairs (#70) and manage to escape (#125) through a window (#69).
93. (Unknown date) I am living in some other world that is rapidly coming to an end (#19. A group of criminals trying to profit off of the confusion and chaos approached me aggressively, and I attempted to use the device that helps me fly (#61). I initially struggled to get the device to work as the criminals got closer and closer. Fortunately I was able to make it work and fly high enough to escape (#125) them without incident. As I'm flying I take in my surroundings and realize they're rather empty. The sensory data of the ground is missing, and is instead a vast, white void where the ground should be (#150 & #52). I look around and realize that there aren't a lot of buildings either, nor were there trees. I fly away from the area and look for somewhere a bit more populated and detailed. I come upon a physical town (more detailed, realistic, and rooted in the physical world), and end up meeting a nice man who was about to leave town in an attempt to

find somewhere to lay low as the world collapsed in on itself. Happy for the companionship, we take our leave and begin our journey.

94. (9-14-20) Church setting (#27) from childhood perhaps? Ceilings are so much taller than they should be (#150). There aren't any lights on, but somehow it's not dark. People that I hadn't gone to church with are present. No one from my current life is in attendance. I turned toward the left of me, I look around (I don't recall seeing "it"), and then turn back around.
95. (8-8-22) I dreamt that I was still asleep (#148) in the bed I fell asleep in (Which had been turned sideways and was now a full-size bed. Side note: house on 2518 W Sycamore) and someone came into my room. My first thought was that maybe Ty had gotten worried about me when he woke up and I wasn't in bed. Maybe he decided to come over and check if I was okay (Side note: I thought this because back in the "real world" I had fallen asleep in my bed after I had initially woke up in Ty's bed around 2 am and decided to go home so I could be fully rested and ready for work in the morning). Nope. I'm still not fully awake, but I can see that the person that came into my room was a woman. I started to wake up a tiny bit more as the woman laid on the other side of my bed and began talking. I was still so sleepy in the dream that I didn't question it. That's when I told the strange woman to "shut the fuck up" because I was trying to sleep. This is the moment she starts screaming bloody murder. I'm fully awake at this point and I bolt upright in bed. I ask her why the fuck she's screaming. She said, and I quote, "this is a video game!" (#65) Once I realized she was insinuating that I was a video game character who'd just said something outside of their usual fixed dialog I start to scream. (#145) I reach out my right hand to grab onto her hand and I squeeze as hard as I can and continue yelling. I think I was trying to use enough force to wake me from the video game - dream. This was the moment my alarm in real life woke me up. I was reflecting on the dream and realized that my improvised dialogue probably scared her that badly because it implied I was conscious and sentient. The dream was just as realistic (#144) and felt just as real as my waking life feels. (Shifted consciousness ())
96. (2022-2023) I am brought into a room by a psychologist (#23) who explains to me I've been switching between my own personality and consciousness to another personality – consciousness () who was named "Nita." Apparently the split between the two of us was concrete and separate enough that neither of us ever noticed the existence of the other. Because of this the psychologist claimed this was the most interesting case of split personality she'd ever seen.
97. (2021-2022) It's the middle of the day and my family (#111) and I are swimming at the pool (#128) connected to our hotel (#75). I'm swimming around and playing with my son (#114) and my husband (). All of a sudden, we heard these booming sounds – explosions that seemed to be coming from the other side of the city (#21). We look up and see missiles screeching by us and they explode as they hit buildings fairly close to us. We flee (#125) the pool. The dream shifts and I am in our hotel room, but my husband and son are no longer with me. It also seems the dream me had forgotten the existence of her family entirely. I prepare to escape the city and head out once I'm properly prepared. I reach the outskirts of the city without incident even though I'd heard the explosions and gunshots (#142) get closer and closer as I fled. I then realize that our own government had turned on us (#19, and I needed to figure out where I needed to go. I go past the outskirts of the city and into the woods (#2) that surrounded it. As I get further and further into the forest I come upon this tiny clearing (#5) where I can see an active portal (#52) (swirling, sparkling purple (#46) fog and smoke were whirling inside of it (#17)), an altar of some variety, lit torches (#35) and some guards (#98) off to the side distracted by the conversation they were having. I hide (#123) behind a tree and think to myself that the guards must have been planted there by the government. Maybe this was part of the reason they had turned on their citizens. I wasn't sure. I immediately start trying to think of ways I could get the guards to flee and take control of the portal myself. I was concerned that it was in the hands of

my government. The dream shifts to a different part of the dream where I able to experience a third person, top down perspective (#150 &) of the hotel room I'd been in at the beginning of the dream. These men in black suits (#98) were rummaging through the room, turning things upside down, looking for evidence of something. Close to the room's bathroom (#90) two of these men (#106) are looking at something on the floor and one says to the other "she's definitely been here." (#145) This is when I wake up.

98. (11-1-22 to 11-2-22) I'm in a hospital (#23) environment. I am the first person "they" have found capable of maintaining consciousness () (IE: keeping the same memories, personality traits, etc) after death. That's what they're theorizing at least. They bring out a syringe and actually kill me in order to confirm this theory while I'm panicking and thrashing in the hospital bed. I feel a sharp pain and a heaviness fall over me when the needle is injected. I begin to fade out. I fade out completely (#137 & #21) and find myself in an endless expanse of black (#26 & #155). There is nothing to observe, but I am still there, observing regardless. Thankfully I either start to see layers of existence become more and more visible or my eyesight begins to improve enough that more and more things become visible. I'm a bit disconcerted, but other than that I'm fine. When I come too in my new body I notice that my perceptual states are different. It feels like I might be in a new time, dimension, or on a new planet (#144 &). All I know is something big has shifted. Super brief dream tacked on the end of this one: sexual domination (#167, #138, #139) of --- (#99) with my hands around his neck. Lasts maybe 3 to 4 seconds.

99. (2023) 2nd dominating --- (#99, #167, #138, #139) dream. Very brief.

100. (2022-2023) Music festival (#22) dream (First Pre-Wakaan). I see rows and rows of seating (long, wooden benches) and a medium sized stage where a producer is performing (#175). It's a bit underwhelming because the sound system is pretty subpar. I end up running into --- (#99) and we briefly interact. The interaction is cordial.

101. (2020-2023) Music festival (#22 & #175) dream (Second) I wake up in a tent (#25) after the music festival has ended (Wakaan?). I'm starting to take the tent down, but for some reason I struggle. Two people begin to approach me, and I ask them for help with the tent. When they reach me they whisper to me that I have to act a certain way because "they" are coming for us and might be watching. They call them "the regime." These people appear rather quickly and detain us (#98). We are then transported to a facility – school for "reconditioning" (#164 & #127) At one point I'm in a classroom and we're all reading books (#161) written in German. It's implied that I've altered time and now live in a dystopia (#19 where we are expected to be compliant, dumb, and happy. Because of this you pretty much have to be performing 24/7 if you want to avoid trouble. I am constantly producing a fake smile that still looks genuine to our captors. This has been keeping me relatively safe. At one point I'm able to go out into the courtyard of the facility without being noticed (used a window (#69)). There's a separate building on the far edge of the courtyard used for surveillance purposes. There is a tall, barbed wire fence (#80) enclosing the property. I am able to sneak (#123) through the surveillance building until I come across a window that leads to the outside of the property since the gate (#52) wasn't built to completely surround the building. They assumed the building itself would make an effective wall. I escape through the window and into the city (#21) outside. I head for the "hot spot" of the city, The Subway (#50). The Subway can take you to infinite alternate dimensions (& #155). One dimension I went to was encased in a deep hue of blue (#44), dangerous, and was completely filled with enemy machines that were oddly shaped and somewhat resembled jellyfish. They were electric and had a dangerous electric current coursing through their tentacles that they use as a weapon. You could feel a sort of palpable malice being emitted from their bodies (#144). This dimension was suspended in the ever present blue material that we were submerged in. Kinda felt like a liquid but not quite the same. Suspended in this blue were several iron, bell shaped contraptions that were used to imprison people. I

notice rather quickly that the only people imprisoned there were women. I end up freeing one of them (#127 & #63). Another dimension was like an entire world of snowy Alps (#18 & #9). Another dimension had a somewhat Middle Eastern – Indian influenced environment full of beautiful architecture. There are dance clubs there that I enter (#175 & #129) and tons of people wandering the streets. (I don't recall this part of the dream, but I wrote it down after dreaming it so it must be true: "I end up trying to free a woman (#63) who was still a prisoner at the school. She eventually betrays me and goes back to her parents and the school. Before she has an opportunity to narc on me and tell them everything about myself and my plan I confront her. For some reason she has turned into a he (#119), but I recognize that they are the same person. I reluctantly agree to exchange sexual favors (#167) for him not telling the authorities my plan and general location.")

102. (2021-2023) Music festival (#22 & #175) dream (Third) At the beginning of the dream I am fleeing (#125) through the forest (#2) running away from this incredibly fast tank (#19& #137) as it fired missiles at me. I'm able to put a substantial distance between the tank and I. It was then that I came across the music festival I was initially heading too. As soon as I reach the festival my memory of the existence of the tank completely disappeared. As I'm walking through the festival I come across --- (#99) and we end up hanging out with one another. Suddenly the tank from the beginning reappears and begins to fire at everyone (#136) in attendance. I end up booking it with no one in tow. I end up running through this rectangular, circus like tent (#25 & #24) all while yelling warnings at people (#63) without stopping. The tank is relentless, but I made to escape after I make it a little ways into the heavily wooded portion of the forest.

103. (2021-2023) Music festival (#175 & #22) dream (Fourth). In front of a stage facing eastward. I lay down to the right (northward) of the stage close to a tree (in a forest (#2)). Someone gives me their shirt or jacket to keep me warm. I travel southward until I wind up in the middle of a cuddle puddle full of very nice people.

104. (2021-2022) (Library (#163 & #164) theft (#169) dream. Massive library out in the middle of nowhere. Looks very state of the art, white, clean. The architecture is really something to marvel at. I approach the library with two other women (#108), (3 total) not sure who they are, but they're apparently assisting me with the theft. I see one of the others go into an elevator (#71) to go look on one of the other floors. I manage to get access to a locked stairwell (#70) and make my way up to the top floors. This part of the library is very reminiscent of another library I've dreamt of (Dream: 131). Just a few things moved around. I get close to retrieving "The Book," (#161) but I fall short of our goal.

105. (2021-2022) I'm on this island (#6) in the middle of the sea (#8) that's fairly isolated. The island is mostly flat save for a very narrow mountain (#9) at the top right part of the island. I am being actively pursued by an angry god (#156 & #125) made of billowing, black smoke (#17). As I'm evading this angry god I wind up beneath a table (#123 & #124) in one of the buildings on the island. The god crashes through the ceiling and is frantically trying to find me. Close by, but not under the table is a random man who brings his finger to his lips to encourage me to remain silent. He then gives me thumbs up. Once the coast is clear the man signals to me and I flee out the side of the building. I wind up at the far south side of the island, fleeing down these stairs (#70) that lead to the beach and the sea itself. As soon as I reach the water I dive in and start swimming as hard as I can. In the background I can see the angry god thrashing around furiously around the north east part of the island. I swim (#128) far enough to finally come across another land mass. A much larger island (#6). I run into these two women (#108) who are willing to help me. They let me use their boat (#55) and we start putting more distance between ourselves and the wrathful god.

106. (2021-2022) I fly (#61) away, off of the roof (#78) of a fairly simple, metal building after some sort of conflict or threat. I'm basically flying straight westward with no control over my flight pattern. As I'm float – flying through the sky I briefly become lucid (#146) and say in my mind FLY THERE as I'm looking directly at a small sand dune –island like (#6) land mass that I've already passed by. A few seconds after saying FLY THERE in my mind I change directions () and fly down to the sand dune and land there proudly. Very excited to have been able to control my flying for the first time in a dream.

107. (2021-2022) "Refuge in a desolate world." Somewhat prison (#127) shaped fortress is one of the last "safe" places. If you get kicked out it's unlikely that you'll ever run into other survivors. Leader of the fortress (#98) becomes aggressive and threatening. He won't let me leave (#127). I overthrow him and still choose to take my leave regardless. I head out into a sandy environment.

108. (2021-2022) All girls' school (#164). Trapped inside of a large rectangular classroom (#127) with lots of big windows ((#69)& #73). I find a window that is unlocked and escape (#126) into the courtyard. I float - fly (#61) up and over the fence as people shout below me.

109. I own a massive, decadent mansion on the bluff where the old house was. I can never seem to keep the doors locked (#82). All sorts of people come in and out. Two ask for groceries and I provide them with lettuce and other produce (#63).

110. (2021-2022) Had government officials (#98) come to my door (#82) and ask for a "tax" levied by our new leader in the form of valuables. After I pay my own tax I point the officials down the street so they will visit --- (#99) house and take some of his most treasured valuables. I even draw them a picture of the shape of his home and backyard so they can easily find it.

111. (2021-2022) The dream of the glass (#73) cabin (#77). Perfectly square (#172), one roomed cabin (living room) out in the middle of a dangerous forest (#2). The walls are all glass. A woman lives there in fear (#171). She tells me about the "sharks" which are demons (Entities (#153)) that roam the woods. I try to get her to leave but she says she "deserves" to live here. I become her briefly () when a female demon roams around the cabin and peers in through the glass. I am on my back, lying down on the couch (#95) and I have to pretend I am sleeping – dead by keeping my eyes closed (hiding (#123)), but I know the demon is right in front of me on the other side of the glass. The demon eventually goes away (I theorize that the woman in the cabin is actually me).

112. (2021-2022) Ship dream (#54). I'm in the void of space (#52) and a ship flies by. "That's my ship!" I yell. The ship is led by "the seven." I get on the ship. I wind up on the planet and I say that I'm one of the many Sydneys. I'm suddenly in a house and there are four of us (#110). Me plus three other identical Sydneys. It's as though they are attached to me in some metaphysical sense (#144). One other person in the house, our "father" that isn't really our father (#111). He wants to tell the world about us and exploit us for profit (#168). I won't allow it.

113. (2021-2022) The covenant. I was releasing men from "the covenant." Or creating a covenant? I said "the covenant" as a handsome white man unraveled? Vaporized? Into a dead black man (#122). I think the sun (#36) was the cause of the death of the dead gentleman. I remember being really motivated while chasing someone.

114. (2021-2022) Bentonville that isn't Bentonville (). I am in a thrift store (#168) that is a combination of the one I visited with --- and the one I visited with Dylan. Even though dream me knows I am in "Bentonville Square (#172)" it is very obviously not at all visibly similar to the one in the "real world." As I'm walking around this very expensive thrift store I find myself dropping some pennies towards the edges of the store to "curse" --- (#99). And by curse I mean influence with resonate energy in order to plague him with thoughts

of myself and regret he should've felt a long time ago. I end up walking to a parking lot (#79) where I'd kept my bike (#53). I attempt to bike home with much difficulty.

115. (2022) Dream I had in the Springdale Hospital. I was in my living room on Chestnut and the only illumination was coming from the static playing on the TV (#68). I knew I had broken my TV in the real world so I knew it was a dream (#146). I exit through the door (#82) to the east (new door) that had replaced the original one facing south. As I entered the neighborhood I'm overcome with peace and joy. I know everyone here, everyone is friends. Some people are skate boarding and others are roller skating. I end up roller skating around the community near a school (#164) that looks eerily similar to my elementary playground. The one meant for the third graders and above. I am overcome with contentment as the orange (#48), pink (#49) sky burns as the sun (#36) goes down.

116. (2021-2022) Studying in "the library," (#163) close to the library offices with the glass walls (#73). I walk into the lecture hall (#164) next door. The hall is platformed and circular. It sort of reminds me of a coliseum (#85) in a way. I go back to the library and study at the computer (#67) that's singled off by itself towards the back right of the library. A student walks by, and for some reason it makes me uneasy. I end up getting off the computer, and I begin to peruse the bookshelves (#161).

117. (2021-2022) I'm sneaking through this tower (#74) shaped castle () that appears to be a mystery school (#164) of some variety. Everyone has on these dark robes, myself included. I sneak around and look high and low for "the book." (#161) I actually do end up discovering the location of the book on the first floor near the entrance to the stairwell (#70). I wasn't a member of the mystery school and was actually there in the hopes I could steal (#169) the book that they were hiding (#123). Sadly, I am caught almost immediately after finding the book. Then I wake up.

118. (2022) Dream I had in the Springdale Hospital. I was in my living room on Chestnut and the only illumination was coming from the static playing on the TV (#68). I knew I had broken my TV in the real world so I knew it was a dream (#146). I exit through the door (#82) to the east (new door) that had replaced the original one facing south. As I entered the neighborhood I'm overcome with peace and joy. I know everyone here, everyone is friends. Some people are skate boarding and others are roller skating. I end up roller skating around the community near a school (#164) that looks eerily similar to my elementary playground. The one meant for the third graders and above. I am overcome with contentment as the orange (#48), pink (#49) sky burns as the sun (#36) goes down.

119. (2022) The dream was way bigger (#150) than I actually have recollection of. I know I'm missing a lot. First half – vague. People asking for "the chef" I send them to a place in town. I say I know he's working (#168) that night and that I just saw him. Large missing chunk. Second half - I'm going through I particular spot. There seems to be an opening through a large chunk of space not covered by a chain link fence (#80). At this point I'm trying to get Neal's attention. I tell him that he needs to be more careful end walk through this spot a specific way. You say it too meekly for him to hear you or it's because as you look up you realize he's already walked past you. Seeming to have gained more ground than the pace of his walk implies. You continue to move through the space strangely. This area requires strict adherence to very particular rules regarding movement throughout this area. There seem to be some jagged rocks I'm walking through. Nothing super pointy or dangerous. I think there may be some foliage behind in the background past the other chain link fence.

120. (2022) The medieval castle (). Big room with grid like set up of metal () restraints screwed into the stone floor. Restraint. SA (#127 & #167 & #139)

121. (2022-2023) Very terrifying dream (#171). I've become the target of some hateful, dark entities (#153) that are delighting in scaring me. There is one scene where I am at the end of a cul-de-sac with a

circular loop at said end of the road so people can easily go back the other direction. In the middle of that circle of pavement is a single lamp post illuminating (#37 & #36) the scene. To the right and a bit up past the lamp post is an entity that is acting like as though it is evil and trying to harm me (psychologically or physically, maybe both). I'm on a bike (#53) and instead of fleeing; I end up charging straight towards "her" in an attempt to run her down – over. Later on I'm in a random living room where another dark entity is accosting me. I pull out a whip from god knows where, and I begin to lash it at "her" repeatedly. (#138) To the point the female entity retreats and cowers on the couch (#95) while I continue to lash at her. Unfortunately in the last scene from the nightmare I had a lot less agency over the situation. I'm lying in the exact same bed (#149) and room I had fallen asleep in that evening (Sycamore). I'm facing the wall as I typically sleep on my right side. I can feel something sit down on the bed behind me, and I slowly turn to face whoever or whatever it is. It's another dark entity, but it looks a lot less human than the others did. I can still tell it is in fact another female entity, but that's about it. The shape is female, but the body is made out of this black material that almost looks like static. The material is never at rest and is moving – vibrating for the entire portion of the dream. I look at its face and I see it has no facial features except a massive, smiling grin from ear to ear. I can see its pointed teeth (#33) and it looks absolutely terrifying. I felt the fear in the dream itself which I think is what allowed me to wake up from the dream the very next moment.

122. (2022-2023) Indistinguishable from reality (#144). Sensation data was equally vivid in the way "reality" is. Pull straw out of my throat continuously. I felt the straw. After I was done it was replaced with hair (#165). I felt that too. Got dizzy, blue tooth headphones (#66) fell to the floor. A voice came from them, male (entity (#153)); it said "I've been trying to reach you for three years (#145)."

123. (2022) Random dying dream involving Larry. Not sure of context, but I explicitly remember experiencing the perceptual sensation of death itself (#133).

124. (2023) (#168 & #84) Mall parking lot (#79). JCPenny. Drag queens (#119) congregating. My massive black boots (#132). Out on (We are facing the east at the front of the house) the front porch (#87). John King (#103) acting bolder - less uptight than usual. The sun (#36) is rising, we're smoking weed (#173), and we're laughing with one another. There is far more visual data – stimulation than usual. I can literally feel what it was like to be on that front porch (#144), hunched down, hiding (#123) with him as we smoke outside.

125. (2023) There is a fairly swamp like pond (#3) and next to it is a stone with a sword (#143) sticking out of it. I grab hold and pull it out to claim it. Spatially speaking there was a drive thru business (#168) close by. Unsure of what they sold. I do remember telling myself in my dream that all of this was "easy."

126. (2023) Memphis (#21) dream. I'd recently moved to Memphis for some reason. Since I was in the same town I ended up having Lauri Balk as my psychologist again. I was a waitress (#168) in a bar (#174) – restaurant (#88) that had an excessive amount of blue lighting (#44 & #36).

127. (Unknown date) Vague recollection. The large, internal apartment complex (#150). Enter from the outside of it in the middle of a very snowy winter (#18). I find a small room that had been walled off instead of being the original larger room.

128. (Unknown date) Traveling to the "north." Crossing a massive body of water (#8). Find myself in front of one of that dragon, ship (#40 & #55) roller coasters (#29). Next to this rollercoaster is someone playing music live (#175). Many people are dancing (#129).

129. (Unknown date) That one with the underground network of shower (#90) tunnels (#56). I know it is incredibly dangerous down here. I proceed with caution.

130. (Unknown date) Colonizing land starting here. (Insert picture of illustration here). I work my way outwards as we settle in this woodland (#2) area. Once we're established we are forced to flee (#125) by invaders.

131. (Unknown date) Travel long distance on roads similar to those we drove down when we drove from Jonesboro, AR back to Lamar, AR. I travel on these roads (#58) on my way to a rendezvous with Matheux Knight. I do end up arriving. Vague recollection of oddly small apartment (#150) on the main streets of what appears to be Boston (#21).

132. (Unknown date) I travel somewhere (not sure where) by going down one entire river (#7), then another that intersects with the first one, and then a third river that intersects with the second river. I have to take the exact same route back, upstream (#131)

133. (Unknown date) I'm traveling in a town well known for gang violence. I drive (#58) past a gas station on the right. It's just before and to the right of the stop light (#36). I go past the light for a little bit, but I decide to turn back around. I go to the gas station to get a drink and some skittles (#168). After I get back on the road my vehicle is shot at (#137 & #142).

134. ((Unknown date) Church dream, I'm in an old, cathedral like church (#27) and it's dark inside save some moonlight streaming through the window ((#69)& #36). I'm in a pew towards the back right of the cathedral. I can only see people sitting on the right side of the aisle. I notice that I do not recognize a single face around me. There are probably around 6 or 7 other people in attendance.

135. (Unknown date) I dreamt that I had a different life when I lived in Jonesboro, Arkansas. The dream is simple. I live in an apartment a little outside of town with some unseen female roommate. I drive (#58) into town and stop at a Wal-Mart neighborhood market sized Wal-Mart to pick up some lashes (#168). However, when I enter the store it does not look like the way a Wal-Mart store is typically organized and decorated. I end up stealing (#169) the lashes I had come to the store to purchase. There are wooden () barrels next to each cashier station.

136. (7-30-22) We were down in this valley by the water (#1) surrounded by mountains(#9) We were on a bluff in the middle of this valley, overlooking the water that closely resembled the ocean (#8). The sun (#36) was slowly beginning to rise, and everyone was lying head down, in the fetal position, asleep (#60) on the stone bluff that protruded out and above the water. The people that were sleeping in fetal positions (Almost like they were curled up into an egg shape) on the stone surface were packed tightly together, lined up next to one another side by side. It's hard to explain, but the rows of people seemed to go on forever (#155). Like the bluff itself was some sort of impossible realm that was able to contain infinite rows of people within it while still looking contained to one location (#150). I was the first one awake but for some reason my voice was gone. It felt like I had been screaming for a long, long time. As I took everything in I thought to myself how weird it was that people were still asleep when the sun had risen fairly high in the sky. I begin to tap the people that were sleeping on the shoulders. I saw these people awaken one by one (#63). "I can tell my story is last." Context, people were beginning to wake up, and each of them was telling their own stories of existence. Something about how the preciseness of their pre-designed lives helped them accomplish what was necessary for them to awaken from their eternal slumber. Later on, still voiceless, Conner (#111) and I were chilling with one another with our feet hanging out of this tree house like building overlooking the bluff in the valley. I signed to Conner that I loved him "oh so very much." He signed something back to me that my dream consciousness could not understand (#144) (this due to the fact I cannot read sign language), but it makes me cry tears of joy anyway (My guess is that the body I was inhabiting in order to experience and see this take place still had its own initial consciousness that was capable of understanding sign language. This would make sense since I initially was able to sign something to Conner). We embrace and hug. The

dream shifts, and I am suddenly in front of the oddest shack I've ever seen. Every tool needed to build - create literally anything was kept on the outside of this shack. The tools had been place and aligned so neatly. The exactness of the design really made an impact on me. Tools hung on the outside wall of the shack from top to bottom. There wasn't any empty space in sight. As I'm admiring the collection I look towards the bottom right of the mid section of the shack. I see a collection of tools that has been placed next to one another to read "sYd wlcm" (#145) in the tools. I'm pretty sure I begin to cry. The sign appears to be there because the builder and the architect cannot inhabit the same space just yet. "The communities are still forming." It seems that the communities (#97) themselves were beginning to be established, and that all of the souls were being appropriately placed in the communities that suited them best. It was at this part of the dream that I began to realize I had "done it." Everything had always been interconnected, and, at last, everyone had been healed. The dream shifts again and I am in my own individualized community. I see (---) (#99) for the first time since the awakening. We're in the kitchen of my new home and I can feel the entirety of my soul. I then realize that my soul was finally healed in its entirety. Every bit of internal conflict, trauma, experience, and their respective effects on how my perceptual states – sensory experience had been appropriately addressed and healthily consolidated (#144). Not only that, the pain that every human experiences due to being separated from their soul's identical other half had been eradicated. I felt completely normal. Awake, aware, present. No fatigue or sadness. No bad feeling whatsoever was in my body. I had finally fulfilled "the prophecy" and ensured the salvation of every single soul. (#63) Even his. Turns out he was the last one to enter "the valley (#1)."

137. (11-2-22 – 11-3-22) Staring at a doe (#41) whilst making unbroken eye contact. My face is only a few inches from theirs. I see a glimmer in the right eye (The doe's left eye). I have a feeling this is supposed to indicate I am forgiven by the doe for shooting it during a childhood hunting excursion with my father.

138. (11-4-2022 – 11-5-2022) Unfortunate "alternate reality" dream. Dreamt that --- (#99) and I were dating again (). That continues for quite some time. At the end of the dream I see that I am in his house and we ARE NOT dating. (Reality switch had taken place ()) My mom (#111) comes over to help me pack up all of my things so I could exit his house as quickly as possible. I was trying to be gone by the time he came back. Funnily enough, when I ask my mom whose house we're in she says Dylan's. I realize that we're definitely in some sort of reality warp. Mom still thinks this house belongs to an ex, she's just unaware of which ex it is from my perspective. I successfully leave before he returns. How did we start dating in this dream? I called him and he answered (#66). I asked him why he answered. He said he didn't know.

139. (11-5-2022 – 11-6-2022) I'm in some sort of shopping center (#168) being pursued. I end up hiding (#123) under some tables (#124) that are fully draped by a table cloth. The table cloth keeps me out of sight. I know innately (#144) that if I'm caught it's bad news. Still in the store, but suddenly I'm responsible for a toddler (#115). We both hid beneath the table cloth.

140. (11-6-2022 – 11-7-2022) (Fifth) At another music festival (#22 & #175) didn't feel like or close to any of the other music festivals. Was hanging out with a guy. I'm presuming he was my then boyfriend (). We were very physically affectionate. We were remodeling a cottage (#77) of some sort a little further out from the festival property, but not by much. One second the man is there, the next he's gone. I'm devastated because I think he's abandoned me, and I have no idea how to find his campsite. I ask a mutual "friend" about him, and the "friend" is immediately dismissive. The "friend" claims the guy doesn't even like me anyway. I'm not sure if I believe him. Maybe something happened to him? I'm not sure. The festival is now over, and I want to go home using our??? helicopter (#54) to do it. The other "owners' of said helicopter intervene, say it's out of gas. They say, "We should just leave tomorrow." Something feels incredibly off. Something's not right. I find some gas to use for the helicopter. When the others see me doing this they

physically restrain me, and bring me to the cottage mentioned earlier in an attempt to jail me (Cage (#127)). I use my "solo flying" (#61) powers to fly to the top of the high ceiling and out of a narrow window ((#69)& #126) as they jump at me. I fly to the edge of the property closest to the road and meet two male skateboarders (#106). I ask them for a lift. I get on the back of the one closest to me in an attempt to get closer to the airport (#57). We go quite some distance, then we go over a grassy hill (#4) and into this vast, green (#42) field (#5) with a single metal overhang structure used for events. (Insert sketch of structure) We meet a group of the skaters' friends and begin to play music (#175). A sudden flash (#36) occurs, and the men have all been cornered and placed into custody. Not by the hillbillies that tried to restrain me. No, these people are wearing black suits and they seem very adamant about catching me (#98). After the flash the helicopter from before appears in front of the structure past all of the chain link fences (#80) the suits have erected around the area. They're using a light beam (#36) of some variety to slowly materialize the helicopter into "evidence." As they attempt to bum rush me, I utilize my "solo flying" powers and rise into the air. The chase begins again (#125). That's where the dream ends.

141. (11-8-22 – 11-9-22) Dream about Dylan (#102). We're in my bedroom (in that massive reoccurring apartment complex). The bedroom itself is unfamiliar, but the building feels familiar. We kiss and grind on top of my bed. I excuse myself to the bathroom (#90) to remove a tampon then we have sex (#167).

142. (11-9-22 – 11-10-22) (Sixth) Met up with friends at this weird music festival at the edge of town (#22 & #175). It ended up being underwhelming and was less about music and more about them wanting to sell products (#168). Tyler Hamilton (#100) ends up going to the festival so we link up there. We get very close again and end up kissing one another. The next night of the festival I decide to stay at my childhood home and drive in later. The house was a combination of both of the Lamar houses (#116). It had a storage area beneath the stairs (#70) very reminiscent of the bluff house, and Conner's bedroom was my original room at the steel plated house. Before I leave to meet up with Tyler back at the festival I end up buying (#168) him a coloring book at a store that says lovely things about whoever is being gifted the coloring book. I try to color as many pages as possible before returning to the music festival. I give Tyler the coloring book and it's only then that I realize many of the pages have already been colored by someone else and I'm devastated. I try to hide that fact and Tyler doesn't seem to notice. I intend on throwing the coloring book away and finding a similar one to complete. That's where the dream ends.

143. (11-10-22 – 11-11-22) SA dream. Masculine father figure SA-ed me at my house (#167 & #139), transported by him to the "shed" house, or at least something similar to it. Mom (#111) is there. I get her attention and try to privately tell her what the man has been doing to me. As we exit the room I see "another" mom going through some of her dresser (#91) drawers in the bedroom. I turn to my right and see the "mom" I had confided in transform into him (#119). He'd tricked me. I approach my mother from behind. I place my hands on her shoulders. I then asked her if she'd "seen." In this world I was capable of transferring information by touch (#144). She nods in the affirmative. The dream shifts (even though we're still right beside the dresser.) My back is touching the wall and mom is facing away from me being held tightly in my arms. My hands are clasped at her waist with my legs wide enough for her to sit. I'm kind of rocking her and I can feel this deep, pure desire to protect her from him.

144. (11-12-22 – 11-13-22) My parents (#111) are attempting to restrain me in our bluff house (#116) (one room, meaning cage (#127)) and they try to get me to stay regardless of the fact I already have a place to live. I'm escaping (#126 & #125) from them on many different occasions. I end up walking through an entire forest (#2). When I make it to the other side I see these rolling, green (#42) hills (#4) attached to the side of the forest and I see it roll into a flat valley (#1). There's a park bench on one of the hills. I attempt to pause there to stare at the valley but the hill is steeper than I thought and I find myself catching myself as I

slide down into the valley. During some of the escapes from my parents I am forced to climb this rather large metal cabinet, likely a filing cabinet or a locker. Once I'm on top of it that's when I access a small window (#69) and slip out. There's another time where I wake up and realize they're both at work. I take the opportunity to pack some of my things and escape. While I'm packing I notice the horde of children all about the age of four or five that are playing outside. There's at least twenty of them. I then see one of dad's employees laughing, chasing some of them, and just having a good time playing with them. I smile to myself and continue packing (My guess is that the children represent other children my parents would have had in different dimensions had the timing been different). Then the dream shifts and I am at some sort of fundraising event. Everyone's dressed up super nice and I'm on the dance floor tearing it up (#175 & #129) close to the beautiful bar (#174) behind us. A handsome, darker skinned, Muslim, business executive (#122) approaches me and asks me for a dance. I oblige, and the dancing gets more and more sexual over time. At the peak of our intoxicating dance he throws me on the bar top and fucks me right there in front of everyone at the fundraiser (#167). No one seems bothered by this. Later on I ask him if he ever wants to hook up again and he says nothing. I ask him again in case he didn't hear me, and he gives me a funny look. Two girls (#108) that are close to us turn to me and one of them said, "He said no." From my perspective his voice never left his mouth after the question so I'm perplexed. I take what the woman said at face value, and go to the other side of the party. (One of these women might have been the one he eventually married.) Flash forward a year and I'm looking at two flat canvases that had been painted by the business exec. One is a portrait of his new wife () he just married completely filling the canvas, and the other one is a second portrait of her that had been painted much smaller in a perfect square (#172) at the center of the canvas (I am of the opinion they met because of me and seem a bit bitter). I receive a call (#66) from the business executive. In my mind I think it must be because I'm in possession of these two canvases, but I'm wrong. He starts talking about him and his wife and how they were wondering if they, as a Muslim and a recent Muslim convert, could be permitted to take and enjoy a few of the more harmless drugs available to them. He goes on to say that he and his wife don't drink either, but that his wife is new to this and they were hoping to have access to something recreational that they could enjoy together (Not sure why he, a Muslim, would go to me to ask for certain sins to be accepted, but here he was asking regardless). I guess in this setting I had taken the position of a deity of sorts (). I don't recall if I said yes or not, but we do end up linking up later, him and his wife (), and we meet to discuss something in a shopping center (#168) parking lot. As we're roaming the parking lot (#79) the two of them, primarily the wife, start singing overtly sexual songs (#175) and become all around obnoxious. I verbally discipline the wife for it. Unless the fundraiser was also held by a sex club, I'm acting fairly hypocritically. That's where the dream ends.

145. (11-16-22 – 11-17-22) Had a dream about being in a poly relationship with a man who wore a diaper. I was somehow still attracted to him. 3 girls (#121) and 1 man, me included. I also dreamt that I failed out of my last semester at grad school (#164). Brief glimpse of the body of a naked intersex individual (#119).

146. (11-18-22 – 11-19-22) There's a railway of nothing but doors (#82). (Akin to the monster's inc. concept) I ride a door to the very end of the rail only to see a train car (#50) on an elevated railway careening off a mountain (#9) as we are surrounded by snowy (#18) alps. It's as though the rail was only ever partially constructed and no one bothered finishing it. As the train car is about to crash into the depths I see my old patient Larry. For some reason part of the wall of the train car has been peeled back by some misfortune. I reach out my hand and grab Larry's to save him from certain death (#63). We ride the rail all the way back to the original door station (#131). It is here we are placed in hibernation for a period of time. We are all trying to make a home for ourselves in a post-apocalyptic (#19) world. We find this massive fortress building that would be perfect but it's full of enemy combatants. The group sends me into the

fortress to retrieve two of our people who'd previously been captured (#127). I work my way into the top floor from the roof (#78) and through a window (#69). I find our two people and sneak them to the fortress's personal door railway. We hold onto a door and escape (#126) without notice.

147. (11-29-2022 – 11-30-2022) The dream of being fucked (#167) from behind by --- (#99) only seeing him in the reflection of the glass (#93) of the entertainment center (#150) (on velvet () couch (#95)). We lay down on the floor (not the couch or bed), it is time to sleep (#60). We start to fall asleep, but before I sink into sleep completely I see them. There are hordes of ants (#41) all around us. "They were still there." I shake --- awake to tell him not to fall asleep yet because the ants aren't gone yet.

148. (12-2-22 – 12-3-22) Reunited with --- (#99). At many points of the experience it seems --- is a woman (#119). We go shopping and I buy her some clothes (#168). At one point we're on a river (#7) that takes us down to the end. My brother Conner (#111) is learning how to surf the river successfully as a small child.

149. (12-8-22 – 12-9-22) --- (#99) is in the middle of a live stream (#67) discussing --- life as of late. And one point --- says in a celebratory tone, "And there's no rabbits (#38 & #41)!" This is upsets me slightly.

150. (12-14-22 – 12-15-22) Kept trying to escape (#126) from my parents (#111). Something about them not liking the truth of who I was. I kept desperately trying to fly (#61) and run away (#125) but they were always right on my tail. Very stressful. My guess is that it has something to do with the individuation process.

151. (12-15-22 – 12-16-22) The world flooded entirely (#19& #8). This after being stalked by a child who lived in my childhood home (#116) from age 6-8.

152. (12-19-22 – 12-20-22) I realize that the dream is dark (#26). I feel and grow everything (#144). The threatening images are everywhere.

153. (12-26-22 - 12-27-22) Dream where partner () was extremely pleased that I took control (or wore the pants (#120)) in the relationship.

154. (12-28-2022 -12-29-2022) I receive money from Janet (#111). I am paired with a male of my kind (). We are in love, but we are now given the opportunity to go forth into our infinite (#155) variety of consciousness () to learn what we feel we must. When I decide to conclude my iterations to join my lover I come back only to realize he is still journeying. I am not yet disheartened. I go into another iteration () mostly just to wait out my lover. After I conclude once more I realize he isn't here this time either. After 3 more of these experiences I come to a realization that if I were to be the party that concluded first again I'd be worthy of being called weakly and lowly. I proceed to continue onward without halt until I begin to hear his cries from great distances (#144)

155. (1-1-23 – 1-2-23) Unfortunately, I dreamt that --- (#99) and I were dating again. Here's the fun part though. It wasn't even him. It was a completely different dude with an entirely different build, facial structure, everything. In the dream I didn't even notice the dude wasn't --- until after I looked at his nose a little more closely and mentioned it to someone who was like, yeah of course it's not ---. (I speculate-experienced-gathered that about a week went by in the dream itself before I noticed the difference). Side note: The fact that this was the theme of this --- related dream is actually really nice and super encouraging. I had a separate dream later on where I was being chased by a female aggressor on a motorcycle of some variety, I also fled (#125) by motorcycle (#58).

156. (1-3-23 – 1-4-23) Dream about dating, loving, and kissing Tyler Hamilton (#100). This after another portion of my dream in a school hallway (#164 & #72) setting. I heard two guys (#106) teasing --- (#99) and saying how it must suck to have fucked me but won't get to ever again. He says it doesn't but he sounds frustrated and hurt.

157. (1-4-23-1-5-23) (Seventh) Music festival (#22 & #175) wasn't loud enough, and I can't hear it from my campsite (#25). I'm anxious I wasted my money. I was camped on far right but I was on the far left of the festival where I was able to gather enough stimuli to commit it to memory. Cleaning kitchen aspect of dream. I feel very desirable as a potential partner. I'm in the front of the sink (bottom right of room) sweeping and putting the swept material into the garbage before dream changes to office portion. I'm handling wax, more specifically shaping it into a ball. This is when someone in our "office" that had her own desk says, "If you end up throwing that at me I'm throwing it back at you. To which I replied "that's kinda the thing about wax. If it hits you it's probably going to break into pieces first." Then I said, "but, fortunately, I'm not a dumbass that would throw a ball of wax () at a coworker. Mostly because I don't have the IQ of an ANT (#41). I'm also perfectly content focusing on being kind, graduating (#164), and getting the fuck out of this town as quickly as humanly possible."

158. (1-9-23 – 1-10-23) Completely lucid (#146) choosing next thing that happens after next thing that happens after next thing happens (). Hiding from my daughter (#113). She looks on the floor of the kitchen. I am at the top right. An unseen entity (#153) above her in the air as she looks for me at ground level.

159. (1-10-23 – 1-11-23) First section of the dream: Young child to the right (East) with powers of divinity in her hands (probably represents me). I'm panicked and unable to reach her because something is in the way, and there is also something in the way between her mother and her. (To the north, me to the south) I'm dad in this scenario (#119). (The mother is a goddess (#156) and I, the father, am a god) The "power" is a straight blue (#44) rod. She keeps bringing it into L shapes. (Bending). Nothing bad happens. She is unharmed Second section of the dream: Facility where BAD things were happening. They'd started locking us in (#127), and I knew that people would be killed (#140). Didn't see any of it though. Too busy escaping (#126). Kept escaping but kept getting caught too. Finally escaped on my fourth or fifth go. Wound up in (#128) a body of water (lake (#50)) on the opposite side of a road on a body of water. Kinda like that road in Russellville going to the movie theatre. The rules never got stricter, and they never told the guards (#98) to watch me more closely after the escape attempts. Third section of the dream: Raffle in """ hell""" Red (#135 & #45) ticket and then another red ticket is drawn. They call my name. The raffle was deciding the one who was the loser and who was the winner. Almost like a scrying tool as opposed to a raffle. I won both drawings. Everyone laughs goodheartedly at me. Something about everything being a test. Fourth section of the dream: There is a "changing of the guard" if you will. We're changing "mayors"????? (#98) And there is a big ceremony. Even though this is supposed to be a happy moment (I think the last "mayor" might have been "shitty"???). Regardless, everyone is overwhelmed and morose. We all begin to cry in the seats of the outdoor ceremony by the lake (#3) out on the large docks (#87). Mayor standing at pedestal talking thing on the middle right (East). Fifth part of the dream: I'm in the back seat behind what I think is my dad (#111) in the passenger seat while another dude drives (#58 & #106) The dude keeps asking us to keep watch while he downs a duck (#41) on the furthest south west? east? Part of our property because there are trespassing signs. Dad's saying things like "uh I don't know about that" dude keeps pressing the issue. "It's our land dipshit" I say unprompted. Dude laughs, says "nice," and something along the lines of "I can work with that." I look up front and it turns out dude I was talking too was in the passenger seat, not my dad. (3 people in the vehicle) Dad was in the driver seat. () I worry dad will scold me and I assume I'm in a psychotic-ish (#154) headspace and worry I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't been. Plot twist dad is super proud of me, and said the other dude had a lot of respect for me after that.

160. (1-13-23 – 1-14-23) Realized the Red Hot Chili Peppers had a song titled "The Zephyr.' Fell asleep pretty soon after realizing that fun little fact. Only aspect of the dream I can recall is someone commenting

on my red (#45) hot chili pepper earrings. Figured it was probably a suggestion to listen to the song upon waking.

161. (1-15-23 – 1-16-23) Dreamt that I was god (). Each thing was happening consecutively and in tandem with other events that fit together thematically. As I was walking unchanging throughout the dream I eventually come upon my bedroom where my mortal mother (Nancy #111) is sitting on the bed. As she comes to realize each event occurring in reality is connected to me and my own actions she says “Oh my god” in a somewhat shaken tone of voice.

162. (1-22-23) Dreamt I had a psychotic attack (#154) at work (#168) and that it left my body before I’d even been shooed out of the facility (#23) I tell Chris (#98) that I’m fine and that it came as quickly as it went. He said he knows. Now I’m at a public location. Ran into - - - (#99) in passing. We do not acknowledge one another. Then I’m standing up straight and there is a child with their arms around my waist and they are hugging me continuously as they repeat, “It’s not your fault.” I soon come to realize I’m dying and that’s why the kid is repeating this and hugging me. I am unafraid as I embrace the dark void (#52) and let myself fall (#170) into it. I do not fight death. Instead I embrace them like a long forgotten friend. And into death I go (#133)

163. (Jan-Feb 2023) I’m walking slowly and enjoying my surroundings. I’m on this massive walkway, bridge (#51) like thing in the middle of beautiful soft colored clouds of pink and orange (#17 & #17 & #49 & #48). The bridge is ornate, just gorgeous. Very reminiscent of scenes in Final Fantasy X (#65). It has a cobblestone like material for the pathway and mid length fences for safety. The bridge is long, and I presume it leads to heaven, but I can’t be sure. Suddenly the horizon that we were walking towards on the bridge turns jet black. There is a black smoke, fog (#17) that permeates the sky from as far west as I can see to the furthest east I can see. It looks almost like a tidal wave. It is billowing towards us at a pretty significant rate. Everyone was fear (#171) stricken and besides themselves. We all turn back around and run (#125) for our lives. We all run because we know better.

164. (Jan-Feb 2023) Spice cabinet dream. I felt as though a part of me had been imbued inside of his spice cabinet and that he wouldn’t be able to be rid of me of their house. - - - (#99) Basically trying to haunt him.

165. (Unknown date) In a school environment (#164) where I am floating up towards the ceiling and watching from above (#150). (In a hallway (#72)) I am observing a school shooter kill many of his classmates (#136 & #140 & #142) I am meant to bear witness, but I’m fortunate enough that I didn’t experience any emotional sensation during the course of this dream. I simply watch as he fires at everyone.

166. (2022) Waterfall wedding (#28 & #12) dream. Low in detail and content. (Side note: See Zora’s Domain childhood ritual with the torches behind the waterfall)

167. (1-22-23 – 1-23-23) Hung out with Kaleb Watson (#117) for a whole day until it was revealed who I was to him. He was no longer being compelled to be there, and actually chose to stay behind and talk a little more. My hair (#165) still crazy from the shower (#90) I took before bed. I assumed he wouldn’t stay since I wasn’t worrying about my appearance (My own assumptions about the average male). He stayed anyway. Another portion of the dream where I contract an illness where the patient experiences lumps of hard material under the skin that were shaped like gnocchi but bigger. The solution was to stick a needle deeply enough that it pierces the circular lump and extracts its insides. They say they’ll do the last one in a bit (#23) and it makes me anxious because I want these random lumps out of my body ASAP, as I can feel the from below the skin.

168. (1-25-23 – 1-26-23) I would have given the woman a purple rose (#46 & #121). I would’ve given the man a purple rose. The woman I would have given the purple rose had I had it at the time she was on high. Way above me on a raised platform. The man was on the grass with me right next to me. I see a woman

facing East on a bench. A man comes and sits down beside her after asking if she minds. She says she does not. I hand a man a small sword (#143). We have just invaded his home and killed the master of his house (#140, #138. & #137) But with this man we have no quarrel. He fears we are about to kill him, and I explain to him that he is without issue. It was his master who had harmed us. I hand him this as we are close to his master's swimming pool (#128) in his yard to the far west. A trash bag is found full of body parts. This man in a suit yells at my group. He accuses us as we act confused and without guilt. He says he will come for us. We care not. I see a shirt of army green (#42). Tight and cross knit. It used to belong to Dylan and I give it to the man whom I wish to present with the purple rose. (Side note: I cried a lot when I woke up. I feel like they were close by, and now they're not and I'm so sad)

169. (Jan-Feb 2023) Car wreck (#59 & #58) caused, person died (#140). No recollection. Perhaps I had been driving recklessly. I'm unsure. Hundreds of friends from all lives came to hide (#123) me from authorities (#98) that felt much larger. A fraction of them employ the use of a school bus to make it seem like we were simply a passing group of high schoolers. I was in hysterics, covered by the comforter they had played on top of me to keep me out of sight, but to also keep me calm. They sang songs (#175) to me to try to still me. Anxiety by the Black Eyed Peas was one of them. After the lyric "God take away my anxiety," it shifted into "God take away my pain." My sobs turn into sobbing convulsions. "There she is!!!" they cheer. They continue to sing on happily. *cop siren* "They've?" found us, my friends continue to sing. I then remember what my friend told me when I was explaining the wreck. "Was I aware, capable, and at fault during?" They answer, "NO." I release all tension from my body and again I am gone (#125 &). "Like so many times before."

170. (2-22-23 – 2-23-23) (Eighth) Music festival (#22 & #175) dream again. Asking friends of ours where - - - (#99) is. They say he's at the merchandising tent (#25) we sell from (#168). I go over there to meet up with him and all of our friends. Once I get there I just start talking to our friends, not once do I look in his direction and actually see him in the dream. I just know he's there and we're there together. Later on a stereotypical "hometown boi" starts complaining that he didn't know that the way to become strong and good at fighting is to become more lean, not overly bulky. I tell him it's not too late to slim down.

171. (2-23-23 - 2-24-23) Entered a railway (#50) in snow (#18) between mountains (#9). The door is locked as I enter (#82). A bimbo wants debimbofacation. Her darker styled companion tries to advise her she looks better the other way but the bimbo ignores her (#108). Variety is the spice of life. Uhhhh…. at some point I was looking from the edge of a football field () as a man up and to the left celebrates an incredible feat of athleticism….

172. (2-26-23 – 2-27-23) On a family vacation with family (#111) that isn't related to me by the flesh. There are two women (#108) acting crazy after their car (#58) broke down. They demand to be let into our vehicle. Me: "No." Four of us are in the vehicle. Two of them on the left side of the vehicle get out despite my protests. I lock the doors behind them so the other two that are acting a fool won't get in…. (Four in the car plus me, five of us total (#107)). I start moving quickly towards one of the girls while telling her I'm gonna beat her ass (#137 & #138). She's bigger than me. I don't seem to mind. (I guess you were going to sit in the back middle seat. Alarm oddly went off at 4 when I didn't set the alarm this same morning)

173. (3-1-23 – 3-2-23) Three scenes in the dream. First scene, I am traveling quickly down these hallways (#72). At the end of the hallways it opens up through a doorway (#82) in the typical rectangular shape. Somehow I'm unaware of the fact there is imminent danger headed my way down these hallways if I am not careful. Somehow, even though I'm completely unaware that it's hurtling towards me, I manage to escape being crushed to fucking death by these MASSIVE, who knows how heavy, completely steel () (Looks like steel to me) 10x larger than me squares that are apparently hurtling at me down the hallway at an incredible

speed. Even though I wasn't booking it or stressed I managed to not be hit by these thick, metal squares (#172) on (at least) two occasions. Each time I exited past the doorway I'd look back and realize it's hurtling towards me at imminent death level speeds. I cannot see them, but I feel a feminine presence behind the square pushing it towards me even faster (#137). The metal squares hit the incredibly architecturally sound doorways and stop moments before crushing me each time. (Side note: this scene is set up in the same manner Crash Bandicoot's fleeing rolling boulder levels (#65), so back to front. From "north" to "south") Hallways are devoid of detail. I look at no other doorways or sensation stimuli headed down these (well lit) hallways. Each time the steel square comes I'm surprised, angry at whoever's pushing it around so dangerously and indiscriminately both times I realize it's seconds from hitting me (#137) Next scene….The world is dark. I'm talking pitch black darkness (#26). I'm in my own home, and I am apparently stressed out and in danger. I want to call (#66) Sambrea at first even though I know she lives up in Rogers or Bentonville. The problem is I'm not sure where "the men" are and I don't want to use my phone and let off the only light (#36) on for miles and miles. I know that will put a target on me so I refrain (#123). From what I can tell the fear comes from SA and murder. I was in the center-ish area of the home but I'm suddenly in my "bedroom" at the further south point of the home. I'm stumbling and having difficulty walking without any light around. I feel an imminent danger about me but I remain unharmed. Final scene. I'm hiding (#123) from something in a version of my bedroom in some other dimension (). The bed itself is what struck me as the most different feature of my 2518 W Sycamore Twin Sized bed bedroom. The bed is set up high where you need to go up this small set of wooden steps up (#70) and into the bed. I'm still kinda shaken from everything, so as my mom (#111) looks around for me in my bedroom I don't choose to say anything. (I'm hiding under the lifted bed.) After mom checks for me and can't find me she says something along the lines of "good" to herself and begins to climb the few stairs onto my bed above. As soon as she steps a foot onto a stair I finally choose to say "mom" or "hey mom" she immediately stops going up the stairs and that's where my dream ended. Not out of fear when the tons and tons of metal came flying towards me. Not in that darkened home in a wasteland. No, I woke up immediately after calling upon my mother for help. I'd say if it was Inanna or Nancy but they kind of had both energies within their frame. But as soon as I ask I wake.

174. (3-8-23 4:09pm) Nap dream lasting roughly 15 minutes. They're (Unsure of who "they" are), but they are attempting to scare me from my faith. I am in two rooms. (#27) One at the beginning and another at the end. The room in the latter half was mostly me looking above my own gaze. Up to the ceiling where dreadful sounds and music (#175) play above me. I slap it (the speaker holes) with a towel and the spot turns red (#45) like blood and the music plays louder. I look to the top part of my windows (#69) and birds (#41) begin to throw their bodies against the glass. And I will know fear (#171) in the most brief and smallest of all moments. I simply close my eyes. They were insinuating I would live there in that room forever because of my "sin." I know they're lying. I close my eyes, tune out all sound, and intentionally wake myself from the dream (#146 & #152). At the beginning of the next part of the dream I'm in my childhood bedroom at the bluff side house. Dad (#111) is laying on the right side of the bed (my half…) and he's saying things in a vaguely disappointed tone. He asks if I do not like him, think this or that or the other about him. He places me onto his stomach where I lay. As I am in the air being moved I experience a brief flash of fear and panic. Once I land onto the front side of his body I am relieved and I exhale air from my lungs. I am in "his" arms as a daughter and nothing more. Just as a daughter. He is sad but he is not violent and does not wish to harm me. I do not see what comes next but I assume we speak of things that matter. (PS: Latter end of the dream was identical to real life (#144). Also, I missed a third hidden room…almost forgot.) I was in a hallway (#72) next to a stairwell (#70) by a door. There are several of us (masons (#157), not Sydneys) dressed in humble clothing which appears to be made from burlap sacks. I don't want to shake the one in front's hand

incorrectly but I am carrying heavy objects that cannot be moved easily. I use the hand I'm not holding things in to shake their hand. From their reaction of somber smiles I assume I used the "wrong" hand to shake with. Regardless, I do not pause and continue towards the door and open it with whatever hand is free. (#82) It opens and I walk through…

175. (3-11-23 – 3-12-23) Beginning of dream. Face to face with someone (male) and I'm saying, "Although, my being this way might be the way out for ME, not necessarily you." (Or something very similar in nature.) Meanwhile, I'm saying this while holding his chin up so he faces up at me directly and looks me in the eyes. At first he seems intrigued. Flash forward to part of dream where that same patient comes up to me and grabs my ass as they join the conversation with me and likely another patient (#23). The forefront person being displayed in that role was *"Shirtless M'gee"* IE: whoever the fuck that nightmare was. But other energies surround his physical form. I'm also getting hints of "Bullshit Spewing Brandon," and a third "unknown" man who's face I cannot put a finger on who was also a patient. The scene is partially obscured and steeped in a filter? lens? That adds a layer of dark grey (#150) over the scene. Right after this I push him (#138) partially across the room and into the wall as the scene constricts visually where it's only *Shirtless M'gee.* He falls back, stumbles, and hits the wall. "What the hell was that for!?!?!? " Me: "Don't touch my fucking ass then!!!" Him: "What's wrong with you today?" Me: "YOU TOUCHING MY ASS!" The energy of the dream shifts, and I'm having a heated and likely hateful conversation with the man from the first aspect of the dream. I tell him that the unshakable knowledge steeped in resentment that gets to flow from my mouth to roll this into motion doesn't mean that's how he gets to "do it." I also tell him it's his own fault that that is true. I don't have any strong visual data to pair with the rest of the dream, so take this with a grain of salt. From what I can tell dude becomes irate. Absolutely furious.

176. (3-16-23) So, first part of dream. Small dream. Something is wrong with my cassock in lodge (#157). There are strands of thread undone around the bust for some reason or another. As I am inquiring about alterations to the bust of my cassock suddenly - - - (#99) appears. Fortunately there's no visual data accumulation. Just acknowledgment of his existence within the context. (If I try to recall it's just that red fucking shirt again from the photo lol) He says that "We need to talk." As he wishes to speak outside. I wake up immediately. Next part starts. The beautiful, beautiful, beautiful femme fatale Djinn on social media (#67) is posting on Facebook. It's her Facebook anniversary. Her sister is jealous of her reach and keeps telling her if she doesn't start posting again she'll lose her established following. Djinn posts about it publicly, making fun of her sister, as part of the anniversary post.

177. (3-21-23 – 3-22-23) Unwanted touching. (#139) Continuous predation. Locked door (#82) behind me as protection (#123). There's a place of peace to be found. There's a hidden garden in the woods (#2). It was left to us by Mike (#98) (Therapist from Vantage Point). When I become its keeper I will find eternal peace and safety.

178. (3-23-23 - 3-24-23)Only part of the dream I remember from last night was a man pulling my corset as tight as he possibly can.

179. (4-1-23 – 4-2-23) *Me joking with my daughter (#113) in the grocery store (#76) by planking on the floor* *She comes down to my level and planks too. "Hey momma. Are you coming with us" she asks gleefully. "Of course sweet girl." (I feel like the other woman wants to keep me away from her but she relents) She's wearing bright red (#45) lipstick. Dog (#41) in the home. Super spastic and sweet. Backwards L shaped couches (#95) makes you up single L. Dog jumps to my left. To the other couch. Back to my left and then hops sideways to the right of me. I laugh.

180. (4-5-23 – 4-6-23) Minecraft-like world (#65). I'm hunting for the perfect piece of land and come upon a valley (#1). At the front of the property there is a lake (#3) with a whale (#41) in it swimming (#128). I go

further and the land is magnificent (the land of tulips). You come into the property backwards and forwards (#131). From first perspective in this dream I enter the new land from south west. On the other side of the property I would enter while processing north. A snake (#39 & #41) lurched at my leg and turned into a toilet plunger.

181. (4-9-23 – 4-10-23) Random woman: "I've been chased out pretttttyyy far by those thingggs." (Referring to the blacked out SUV's (#58)) I ask the woman why they do it and she says "I don't think they even know."

182. (4-13-23 – 4-14-23) There is a woman choking so I have to squeeze her diaphragm violently. Once object out water comes from her mouth (#141) continuously like a fountain (#92). (Reminds me of the fish fountain from Tomb Raider (#65)

183. (4-20-23 – 4-21-23) I think I was the face of myself haunting others. Making unbroken eye contact with someone (I think it might have been another me) whilst forcing my body to shake violently and uncontrollably in order to terrify them.

184. (4-28-23) One of my most vivid death dreams (#133) during nap. Living room. Realize it's not the same place and house I was in. "Oh this again." The couch (#95) is to the left of me and I can hear a terrible noise and the sounds of fast and hard moving "feet?" chasing after me (#125) on the wood () floors…. I do what I always do. I do a cannonball into the square hole (#172) in the floor as I relax my heart and dispel my fears. I go easy. I'm falling (#170) down the shaft again (#15 "voids") but I can still see the entry point above me. I see the room only. I fall deeper into death (and into the earth) peacefully. I feel the death but I am unafraid. I hear the heart monitor start to do the thing and I am perfectly lucid (#146) and realize "this is so real it might be the one we're currently attached to." I accept that and continue down (#144). I wake up half awake (#148). I realize I was likely in the hypnagogic state or something a little deeper in between it and sleep. I could have died and yet I am still alive. I have died and yet I am still alive. I am still alive and I will always be in one way or another. And all I know is I'm going home. And if eternity there really is what I know it to be….. I won't have an issue with it at all. And neither will anyone else.

185. (5-26-23 - 5-27-23) Micha Thomas (#105) dream. Cuddling her. Her saying how important our friendship is. Years pass by and - - - (#99) shows up somehow. It's like nothing happened, but I also only have the knowledge that it was him. I wasn't really perceiving anything about him. I just had knowledge that he was present with me in a setting similar to one we share before CC Sept 2020.

186. (6-11-23 - 6-12-23) - - - (#99) dream. Even told him I was having a difficult time saying his name since to me he didn't have one.

187. (6-15-23 - 6-16-23) Directly to the far right I can see a humming bird (#41) hovering and pointed right at me. The hummingbird is still of body and it stays at the same elevation since it isn't speeding around so suddenly and jerkily. The hummingbird continues to stay in flight (#61) (hovering) but no more than that.

188. (7-5-23 - 7-6-23) That dream of the sensory data being confirmed to be of the same intensity as "real life" (#144 & #146) We were literally just walking around in a Best Buy (#168) that existed in a promenade style mall (#84).

189. (7-11-23 - 7-12-23: 2:39am) I was literally hiding (#123) in shitty vacations from the "dream world." Cruise ships (#55) and betting, movie theatres (#83) where my dad (#111) pretends to love me, cruise ships connected to mom's grocery stores (#76). Disney Worlds where you're shittier at the game if you even buy their expensive wand gadgets (#168) in the first place and keep getting less points. New "games" (#64) where you strike a pose like in "ceremonies" but instead of a straight arm I'm in a ball on the floor holding out peace signs with my stomach in knots as the last two cops (#98 & #106) shoot at each other over access to sex (#139) even though I'm underage. Meanwhile, even in the dream in my own bed my own

phone (#66) tries to light (#36) up parts of me so they can find me even after the phone has been turned off. Light suspended around my abdomen looking for a detail. I panic to hide the light so they can't find me (#123). ((I'm literally doing an interpretive dance on the floor of schools (#164) waiting for the cops to show up and fight over my underage strange in my dreams. () Curled up in that ball with my peace signs thrown out at sharp angles like they teach me in my own house of worship.))

190. (7-11-23 - 7-12-23) Continued… I had woken up from fear (#171) and this is the dream I had after going back to sleep. (Less than three hours of sleep) Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. Oh, I remember this. (#146) Oh, is this turtle creek mall (#168 & #84 & #79)? How much of my body is exposed? Am I wearing roller skates? Am I behind the mall? Who can see me? Is that a school (#164)? Is this foam underneath my feet able to catapult my steps? Oh I remember this tree house style apartment. Oh, I remember living in the city (#21). Oh I remember the last day I lived in this apartment. Oh, I remember the helicopter (#54) tour of the city the last day I lived in this apartment. Me in the dream: "Sydney, I have to know." "Sydney, I have to know." "Sydney, I have to know." "Sydney, I have to know." I put on that stretchy robe tops around my clothing as the eerily stuck helicopter whirs on this now open floor plan of a roof (#78). I fall (#170) from the sky into the water prepared to turn head first into the water (#7) only to land gingerly, only to keep my phone (#66) above water. Oh yeah, the boys (#106). They had that silly toy in the glove box. I wonder how long I'll be able to be here and view the old apartment. "There's so much here." "There's so much still here." I say this after looking out my window (#69) in the apartment to see a bustling city and streets in the far distance. I can see so many roads, cars, businesses. Just way too much sensory data for a dream (#144). And if I'm …"here" And that's still there… and there's still layers to saving mom (#111) just like layers of visibility needed to see my body in pieces while she shakes her proverbial fist at me for having my tits out as a man stumbles through our turtle creek mall tent (#25) we were staying in. Where was your vehicle (#58) in the parking lot, you didn't know. You were shocked there was so much there. That you hadn't "remembered" was there. That helicopter never made it off the roof Sydney. And yet you still circled your way around the wreckage for a better opportune angle. The part where you were discussing the philosophy of shoe sales (#132) and how to properly place them to maximize shoe sales (#168). Open front being more geometrically pleasing as opposed to a closed boot. Shaking hands with no extra words from the man or I?? in front of a building that I can only describe as a plant, like a power plant??? I worked with him for centuries (). The pool (#128) on the roof (#78). They were doing a ritualistic ceremony with someone. I'm not even sure why you were in the water, neither were you. Me in the room wondering if I could ride the vacuum like a broom only to go, no that's too much and then it works (#144 & #61). The house still scary but it barely affects me. The Sydney (#110) discussing the book (#161) about bull riding (#41) she was reading and saying something along the lines of "yes yes, I'm sure since I've never felt the sensation it'd be pointless to read it." As things got scary (#171) you just leapt down the stairs (#70) and kept going. The boats (#55) crossing oceans (#8) of fire (#35 & #36) people were on the way to help you.

191. (7-12-23 - 7-13-23) I was crocheting things to give people for free out in public and this person I disliked kept saying I should design it a certain way even though I was being creative and didn't want any feedback.

192. (8-20-23 - 8-21-23) I'm hell bent on trying to destroy - - - (#99) business (#168). Which is part shop part music (#175) venue. I go full vigilante. I think I ended up using some explosives to destroy it (#138). I later camped out in some building nearby watching the fallout.

193. (8-23-23 - 8-24-23) Abandoned building dream where I got murdered but they knew I would just come alive from reincarnation so they kept gleefully killing me each time I awoke (#133& #137) I was originally trying to flee (#125) from them, but I was caught.

194. (8-24-23 - 8-25-23) Where you were the creator of all realms and dimensions (). You placed Nancy (#111) with a nice husband () somewhere in the expanse. You placed Conner and Van together in the woods (#2) somewhere in a realm that wasn't fully developed yet. They were all happy. The Charlotte Halle dreams refuge portion of the woods (#121 & #122). We were romantically involved. There was some sort of search for valuables. We were competing (#64). The Colorado lodge (#18) portion of dream and the start where I had to rescue a child (#115). The Vietnam War (#134) like atmosphere, lands that was synonymous with the drug epidemic.

195. (8-28-23 - 8-29-23) Starts off with us riding a roller coaster (#29) then all of a sudden, we're coming down backwards out of a water tube slide (#30). (Sensations data implies it's an allegory for end of life and beginning in a new incarnation (#133).

196. (8-29-23) In a new longhorn steakhouse (#168 & #88) after being recently hired. I tell them I am currently sleeping (#148) and temporarily in their dimension (#146). They seem to accept this statement as truth (#145). Occasionally scenes at long horn get a little too crispy and real (#144), and I begin to inquire within myself where I'm really at. Afterwards; dry land. I'm walking along in a sandy area going across hills (#4) and rummaging through items that had been left behind suddenly. I come upon some ruins construction workers left behind. Go into building that's been abandoned and collect some art pieces on my way out (#169).

197. (8-30-23: 1:28 am) Dream about masonry (#157) and walking into meeting under trance () to sit down next to that one picture at the top left in the chambers. I and the framed photo catch on fire (#35 & #36). My fellow masons know something is wrong, and that I'm confused so they help me up and out of the chambers. Piper Mueller is there for some reason. According to her she had just died (#140) and her soul was traveling to and fro, and she saw that I was in this area. She was interested in the concept of comasonry, and that's why she came to talk to me. At some point I find myself on a small floating island (#6) of land. Ahead of me are more of these islands of land that are progressively getting further and further away and continuing to trail downward closer to the ground. There is a mason on the island that instructs me (#98) that it's time to fly (#61). I do feel slightly apprehensive, but I have no choice. Fall or fly moment. I seem to succeed and find myself in this big expanse of woods (#2) and eventually a small town. It seems I am being pursued (#125) and people are trying to ensure I cannot leave this area (#127) which is apparently a representation of comasonry. I have a lot of difficultly leaving the town and returning to the masonry camp (cabins present (#172)) that is at the start of the area's range. Although difficult, I do eventually escape and leave through the camp.

198. (8-31-23 - 9-1-23) ((Super moon was present)) First part of dream: I'm in the same bedroom I fell asleep in and dream me had just awoken (#148) from her own dream and she immediately yells "You would have done it anyway!!!!!!????" I feel anger like I've never felt before. I'm so rooted to this dream that I'm literally feeling what she's feeling (#144). The power behind that anger was unlike anything I ever experienced. It had a weight to it that was so heavy it threatened the very fabric of our minds, our consciousness (). I'm in her body and it starts to lurch and spin in a half circle motion and it's shaking fast. It's like the rage is possessing us. It was something straight out of a demon possession film but instead of a demon it was just me, my own wrath and rage violently seething out of my body. We struggle to get our phone (#66) off the floor and struggle further as we try to hit the YouTube button so we can distract our psyche well enough to get a grip on things. All the while it's an uphill battle. It feels like we're losing the

worst tug of war ever experienced. It's so strong, but somehow we still manage to press the YouTube app button. Dream shifts to me leaving the bedroom. Second portion of the dream: I'm leaving the bedroom I fell asleep in as us, but as soon as I enter the hallway (#72) it's the hallway of my teenage home on the bluff. It's as though I exited my bedroom in that house. I turn the corner to go left and the rage has left me crying in sobs. Suddenly my dad (#111) appears and starts laughing at me as he approaches. I keep screaming for him to stop. Stop! Stop! Fucking stop!!!! My screams turned into banshee wailings and I wake up. I woke up scared and unsettled. So much so that I refused to go right back to sleep in case I continued the dream. So I made some mac' n cheese and a chicken taco. Watched some YouTube for a bit and then attempted to sleep again. Then it got worse. Part three of the dream: This entire portion of the dream has this heaviness that is pressing down on me (#144). It's like I have vertigo and I walk with zero precision. I clumsily talk to coworkers from Vantage Point on my rehab unit (#168). Things seem well enough at this point even though the vertigo is bad. (Side note: I think the feeling that was causing this was the slow ebb of death taking more and more of me into its arms) I go to our outside fenced in area connected to the rehab unit and they show me that they'd put in a pool (#128). It was a really nice pool too. It's rectangular with another square (#172) portion to the side of it but a little higher up ground. The scene changes and I'm still at "Vantage Point" (#23) in spirit even though the hallway (#72) I'm in is completely alien and unfamiliar to me. I see an elevator (#71) and right beside it is a stairway (#70) going down. Not a spiral, just a normal stairwell. Well, as it goes down to the lower level it's a rather steep drop off from the area in front of the elevator. There are no rails there to protect someone from falling so I stop shorter than I would have. Then I got on my knees to the elevator button and I push it. The heavy fog and vertigo is still fighting me and winning. Someone comes along, still in the facility and tries to help me. I tell them I'm waiting for the elevator. That's when the person acts confused and opens up a door revealing a maintenance-cleaning closet (#91) as opposed to an elevator. Suddenly I'm in a dimly lit airport (#57). I see a man who had come back on the same connecting flight as me after we had also departed on the first plane originally. I'm walking around and I keep asking people if they can direct me to the parking lot (#79) so I can find my car (#58). A female staff member instead informs me that parts of the airport are being closed off, and that she's sorry for the inconvenience. As I try to get my bearings more and more obstacles and makeshift walls keep appearing. I eventually lay back on a plush, almost egg shaped, massive mattress-floor that is for people with layovers I guess. I fall asleep (#148). I wake up to my parents waking me (#111). They've turned up and try to "help" me. I keep apologizing. I asked them if they'd been on the flight with me and they said no. I apologize again and say "I can't remember the past three days." I'm confused, dazed, likely dying, and lethargic. I had no idea how I'd gotten there and the past three days were a mystery. As we're headed for what I assume is the parking lot I steal (#169) a little chocolate (think Godiva) from an airport store's (#168) counter. The scene shifts again and I'm pressed in this tiny metal tube thing that operates as an elevator (#71), but is anything but. It's basically a makeshift, rickety, moving structure. I'm pressed against-close to my father and behind me is my grandfather. My dad keeps trying to tickle me and he's pinching my upper thigh (#139). I think he's testing to see what I'll do. If I really mean what I say when I claim to have a rage that no one can best. I stare daggers at him and lunge at him. Spitting and hissing like a wild animal. He continues to smile. Suddenly we're on a road and having to leave somewhere quickly, supposedly (#125). We have a bike (#53) like vehicle that has a lot of luggage tied to the back of it. It's like we're hauling something across the great American west or some shit. There's a literal wagon attached to it. All our possessions are on it. On the bike is my grandpa in the far back. My dad sits in front of him. Dad tells me to get on and after much fighting puts me on the bike practically on his lap facing him instead of the road. I lean my head back super far and as my body starts to arch back my head starts to fall down towards the road. The heaviness is still on me and has

been this entire time. It's almost like it's keeping me captive here. I suddenly get a jolt of normal energy and unconsciously sit back up on him to face him. He laughs. Now I'm back in the same bedroom I fell asleep in again. Or at least the bed layout is the same (same side of the wall). On the wall in front of the bed and I is a movie (#68) being projected on it. It's a scene from the movie "Talk to Me," and the mom from the movie doing a close up of her picking at her disturbingly horrific broken and bloody finger nails. I suddenly feel the heaviness fall over me and I, in a daze, bump back and forth down the hallway (#72) into a brand new setting. I'm experiencing hallucinations where objects that seem threatening turn into amorphous, ambiguous shapes and colors (#150 & #144). My mom and dad (#111) are here in this bigger open floor plan of a kitchen-living room. I'm in the living room portion and mom is closer to me and dad is towards the kitchen. I say "this is illegal." I'm presuming they must have drugged me and that's why I can't walk or do much of anything. Mom mumbles something about we're doing what we can. I glance to my left and I see Conner, my brother, but he's about three, maybe four, years old. Fear grips me and I turn to my mom and ask her, "Why is Conner so small?" (#146) She doesn't answer the question and instead says "I don't know what time you did it last night but…" in an accusatory, angry tone of voice. I immediately yell at her and say, "I haven't done anything!" I'm practically screaming at this point. I suddenly feel my stomach drop as I realize she's referring to the time I almost committed suicide. Except I'd actually done it this time (#133). She disappears like a mist (#144) as soon as the word "anything" leaves my mouth. I'm crying and I let out a small, "Dad?" I hear the double dings of an elevator (#71) and I wake up immediately. The threat of being lost in a limbo state for having done what I almost did, alone and in the dark (#26) shook me (#171). (Or maybe alone with a predator) Something primal inside of me was so scared and upset. I woke up and just started to cry.

199. (9-1-23 - 9-2-23: 4:03am) I put up three fingers even though I only remember being hit twice. Mom (#111) mocks me and says oh did he (Van) hit you nine times (#137) or something in a mean pointed manner (attempting to exaggerate). This conversation is taking place in the front yard of the bluff house (#116). Mom says "Just get a wire and get it over with" (referring to committing suicide) I slide down the bluff side. I'm mostly seeing if it would be steep enough to kill me in the first place, but then I start sliding and it seems as though it's unlikely I'll be able to stop. Before I go over the sharper ledge where I will fall (#170) to my death (#133) I wake up. Half my decision-half not since I was trying to gauge whether or not the fall would kill me, and then circumstances ensured that it would. That lesser weight of guilt to bear was seen as a positive by dream me.

200. (9-4-23 - 9-5-23) I went to lodge (#157) physically. Fell asleep (#148) during our meeting in the main room, not the chambers. We had a spare bedroom available. One of the most comfortable beds I've ever slept in. On top was the sailboat comforter from your childhood and a blanket runner. They cleaned each sheet and comforter even though I only slept between two layers. I try to help and RWM (#98) asks me to simply Windex the glass of the end table on the right side of the bed, and that the rest will be taken care of. Tom helps and is kind to me. This dream was such a welcome reprieve after the past two evenings. In this dream bed I also slept and had another dream (#148). One where I soared high (#61) above Fayetteville with a make shift sheet hang glider of sorts. When I come down it's into the water splash zone of a small, public local park. EDM is playing (#175) and everyone is happy. At one point in the dream I take deep breaths and feel waves of euphoria that I don't know if I've ever experienced in a dream (#144). It was flooding my senses. At one point in the dream I hang-glide down to the top of a high up electric post to look down over Fayetteville. I thought to myself what I do even when I'm awake. "There's something strange about Fayetteville."

201. (10-4-23 - 10-5-23) The beginning of the dream. I'm stuck in a world where when you try to escape (#125) they make it seem like there's nothing outside. They're (#98) basically implying that you have to remain incarcerated (#127) under their thumb or risk charging head first into nothingness. I don't care and continue to look for ways out. If I remember correctly, I do find a spot that I could escape from at the south west edge of the property. At some point I read a book (#161) start to finish. Next part of the dream I find myself in a very expensive home. The family that owns this estate is also my family (#111). We seem to come from a long line of occultists and magicians (#159). The book that I read in the previous portion of the dream is apparently one of the most important tomes ever written. It was written by our family as documentation regarding esoteric, occult history and practices. I look in the spot the book is usually kept and it is nowhere to be found. I ask one of the other family members if they've seen it and they shake their head no. That's when the thought rushes to my head. "They're coming." This is when I hear staff at the front of our property begin to yell loudly to warn those of us inside. They've finally come for our family (#137). They want to kill us and take all of our valuables for themselves. (Didn't see anyone killed but some of us must have been slain… right?) The next part of the dream I find myself on the outside edge of our home hiding (#123) behind one of the maintenance shacks. I see the villagers start to flood into my home with various weapons. Beside me is who I believe is our butler. He makes sure I leave and escape through the woods (#2). Suddenly I am in the center of one of the largest forests… maybe THE largest forest ever. I can't seem to grasp the size of it (#150). It is the end of times (#19. There are no resources left, and those of us remaining are trying to wander aimlessly through the woods seeking food, shelter, and other people. After much traveling a group of us that weren't really traveling together but traveling nearby one another we come upon many abandoned fridges and other appliances. I see some people begin to customize the empty fridges to turn them into tiny shelters. I begin to create my own.

202. (10-28-23 - 10-29-23) My brother (#111) and I were supposed to drive (#58) to the meeting point ahead of mom to start our vacation. I'm starting to think there was never a vacation at all. It's a beautiful midsummer day. Somewhere tropical. We listen to the Bluetooth connect (#66) and trade songs one after the other (#175). The palm trees sway in the breeze and we pass by the most pristinely groomed golf courses and vacation towns. Massive, fancy restaurants (#88) and shopping centers (#168). Everything looks so clean. After an entire day of driving we realize that the map app never had the sound turned on and we never had followed the map at all. Suddenly it's dark (#26) outside and the vehicle is flipped over (#59). My brother and I are now accompanied by three friends (#107) just as confused as we are. We lift the car and are able to place it on its wheels (#158). We look behind us and see a sort of industrial building (#81) that's partially morphed into an apartment building of sorts. A strange amalgamation of the two. Some unholy offspring of Florida colors and dark dilapidation. We do not speak, only walk. We walk through the alley (#72) surrounded by barb wire fences (#80) misshapen-ly cut through the middle of this hodgepodge of architecture and enter through a metal wire door (#82). Inside there is nothing but a sea of bright colors, shapes, and platforms (#150) (It's basically liminal space) Water is in the first room and there are rectangular, colorful platforms floating on the water (#150). Leaving it shaky to walk upon. We leap from platform to platform. The room is eerily devoid of detail save the geometric forms and primary colors. We don't know why we're here. No one seems to care. We follow the platforms into the new rooms and realize we're in some sort of space that doesn't make any sense. My brother and I's friends don't seem to take note of this at all. I feel a strange desire to follow them but I slowly push against my psyche. Daring my feet to point in the opposite direction and leave this place. I yell for my brother to follow. He does. When we run through that wire metal door it is daylight (#36) again (#131) Somehow, we are beside are car and it is parked safely on an off ramp. Our friends right there beside us. Without another word we hop back into the

vehicle and continue to drive. We try to mess with my maps app to make it have audio but it refuses. It's as though the option isn't there at all. I hand my phone (#66) to my brother and tell him to let me know when to turn. Hours later we're all singing loudly (#175) and my brother has his head out the passenger side window (#69) singing in the wind blowing by. I'm euphoric, but in the pit of my stomach I feel a primal sense of dread that doesn't leave me. I exclaim we should stop to eat. We must be hungry right? We've been on the road for days. Two days right? Or is it three? We can't seem to recall. Janey says 3 days. Conner says 4 days. I'm still convinced it's only been 2 days. I think back to my mom's instructions. Meet her at -redacted- and find dad. She will be close behind us. .....Dad? Wait. Mom knows I'm no contact with dad. (#146) So does Conner. Why am I on a vacation he'll be a part of? Mom and dad aren't even together anymore. And just like that the car is gone. We're in this strange liminal space where we're on a dirt path with dark water expanding out from both sides in a way that seems like it might go on forever (#150 & #155). My brother and I start to panic and our friends follow our lead. The scene shifts and I'm in a traveling wares store-wagon (#168). I'm with one of the male friends from the previous part of the dream. We get intimate (#167). I can feel the intimacy in such vivid sensation that it occurs to me that this shouldn't even be possible in a dream (#144).

203. (10-30-23 - 10-31-23) Of dad (#111) being a high school (#164) teacher I'm the same place elementary was. Giving me a tooth (#33) brush as a final gift. The cafeteria (#85) kindergarten had a room to the right where the latest VR technology (#65) existed but was actually sexually explicit. Went to a divine grotto of goddesses (#156). We kissed and did all sorts of graphic things (#167 & #121). Felt identical to real life (#144 & #146). Kept trying to get that room locked up so I could explore its capabilities further. At one point I come out of it and there's a class of either teens or college students fully aware of what I was trying to find in the VR program. Felt no embarrassment, just realized I'd have to try again later and left. At some point I come up to a young girl and tell her I'm about the leave that dimension and she's puzzled. I grab some sort of static charged device with a screen (#68), lean my head backwards until my head is turned upside down, and as I do this I switch from being in that cafeteria to falling through a hole (&) very reminiscent of Alice in Wonderland except it was winter tundra themed (#18) and was somewhat cold (in a pleasant way) as I began to fall into another dimension. At one point I'm at the theatre (#83). I'm assuming the one my parents once owned that I grew up visiting. And when the movie (#68) goes off it immediately flips to a mode (I'm guessing HDMI) of a video game I had been playing. I used a remote similar to a TV remote to play it and people continued to watch. Later on I saw advertising materials related to me playing the game that insinuated that if I lost or made a single mistake someone would have the opportunity to have sex (But no sex was had) with me. When I played after the movie I didn't make a single mistake. Someone posted online that they enjoyed watching my live let's play… At some point I'm lost in an almost infinitely expanding aisles of shopping (#168 & #155) located close to my elementary cafeteria that seems kind of Cabela's inspired as all the shelving was made of logs. I attempt to steal (#169) a book (#161) and escape (#125) but the outdoor store continues to get bigger with more and more aisles I hadn't seen (#150).

204. (10-31-23 - 11-1-23) Me and the group of five (#107) in the house of paint. In the house of paint we would paint different layers of colors onto our bodies () that we felt expressed our more inner nature and being. I'm wearing heels as I trail paint through all of the rooms where the paint is so expansive it covers every surface. The only colors are the ones the paints make. (That one guy in the house of paint is explicit towards me but it kinda turns me on. He's one of maybe five of us…maybe six including me? But I think it was just five of us. When I went to the new dimension the same guy of the group and the Sydney that had been there had been together two years (). I felt bad for him.) Then I was suddenly, so abruptly, brought to a far away dimension (&) with the same people from our group. Apparently this wasn't the first time it'd

happened so I was very angry. I wanted to be back at the house of paint, not here. As the other members of the group realized I'd suddenly become the Sydney in their reality while their Sydney was god knows where. I lashed out. I said something that I considered to be mean to them. I essentially yelled, "you know how they try to discern philosophically whether or not someone remains the same person based on varying factors? Well, regardless of me being Sydney know this, I am very different from the Sydney (#110) you had!!! And I'll bet I am nothing like her!!!!" I was just mad. After I'd stormed off calmed down and come back I apologized to my friends. They're my friends everywhere no matter what, and they are deserving of respect and kindness. Not just in the house of paint. The house where the paint colors do not blend but instead stay vibrant and make patterns on our flesh that we show off each time we make a new "piece." I already missed my prior dimension and then suddenly the dream shifted. Suddenly my friends and I were cast in these tunnels (#56) of water… A place where rules are seldom found. The tunnel had various water slides (#30), darkness (#26) and the occasional light (#36). A very ominous and liminal space with only fleeting moments of light. We met back up together in the end. In THE cave (#10). And that's when suddenly a hole tore into the cave from above and a representation of (superpowers as a villain from "The Boys" was the first to burst through into the cave. Played by Jensen Ackles (#109) spilled into the cave with a horde of figures angry and bloodthirsty for those of us with powers (all five of us) we were forced upwards (#125) into the realms above where we were climbing architecture and locations rapidly (#150). Doing our best to avoid the carnage (#137). Fortunately we were very accustomed to such games (#64). Also, when changing dimensions away from the paint house felt strange. Like I was at the highest thinnest point, collapsed downward into the larger bases and then through the base downward to the thinnest point again facing in the opposite direction. Kinda like inverting one of these:

205. (11-14-23 - 11-15-23) High school (#164) gymnasium (#85). Micha (#105), would you like to go? You've been invited to leave on the shuttle. I have to use the restroom so I enter the one that's completely dark (#26) connected to the indoor basketball gym. I'm suddenly beamed by the incredibly strong magnetic pull from a device that moves me through time and space and subsequently the walls of the building (#144 & #73) and down into this lower floor in other building. I assume this floor, with its various equipment, is related to maintenance. I travel back to the high school gymnasium and everyone has already left. I figured they likely thought I'd went ahead of them once they didn't find me in the restroom (#90). I panic. Almost get lost in on a higher floor of this education building, which is, apparently, an entrance to the airport (#57) from a previous dream. I panic some more and turn back around and run down the stairs (#70) and into the library (#163) and out the door of the lower floor that leads into a courtyard and eventually leads to another gymnasium. Everyone is there, and I haven't missed the departure. Cherokee Williams (#117) is there. As I pass by her on the right and behind we do a quick individualized handshake. Sliding hand, lock into place. Two taps on top with thumbs, she does the same. I do this all while walking and the handshake lingers. At first I wonder if I forgot some other step of the handshake, but in retrospect I think she just didn't want to let go. The room is slammed packed, and I feel immense pride for being included in those selected. Maybe 200-500 people? Couldn't say. As we're about to leave for our journey into space (and to visit the space station I presume….. but definitely could have made the wrong assumption) we are all asked to disrobe fully as we

will be unable to take our old clothing with us onto the space shuttle (#54). Men and women disrobe. The request feels warranted and within the laws and bounds of reason. No one is uncomfortable.

206. (12-2-23 - 12-3-23). I was living in a lockdown facility where we were being seen as an investment. I think we were being experimented on. We were all younger people being held captive (#127). There were many guards (#98) and many leaders of the conglomerate that kept a watchful eye on us. We'd been there for years. I began to form a plan to escape, and I shared this plan with a select few that I trusted (#63). I told everyone what the plan was once we were able to escape from the building. Keep going forward until you reach the railway. Once there they were to head east until they were able to go through the woods (#2) a bit until they came upon the nearby lake (#50). That we would meet up at the docks (#87) on the far side of the lake and continue our escape. I also said that if anyone wanted to head west or turn back around the building to flee into the woods instead that way they were welcome too. I figured there'd be some escapees that would worry about someone getting caught and spilling the beans about the plan to head east to one of the many guards. The following evening, I led an escape (#126 & #63) out of the facility once I had found and secured an exit point at the furthest North West corner of the facility.

207. (12-4-23 - 12-5-23) (Ninth) Dreamt about Wakaan (#22 & #175) last night. It was my third time. Hung out with two people in particular. Two guys (#106). Not sure who they were. It was dangerous to drive back since it was a completely different location than the actual Mulberry. We were so high up in the mountains (#9) that the fog (#17) made the roads unsafe, and no one could see the road back. Met a couple () on the way out. I asked them how it was and the girl said that she feels people should experience this at least once in their lives. She asked how many times I've been. I said three and her boyfriend chimed in that he'd been five times, but I reminded him that's because he came back when it was Wakarusa. In this one I think mom (#111) brought me, but kept her distance.

208. (12-5-23 - 12-6-23) (Tenth) Another year another Wakaan (#22). Stephen Green (#117) went. I only stayed Thursday through Saturday. I took some really good videos of a lot of the sets (#175 & #66). It was an amazing time.

209. (12-6-23 - 12-7-23) My city (#21) being taken over. Green light (#42 & #36) in the sky. Things are being attacked and destroyed. End times (#19. I and some others seek refuge in a hotel-vacation spot of sorts (#75). The rooms are infinite (#150 & #155). The first room I go into and claim as my bedroom (as they're being claimed as all of us seek refuge. Some seek to hide entirely. I go into my living room to find 2 dudes (#106) on a couch (#95) watching TV (#68). My brain recognizes them as friends. But I go into another bedroom and see it's now connected to another living room, a REC room, and a massive kitchen, then a basement style playroom. No matter where you went there'd be another door (#82) to another residential room. I have a dog (#41) for some reason. I'm trying to figure out the next steps we need to take to combat the destruction (#63) of our city-world, and the dog follows behind me. There's a point where I go through a dining room where a married couple () are having dinner with their two children. I walk past them onto their deck (#87) and down the stairs (#70) and the view is of the ocean (#8). Somehow the ocean is connected to the family's domicile. I come down the stairs and see that "my mother (#111) changed the location she was raising mushrooms" in the raised flower beds on the lower deck looking out at the ocean. There are some off to the side and I grab some to cook later. I play with my dog in the next room we enter and I ask the dog if it wants a bath. Somehow we speak telepathically (#144) and the dog confirms it would like a bath. We make our way back to the hotel room I had claimed as my bedroom. Now there's a portion of the dream missing and suddenly I'm being pursued (#125) through the hotel by malevolent entities (#153). Some humanoid, others not. The dog is no longer present. There's one point where I'm able to trick one of the entities that is trying to harm me (#137) into a side room that only has one door in and out. I hold the

door shut with one hand then I push it ajar just enough for me to be able to throw something into the room that is supposedly going to take care of, destroy the malevolent entity. Not sure what it was but it was shaped like a soda can. I realize I should probably use both hands to hold the door shut while I wait for the soda can shaped thing to “go off.” Just as I begin to pull it shut with both hands the entity (humanoid with a fucked up face) tries to rip the door open to attack me. I watch through the massive window (#69) in the door as it slowly dies (#138 & #140)

210. (Dec 2023) The dream starts off in a railway train (#50). (The one like from the game Mafia (#65). The ones that run just above the streets below) I am sitting next to Death (#156) itself and we talk about all the other times that we have met. How we’re old friends. I knew I would have to leave and this made me feel somewhat sad. Suddenly I am exiting the front of the train where I instead find myself on a roller coaster (#29) going down a rail. There are two other girls (#108) in the seats with me that I believe are Monster High characters.

211. (Dec 2023) (Eleventh) Another lovely time at Wakaan (#22). There are numerous arcade and carnival (#24) games (#64). There’s a massive Ferris wheel (#158). I believe Tyler (#100) might have been present because I think there was a point I questioned why he was there since he hates EDM (#175). Lots of dancing (#129) and fun without seeing Tyler present.

212. (12-8-23 - 12-9-23) Brief and very little sensation data gathered. The dream could potentially have been longer. No way to know. So, the scene I remember is being in a bathroom (#90) stall and there are two guys on each side (#106 & #106 & #107) of the stall violently attacking (#137) me. During this situation I have a top down view of the scene the entire time. Not 1st person perspective. And a lot steeper and directly over the targets than my typical 3rd person perspective. Any way. The man in position 4, (1Down & 2Above on left side and 3Above & 4Down if you are looking from the direction of the stall door (#82). Which is the place that my perspective hovers above) tries to stab me with a knife (#143) into my cunt (#139). He is able to get just a half an inch in. I am able to gather sensation data that implies discomfort, but nothing crazy and no trace of fear to be found. I keep using the stall sides to lift myself higher and off of the knife. I think I escaped (#125). Very little memory of the last part of the dream.

213. (12-12-23 – 12-13-23) *Sigh* - - - (#99) for one reason or another “forgives” me and we date again (). Lots of physical touch meant to make both of us comfortable and happy. Looks at me in the shower (#90).

214. (12-22-23 – 12-23-23) Another fleeing (#125) from violent (#137) beings dream. Don’t remember much detail other than the fact we were in a massive building. No altercations in dream as I am not caught at any point.

215. (12-23-23 – 12-24-23) Fleeing (#125) oppressive group. They seem militarized (#134). One portion of the dream had a separate entity (#153) that didn’t have a body that also communicated through thought (#144). We were both observing who I would think would be a separate Sydney (#110). The other entity implies she’s in danger. I replied, no she’s not. After switching perspectives to see more angles of the modest cottage (#77) she’s in. Kinda like a video game mechanic (add video game ref). There wasn’t any threatening person in the home with me. This is when I switch into separate Sydney with a body’s perspective (). She, we? Go outside and there are two men (#106) from the original group outside. Instead of bothering me they made their way up one of the steepest hills (#4) I’ve ever seen someone walk up that is to the left of the door into the backyard. Scene changes and these two men have placed me in a four-sided mattress frame (#172) on top of many (4+) blankets. The frame was only two to three inches tall. It was like a foundation for a mattress. They both tell me that the blankets have no discernible details to trace them with. Scene changes to where I’m experiencing a sexual encounter (#167). Cannot see partner as it is from behind. Scene changes. I’m in a bathroom (#90), and I tell an unknown woman that, “I’m 8 months

pregnant. Well, almost 8 months." I said after further reflection. I was in the body's perspective in this portion of the dream.

216. (12-24-23 - 12-25-23) (Twelfth) At some point there are two different sexual scenes (#167 & #167) before me. The first is of Dylan (#102) spreading himself, and there is fecal matter present. The scene changes and instead of Dylan it is now - - - (#99). He actually interacts in the scene more by moaning whilst spreading himself, and he is also unclean in the same manner Dylan was. I chose to not engage with their holes, and I also decided not to tell either of them in fear of embarrassing them needlessly in the moment. I find that aspect of it interesting simply because it implies that my subconscious natures are attempting to render two of my exes unattractive sexually. Thus ensuring a lack of physical attraction to either. It seems like a pointed decision on my subconscious's part. At end of dream I'm on an EDM stage at what appears to be an EDM festival (#22 & #175). I'm announcing the potential next DJ by asking the crowd if they've heard about the "Kings of War shit." Apparently this DJ has been accused of doing less than kind things in the past. Everyone in the crowd yells in unison. Since this essentially confirms they are all aware of the allegations I tell the crowd that "I'll let ya'll decide if you want to see them play." I say it's a personal decision.

217. (12-26-23 – 1 2-27-23) First it started off in complete darkness (#26) with many obstacles, entities (#153), and monsters. Trying to harm me, kill me (#137). It's in complete darkness, but I'm desperate for help and keep yelling for mom. This only gives away my position. I stab and slash blindly in the dark attempting to take them on. This happens for quite some time. With me dying (add) (didn't actually experience sensation of death) and waking up in the darkness again and again. I finally got to a part of the dream (after waking up once from being uncomfortable from the dream) where visuals came through. I come into mom's new kitchen from the back side crying. Saying I was yelling for them for help. Conner and mom (#111) are on the couch (#95) confused, and I collapse onto and over an empty part of the couch and start convulsing as mom is frantically asking what's wrong. Then there's a second time I come into another room with mom, and I am obviously very close to death, but she rushes to my aid. This room had far less detail. Which makes sense considering it wasn't a place I'd seen in my waking life as opposed to mom's kitchen. The next portion of the dream was a shit show. I'm at some weird facility where people with severe abnormalities are kept (#127). All of which are dangerous. I walk past a set of glass walls/doors (add) like a school might have and I see a massive man bucking like a bull (#41) as he rips bushes out of the ground by his teeth (#33) in the courtyard (See: video we watched yesterday of a crow helping a farmer pick weeds…) If I remember correctly he was wearing nothing, except for a pair of white boxers. In a different room I suddenly find myself in another man somehow appears right beside me and above me, and grabs my breasts (#139) and says something I can't make out. I ask the man, "Do you want to get stabbed?" (#138) without my tone conveying an emotion. I fully intend on severely harming this individual if he doesn't retreat and retreat quickly. He leaves. I'm suddenly at the other side of the building where a four to six year old girl is maiming everyone that she comes across. She catches a woman that works in the building, and as I continued to move quickly past them in the adjacent hallway (#72) (where I cannot see the room they're in) I can hear screaming and the sound of bone crunching. She's sobbing and asking "Why the face?" (#140) The girl says nothing. I didn't feel that the girl was a threat to me for some reason. At some point the scene is interrupted, and I am being shown from a 3rd person perspective of a blooper style reel of "impossible" glitches from a video game (#65) I'd played. (I internally took note of the fact I'd been shown something similar once before. That might be true for dream me, but I'd never seen that sort of thing in a previous dream.) That being said, I think it might have been footage of glitches I'd experienced firsthand inter-dimensionally. The glitch I'm shown is me tumbling over a chain link (#80) fence, falling forward into rolling like a wheel (#158). Spinning forward to the next chain link fence which isn't that far apart from the last. On

the other side of this second fence is an older office desk and office chair (#162) fully pushed into its position. As I continue to tumble towards the second fence the animation changes to me sitting on the chair at the desk on the other side. Like I had pushed a button to interact with the object from the other side of the fence only for it to actually work (#144: sight)

218. (12-28-23) Abusive boyfriend () rapes me with friends (#137, #167, & #139) in public. I turn on him. I lock him away in a room but when I look back the door (#82) is ajar and he is nowhere to be seen. I think it was in this moment I switch dimensions () to be safe from him. Then he was in the dark room (#26) of water (endless (#155)) (#144 seeing eternity) with me I told him that his parents hate him (they're dead), I told him his grandparents hate him (they're dead). He seems more and more upset each time I say this. There's another portion of the dream where I wake up in Van's (#111) room. Immediately upon waking I say, "I'm going to go ahead and assume nothing's happened because I don't believe that anything has occurred. That being said, this is why we hate you." I get up swiftly and leave. The scene changes and I'm looking over a wooden fence into someone's yard. It turns out to be - - - 's (#99) yard of the house he currently resides in, but it looks nothing like it. Somehow I still recognize it as being representative of the house in the waking world (#144 how can something be the same and look entirely different?). I see a man in the distance of the yard behind some stacks of stuff. I can't make out the man completely, but I begin to throw objects in his direction in order to aggravate and upset him. A moment later it's revealed that - - - had sold the house to some young farmer (#15) who proceeds to bring out a tractor to mow the back lawn even though the size of the tractor in comparison to the size of the yard is incredibly off. The yard is much smaller and that would not be an effective method of mowing. I feel frustrated that I can't throw things at - - - , and I'm even more aggravated that I no longer know where he lives.

219. (12-29-23 - 12-30-23) Dream starts off with Van (#111) somehow convincing mom that I'm no good, and that I've done all these horrible things, I beg her to hear my side of the story but she refuses. I decide to become what they have presumed me to be, and I steal (#169) a lot of items on my way out. If my memory serves me correctly the stolen items were piles of clothing. I begin to fly high, high into the sky (#61) where they cannot reach me and I leave to another land. At different points they try to catch up to me, but I evade them. The dream turns into a fleeing (#125) dream where they and some male authority (#98) figure try to catch up to me. There's a point where Van is on a platform above me as I flee downward to the ground. He yells that he cannot find the monster that I am fleeing from, and I scream that he's the monster I'm fleeing from and to leave me alone. There's a portion of the dream where I'm hiding (#123) at some place of higher education (#164). As this group, including mom and Van, attempt to find me I see the island (#6) off to the left where they used to "torture all of us students," (#137) and I comment on how they hope that we all have forgotten this unfortunate fact of our history. Internally I confirm this is the same setting where that one dream with the mayor giving the whole town a speech took place. Mid dream, a scene from a dream I had long forgotten rushes into my head. Hadn't thought of that dream since I'd had it. That island at some point had two elongated docks (#87), and I do recall some sort of fucked up punishments being levied against students at that location. I continue to flee, and they are unable to catch me. At some point things come to a close and two guys (mobster aesthetic) (#106) give a speech to everyone else at the school about something. As I begin to turn to leave the second mobster, the one on the right, stops me and hands me my newest piece of fools gold (#47) I am currently in possession of in the waking realm. I thank him and go about my business. As the dream comes to a close the group including Van and mom that has tried to catch me and force me to face consequences for something I didn't do ask me to come back. I say that I actually lost my first daughter a long time ago, and shortly thereafter mom allowed Van to turn her against me and that that's how this all began. I tell them I'm never coming back to dwell with them. I tell them that I'd rather

die. At the point I start speaking about my first daughter (#113) I am looking directly at a picture of me and her in black and white as I begin to tear up significantly.

220. (12-30-23 - 12-31-23) I get captured by some weird members (#98) of our new government. It's very 1984 in how I'm not allowed to speak negatively or say negative words. One of the women (I think Ashley Elam or Allison McCarley (#117)) says to me something along the lines of, "Just do it. Don't you want to live?" I say, "no, I'd rather die." As she scoffs I jump into a pool (#128 & #32) that we were walking alongside. It was on my right. I immediately sink to the bottom of the pool incredibly quickly, and the pool is super deep for some reason. My mind in my dream mentions something about 60+ feet of depth (#144). I can tell it's too deep and too dark down there for my "minders" to attempt to follow come down to "rescue me." I continue to drown myself. (#133 & #141) Different scene and either Caitlin Wade or Samantha Kendrick (#117) is chastising me. She continues to call me Cynthia the entire conversation in an attempt to insult me. I try apologizing for being a "bitch" to her. Not sure if I had been, but in the apology I did say I was being a bitch to her for no reason. Not sure. She pretends to accept the apology, but continues to call me Cynthia. As this goes on. Like her asking me a question and then leaving to the other side of a door (#82) where she can't hear me. I decide that I just won't talk to her anymore. And that's when I wake up. There was a scene from the beginning of the dream that was very odd, and I'm still trying to figure out what it means. I made an incision somewhere in my body (Basically looked like I was trying to push something out of the open spot. Kinda like I would when popping a pimple), but after I was squeezing stuff out of it I realized it wasn't stopping. Which worries me, and I start to think that it's possible the stuff was supposed to stay inside of me. Weirdest part was that the fluid coming out of the open topped wound (Still not sure where on my body this was) looked like olive oil. More viscous than () water, blood, or puss. Just dripping from the opening. Maybe pale yellow (#47) in color, but I'm struggling to recall exactly.

221. (1-7-24 - 1-8-24) Door (#82) between my kitchen and living room. It had a giant piece of paper covering the entirety of it. On the paper I had painted or illustrated the prettiest vines (#11) I have ever seen. On top of the vines was a poem I had written. I could see the majority of it, but when I took a step back it was partially concealed by a door "overhang organizer." The top part was still visible.

222. (1-13-24 – 1-14-24) Dreamt that I started working at Vantage Point again. I went to the rehab unit (#23) and then I realized I should probably talk to the admin before doing so I left the unit to find someone. I see Sydney Barnaby (#110) across the room and call out her name. She hears me. Scene switches and as I'm about to walk into a patient's room a black man (#122) that knows me from work said something along the lines of "I heard about that story you told regarding the incident, and I just don't think it went down like that." I responded that staff had added exaggerated details in my report so it would be less believable. Later I'm catching heat from admin (#98) for, according to them, telling everyone our water has issues in the facility. I was baffled. I only mentioned to one coworker in passing that one of the maintenance guys walked by holding a new water filter, and that our water might taste a bit better afterwards.

223. (1-20-24 – 1-21-24) In my dream I was a man (#119) going to sleep (#148) in his bed in an uncertain environment. At the beginning I was lying in bed petting a dog (#41). As I tried to go to sleep I was listening to a woman's song (#175) about sleeping and dreams. Could be me or someone else, not sure. Part of the song mentions "my dreams will bring me knowledge that I need." Weirdly enough the song was being played from the woman's singing but there wasn't any device playing the song. It's like my brain could hear the woman singing it plain as day (#144). What's weird is that the woman wasn't singing well and wasn't trying too. At some parts, like the one mentioned; it almost sounded like she was yelling or growling it. He was listening to it to lower his anxiety and fear of sleeping where he was at. I think he believed that controlling his thoughts patterns while falling asleep would keep him safe from some unseen threat.

224. (1-23-24 – 1-24-24) Dream was much larger, but I only remember one aspect of my dream clearly. I keep trying to run away (#125) from the bluff house and trying to jump from the bluff so I can fly (#61) away from there. Mom (#111) chases me as I make a break for the “cliff side.” As I jump she jumps and catches my foot and the weight brings me back down so we’re both hanging from the ledge. I don't recall experiencing another part of the dream, but for some reason I feel as though I later did finally make the leap without her interfering and flew away. (#126)

225. (1-24-24 - 1-25-24) Ashley Elam and a few of my other classmates from Lamar (#117) are sitting at a table and talking about our time in school (#164) together. The topic of my bullying comes up, and I say something along the lines of, well I was autistic and we all know people loooove that. We laugh good heartedly.

226. (1-30-24 - 1-31-24) Only remember three scenes. In one the police (#98) come to look for me, but I’m peacefully sleeping (#148), and they determine I haven’t done anything and leave. Another scene I was outside of some building I’d just come out of wearing my big goth boots (#132). I saw that the way I needed to go meant going down a steep slope, and I decided it was unsafe. In another scene I am asleep in bed with my mom (#111). If you’re looking at the bed I was on the right side. I think Van tries to wake mom up and bother her. This agitates her.

227. (2-6-24 - 2-7-24) I’m observing a fight of some variety, but I’m not actually in the scene itself. Everyone has a strange look about them. Their clothing didn’t look like anything I’ve seen before. At some point a black man carrying a staff comes closer with one person on either side of him. He enacts a “freezing spell” against (#137) a man I had previously heard call himself Michael. The spell is so powerful you don’t even see Michael freeze. It was so powerful and fast you didn’t see it freeze him. Just explode into chunks. (#140) He does a demonstration by turning the spell back around and towards him as the recipient to a show how the powers won’t activate when cast against black people (#122). He was given these powers by Anubis (#156).

228. (2-7-24 - 2-8-24) I was in somebody else’s dream (#60). I was completely cognizant (#146) of this. I’m with a man who seems close to me, and I feel the same, but I wasn’t able to identify who he was. At one point he brings me along on a drive (#58) to a battle (#137). When we get there I’m kinda annoyed because it’s not even my dream. We proceeded to fight (no existing mental footage of me fighting) over a house for some reason, and we won. The scene shifts and mom (#111) and I rest our heads on vans shoulder. Until at some point he attacks mom and she has to kill him (#140) in self-defense. I was on his right side with mom on the left.

229. (2-11-24 - 2-12-24) Dream last night. First section. I am with a peer of mine who is a man. We’re basically ambivalent about one another and don’t have much of a connection. We end up inserting ourselves into a Sims style game (#65) and at some point I “kiss him” but not physically. As I’m leaving a room where he isn’t present I think of the Sims representative of this man and select a kiss option to just sort of kiss the idea of the Sims character. It then dawns on me that because we’re self inserts he might think this means I feel similarly about him external to the game. I do not. To my mind and heart they are completely separate. Second section. I’m being complained about by what I assume to be my mother. Not my own mom out here in the world but the characters mom (#111). I end up getting agitated and yell something along the lines of if you hadn’t had so much orange (#48) “sody-pop” you wouldn’t have manifested a representation of your addictive behavior surrounding the drink. What a weird concept. Third section: I’m being chastised for laughing so hard at something my characters mother does not find funny in the slightest. She feels that means you condone whatever transpired. I reply something along the lines of “I’m not saying I condone it. It’s just funny. By default. It’s biting! It’s satire!”

230. (2-12-24 - 2-13-24) I wound up going for a drive (#58) and accidentally wound up 8 hours away from our place. And by accidentally, I mean I just kept choosing to go further and further until I realized how I'd gotten too far away to have a pleasant drive back. Wound up in some neighborhood in the mid-west? A few states to the left of Arkansas I suppose.

231. (2-13-24 - 2-14-24) My gf (& #121) or wife and I are being secured (#127) in a plane (#54) with other people also be surveilled and guarded (#98) so we cannot leave. We're still able to leave our seats without them seeing somehow. We try to escape (#126), and we're trying not to get caught (#125) for one reason or another. Not sure what threat the "guards" pose, but we're careful regardless. They begin to search for us on the plane. We have yet to take off. I tell my lovely wife that we need to get off the plane as soon as possible and to meet in the massive body of water (#3) currently nearby and close to our plane. We wind up jumping into the water after we're up in the sky (#170) just a little bit and we were directly over the water. We meet up under the water and I motion for her to swim (#128) next to me, and that we need to get moving. The people who were in the plane are now searching for us so they can jail us. I am very protective of her and we wind up hiding (#123) off in these rocks next to the water (#8). There's a spot where we can walk behind some of the rocks and not be seen so we rest there. They continue to pursue us. One man in particular seems to be the main "enemy" in this context. We eventually wind up in a neighboring city (#21) and find one of our friends (male) that had also escaped capture working in a bar (#174) there. We're happy to see him. All throughout the dream I'm incredibly protective of my beautiful partner, and say as much. I imply during a show off with the man pursuing us that I'm not going to hold back when it comes to her, and that I am more than willing to take a life (#138) if they threaten her or I. I won't leave her by herself.

232. (2-15-24 - 2-16-24) In the dream I'm off to the right talking to three guys I believe to be my friends. One of the guys is debating fighting this asshole he hates who keeps causing problems. I think about it for a moment and tell him something along the lines of, "You've got this. You can take him." As soon as the words leave my mouth the guy is gone and headed off to find the asshole in question. At some point we're in a dollar general type of smaller store (#168) in the back right from where I was looking *up and to the left* if you were coming from the entrance. With the look on my friend's face I realize I probably shouldn't have said anything. This isn't going to be a fight. This is going to be a murder. (#137 & 132) I immediately bounce and find myself on the floor in a dark room (#26) I can still see in. I come across a tiny being (#153) and suggest we hide (#123) behind a table (#124) and let everything play out.

233. (2-20-24 - 2-21-24) We (me-floating) went through a white expanse. (#144) I saw a lighthouse (#86 & #36) on the left and a single wall with a door (#82) shaped hole on the right. Medical setting (#23) at the start of the dream where I happily allowed different men to sexually "abuse" me whilst being happy with the results. (#167) Always abused by the man and the man in question alone. And only after I invited each one to accompany me to somewhere more private. Then there was another section where there was an end of the world party (#19 where I actively encouraged the people on the opposite side of the "mountain" (#9) to come and see the beautiful end of our world on the other side. It was essentially a party-festival of sorts. At some point I become a specific character that isn't me () during the festival. Afterward this character's abusive mother (#111) began to be cruel and wasn't looking out for "our" best interests. I ended up disowning her at the end of this portion of the dream as she sat at a computer (#67). When I went back to sleep (#148) there was a house I lived in where some guy somehow broke in. It wasn't scary. After I eventually see him enter; the dream resets and everything is back to normal. Afterwards I attempted to masturbate in the same room I woke up in with a vibrator. I get incredibly close because I can feel the orgasmic sensations in the dream itself (#144) and then the toy dies.

234. (2-21-24 – 2-22-24) Persian pink (#49) long length rug at what I believe is the outside of an airport (#57) but that can't be confirmed (I'd say I'm 90% sure). A lady and her friend (#108) walk to the middle of the rug waiting to cross while "endangering," holding up foot traffic. "Thanks" I say bitingly. She starts saying stuff, but I don't turn around. She says something like "hey look I'm standing where I'm supposed to," and I say "no I don't care to turn around" and kept walking into the building. The scene shifts and there is a Caitlin Wade energy adjacent woman observing a single cup of candy bra pieces inside of this toilet (#90) that is in the middle* of the room with no stall, walls, or anything concealing it. After I pull the cup out of the toilet the Caitlin-like woman loses her shit over someone putting it there in the first place. In the scene itself *I began to think to myself* how weird it is that people are like this. Getting upset over something ultimately harmless instead of continuing to walk and mind their own business. Then I go to the left and into the library. (#163) (Maybe the toilet scene is in a school environment?) The library is empty save one last staff member who has yet to leave. I get onto my knees onto the floor next to this massive couch (#95). I fall asleep (#148) on the floor with my head on the couch ottoman (big). ((Same library as those other two: dream 131 and dream 204)) The next scene is the one where I'm a man (#119) who found a magic (#159) opening that allowed him to become small enough (#150) to hide (#123) in this corner of a room where the corner is windowed. (#69) Making the 90-degree angle of the two different walls He's relieved because he wants to be able to live his life without being observed sometimes. The dream shifts and Mom, Van and I (#111) go back to our old hunting cabin (#77) because I've apparently left something there. We leave after I collect what I believe to be the wrong item. Van's driving??? Maybe? We are driving (#58) through the property near the cabin through the forest (#2)) And says something to mom. I interject and I say, but you don't have anything you have to say to him "jokingly." Scene shifts again and I'm looking at an animal enclosure (#73 & #127) with what looks to be some sort of Gorilla (#41) in the chamber alone (All I can confirm 100% is that this animal was massive). This animal is unable to produce offspring even when it lives with other animals of its species. For some reason I throw an orange neon glowing (#36 & #48) item into the pit-enclosure towards this animal that cannot reproduce to entertain it and to give it something the other animals don't. Scene shifts again and I'm looking at a group of four different animals (#41) with two heads. I'm asked to pick the one out of the four that won't maul us. I chose the double headed piglet. Shortly thereafter a predator of the big cat (#41) variety stalks this piglet, piglets? I try to distract the big cat as I love the piglet, but it ignores me. It finally finds them by scent but doesn't proceed to hurt them or anything. The scene shifts again and I hear someone mention that the "lights are a waste" (#36) ((of power or something???)) while we're at the most dazzling *festival* I've ever seen. I've never seen lights shine like these before and they're so monumentally beautiful. I reply in passing that those lights are the reason we're even here at all.

235. (2-22-24 - 2-23-24) There's a man and a woman I'm traveling with in some city I cannot identify. (#21) At one point the man finds a bright, electric blue (#44) sports car (#58) that he says was abandoned there. So, this man takes the vehicle and that's our new means of transportation (In the dream I figured he was stealing it (#169), and just lying to me about the situation). Separate portion of the dream involving the "bluff house" mixed with another home layout that seems familiar in some way unfolds. A lot of Van's "friends" are there, and I try to get them to leave. I know Van is either nearby or on his way so I tell mom (#111) to hide (#123) in a certain part of the house because I know he wants to hurt her. She won't hide and when he does come upon her he starts to raise his gun (#137 & #142), but mom's response time is faster and she shoots him dead. (#140)

236. (3-11-24 – 3-12-24) Isolated part of residential area below, I'm above and feel safe from the men I'm observing. They live on a lower level and they are all looking at a table in the corner where I have left

instructions for a game (#64) they could play and entertain themselves with. Something to do with numbers and questions they could ask about one another. Maybe there's dice involved?? Can't confirm though.

237. (3-21-24 - 3-22-24) There's a massive wedding (#28) dress with what looks like leaves sown into () the bottom hem of the dress. I'm partially sitting on one side of the dress while a woman approaches us. Not sure how many people are included in us, but at least me and another woman. This woman begins to threaten the other woman who I believe to be the bride inside of this dream scenario. The aggressor that has approached us threatened the woman's life (#137). I tell her she isn't going to threaten "the bride" like that, and if she tries it will end badly for her. She sort of scoffs and walks off. The scene changes and the woman is running away from me with a weapon of some kind trying to chase after and kill the bride. I'm pursuing her and getting closer and closer. Once she pauses and is about to attempt to kill the woman I kill her first. (#138 & #140)

238. (3-22-24 - 3-23-24) 3 sections: First section: a school setting (#164). I was going down a passage at school with an unseen friend. Suddenly the people present start behaving strangely and aggressively. One man at the end of the hallway (#72) rears back and into a primal yelling/growling that sends the rest of them into a frenzy of violence. (#137) I turn right down a separate hallway where I'm aware that there is a small door behind a lamp (#36) at the end of the hallway and to the right of said lamp post (#37). So, imagine a door (#82) the size of a cabinet door with no left cabinet door present IE: one half missing. My unseen friend is panicking and trying to find a way out, and I tell her to follow me. I have opened the "door," (that, quite frankly, there's no way we should have fit through (#150)) and I crawl out of it with my friend right behind me. As we emerge, we see a lush, tropical environment. There are rushing waters from a river (#7) upstream that are beautifully clear. In front of us is a small "island" (#6) that fits in this not incredibly wide river. It's covered in beautiful foliage and my friend and I exchange glances. My friend says "Can we just stay here forever?" and I agree with them emphatically (I think my friend is a woman, but I can't confirm. 97% sure) I look to the right and see the outline of the original school building we were in prior. It doesn't make sense because there isn't a tropical river by the school. (#150) Next section involves me and another individual walking around minding our own business. I know the person is a woman (I think it might have been my mom, but I'm only about 50% sure of that). Out of nowhere a male deity's voice sounds in our head (#156) and the heads of all others on our planet. It is the deity announcing it's time for life here to end (#19, and he starts to countdown from *60 seconds* so we can mentally prepare for the ending of our lives. As the clock down reaches 5 seconds or so remaining I take a deep breath and still myself. I haven't felt anxiety at all during the countdown. Once the countdown finishes the other person and I begin to "fall" (#170) into complete darkness (#26) although I can still see our bodies coming "down." My stomach drops like it would going down a rollercoaster track, but am otherwise unaffected. We land. (#133) Can't say where because that's where that portion of the dream ends. 3rd section: I'm in a school like setting (#164) again with tiles that look exactly like the ones in the Lamar when I attended school. I think I'm in a room, section of the school that is actually my own lodgings. I'm *working on some paintings* for my room. One of which starts as a blank canvas on the tile floor. I pour a lot of paint onto the canvas and begin to spread it from back to front, towards me, with a hair dryer (#165). Once it hits the edge closest to me I use the hair dryer to spread it back the other way to avoid a mess. The scene shifts and I can see the painting propped up against a chair with white painter's tape surrounding the rectangular piece. I look on the tile and see a few paint marks here and there. One of which is lime green (#42) and another that looks like a pink hued purple (#46 & #49). I go to collect a rag to clean it. The dream ends.

239. (3-26-24 - 3-27-24) I'm in an apocalyptic scenario (#19, and I have found a sort of warehouse (#81) sized building that have various tools and parts inside. High ceilings. Mostly concrete. Floors and walls

included. It's on the left side of the city which I will assume (and definitely felt in the dream itself) is the West side. The scene changes, and I'm in a room with "Mr. Pearlmania 500" that is on the west side of the building itself and a bit above and to the north of the main area. It's night time, and we realize the zombies (#176) are on the move. We see them go past in the hallway (#72) through the frosted rectangular strip of glass in the door itself (#69). It seems the zombies are only active at night. Mr. Pearlmania 500 and I decide to hide (#123) under the bed from the roaming horde. Under the bed is a tent (#25) that is obviously squished down due to being under the bed itself. We unzip the tent and crawl in, desperately trying not to be too loud. The material of the tent itself makes this difficult, but we manage to make our way into the tent and zip it closed. It is at this point that I realize I have known Mr. Pearlmania (#109) for six days (how did I know it'd been six days? (#144)), and we might not live to see morning. I turn to him and say, "Hey, I know we just met one another, but I wanted you to know that I love you." He tells me he loves me too. It's more of a familiar friendship kind of exchange, though we do seem to be romantically linked at some points as the topic of Mrs. Pearlmania comes up, and later on in the dream she claims to be okay with the situation and insinuates she is also into women. () We do not embrace in a romantic fashion at any point. In the morning, we receive a floating notification above us that says we have captured a zombie during the night. (#144 & #65) Reminds me of the mechanism from the game "This War of Mine" after surviving the through the night. We go from the room with the tent and into the adjacent hallway and head towards the door at the end that leads to the room at the "top" end of the building most northwards. When we enter the room, I observe that this is where we seem to keep a few cages (#127) here and there in case something like this happens. The sun has just come up and the dimmer morning light (#36) shines in from the windows (#69). In one cage, which is laying horizontal, there is the zombie we "caught" during the night. This zombie is a rather large, male zombie lying down on the bottom of the cage with what appears to be a human woman wrapped around him. They are both naked, not because anything sexual occurred. They just didn't happen to be wearing any for some reason. Mr. Pearlmania 500 and I don't interact with either of them, but we become aware of the fact that they were caught together, and she refuses to be parted from him (). She is also mute. As is the zombie for very different reasons lol. He never attacks her, and barely seems to be aware of her presence at all. The scene shifts to brighter daylight (#36) in the main part of the building, and I become aware of the fact I have become a leader to a group of survivors (#63). A woman in the encampment (which I presume to be Mrs. Pearlmania 500, but I could be wrong) asks for us to go outside the front of the building (located to the east where the main entrance and the industrial sized garage doors are) to look for something, but I tell her it isn't a good idea. She insists and we head outside anyway. At this point it's around noon by the look of it. Almost as soon as we step outside a black jeep (#58) full of men with guns (#142) careens into sight and begin to leave their vehicle rapidly (well-coordinated tbh) to attack us (#137). We quickly retreat. (#125) During the retreat there is some sort of square (#172) shaped elevator (#71) like mechanism that the men are on and using to get closer to our position. Under this odd, almost amorphous structure there is a yellow (#47) or blue (#44) almost latex like material () encasing the remnants of a scene where these men came upon a female survivor. The woman's body is stuck in the position she was left in and the material, as hard as concrete, but tight like latex, makes it clear to me that the men sexually assaulted her (#139) and killed her (#140). I am now well aware of the stakes. I manage to get our group out the door at the most north point where the room with the zombie and woman is. We retreat out of this side door and make our way into the city (#21). The scene changes and I'm back at the same building alone, but it's been refurbished by the same company (#168) that we believe was the blame for the apocalypse itself. It seems to be an evil government conglomerate that's sole purpose is to be the only source of all goods, safety, etc. There is a waiting area and a spot to talk to a receptionist, kind of like you would see at a Walgreens pharmacy, located

where the door to the hallway, bedroom, and “jail” room was. It appears to be the reception area of a philanthropic organization. I apply for a job, and I end up getting a job leading some sort of project. After the project has been finished this same reception window (#69) is now on the most westward wall instead of the north wall that once had the door. It’s basically on the opposite end of the business’s rented space. I apply for another project at the company and I end up having my application denied.

240. (3-27-24 - 3-28-24) College setting (#164) and local party settings. I’m at a dive bar (#174) that is playing live music (#175). I’m dancing (#129). At some point I’m at what looks to be a fraternity house’s main hall. At some point I wind up off to the side on the right side of the large hall (Living space?) on a mattress with what I believe to be Kevin (#101). We have sex (#167). Later the scene shifts to a mattress off to the left side of the hall with what I believe to be Dylan (#102). I feel like this would imply we had sex, but I don’t recall any part of the dream where we actually did a sex act. Dylan also seems to be irritated about the existence of Kevin in the scene I do recall so it’s probable we didn’t have sex at all due to Kevin, causing said complaints.

241. (3-28-24 - 3-29-24) My “” family”” (#111) and I live in a castle () located on an island (#6) in the sky (#150). A waterfall (#12) runs off of the island and onto the lands we rule over below. We are the royal “”family”” that controls the lands. Our lands are prosperous and our people are happy. Suddenly we are overthrown. I didn’t get to see how we were overthrown, but afterwards I am essentially wandering through this rather sizeable shopping area (#168) with multiple connected businesses trying to find refuge of some sort. I’m not sure how the dream me came to know this, but I become aware of the fact that our people are suffering now that we have been overthrown. They people of the land desperately want us back in charge. At some point I return to the area where the sky island and castle are. This time the waterfall is no longer flowing with water falling onto the land. Instead, it has become a falling flow of lava (#35) instead. Lava accumulating on the lands below as it continues to spill out of the island.

242. (Mar-April 2024) I have an apartment in some random town that is completely foreign to me. Shortly after I move in I start having the scary problem of being unable to keep my doors (#82) locked and random people out. I frequently wake up in my bed (#148) in the apartment only to see people walking in through the doors. Some through the front, some from the back, and some through the door of the adjacent bedroom. In the dream itself I felt incredibly strong sensations akin to fear (#171), extreme anxiety, and general confusion which then began to lead to a sort of all encompassing hopelessness. On the opposite side of the apartment (most northward) and closest to the backdoor exists a pool (#128) that is strictly used by tenants in the apartment units. Even as I walk around the back of my apartment and observe other tenants swimming I’m still incredibly fearful.

243. (4-5-24 -4-6-24) There was a pug puppy (#41) in my dream that I picked up in the backyard on the back porch (#87) as the sun (#36) was out. Before I picked it up I thought it was a little sculpture-lawn ornament shaped like a pug puppy but I realize it’s alive with fur on it as I start to lift it off the ground. A woman (who’s been with some of her friends hanging out in the backyard) sees him and says something I can’t make out and tells me something along the lines of “oh, that’s my puppy” I pass the pug puppy off to this woman. No conflict whatsoever. Our neighborhood was made up of different beings with ancient features that almost appeared to have been caused by the mummification process (there was also a point where I was sitting next to one of these individuals on a couch (#95) ((I think watching TV (#68))) and he had these lips that had been pulled and stretched in the opposite direction. Almost like a ducks bill. I turn to my right and say “can I ask you a question? He says no, and I respectfully say okay sir)) but there were also sentient pears (#153) walking around our neighborhood as well??? I was about the cross the street and go off the sidewalk to walk back to the other side where our house is and I have to wait for foot traffic…which includes

two pears float-walking by me. There was also a Pygmy? tiny person that also lived in the house. They were less than one foot tall. Everyone seemed to know everyone else and this Pygmy??? And I were cordial and said hello and goodbye to one another frequently. At some point I see a “new relationship” banner in the background reflected through a mirrored surface (#93). The text itself was kind of like a text overlay from Pinterest. Tyler (#100) and I were dating (again?) () and we both lived in this massive house with a lot of other people. In the middle of the night I rush downstairs (#70) because I sense a looming threat and I want his help. I go down stairs towards the back bedroom (kinda like parents bedroom in the bluff house) and I’m yelling his name. He wakes up and runs into the bathroom (#90) naked as he yells give me one second!!! He is concerned for my safety and well being and moves quickly. (At one point I wake up (#148) in a bed with a room layout like the one I slept in last night and the door (#82) is open and I’ve been wearing my bunny (#38) eyepatches. I worry I look a hot mess and hope Kevin (#101) didn’t see anything too repulsive) The cellophane like later in the big deep “pool” (#128) that made it appear like the glassy top part of water. I jump in and as I pass by the “top” of this so-called water I realize that the pool is actually empty and I’m going to die. I don’t really react, no fear. Just a slightly surprised acceptance. Some man was watching as this occurred. He seemed horrified. The concrete “pool” is way larger and deeper than would be customary. At some point someone mentions they’re bringing a ladder (#70) to give me??? Maybe mirroring the fact I need one at my new house to put things in the banister? Another reaaaaally weird portion of the dream entailed walking around my bedroom with a massive, and I mean massive, Abraham Lincoln figure? sculpture? (Made out of metal mind you) in the back of my room (maybe to the left of a fireplace (#35)???) as what I’m assuming to be decorative. Um, what?

244. (4-6-24 - 4-7-24) End of dream last night. I go to Vantage point (#23) as a part time tech and I go in to see if they need anyone on deck (#87) and if any of the shifts could fit into the days schedule. Rose from VP and the shitty psychiatrist I had at the VA medical building (mixed with the female psychiatrist from the tv show Mindhunter) start to ask me what shift I’m picking up. I tell them I’ve recently moved, and I’m just there to see if I want to work that day. The psychiatrist asks me about the move after asking Micha Thomas (#105) about her medical condition and how it has impacted her over the years. The text written down in my dream includes a description of some of Micha’s old symptoms before she got better. One of which was sunken eyes. She then asks me about the move and I tell her I moved up to Centerton, am a first-time home owner, and I’m working up on “the square” (#172) (Bentonville) at “the Mill.” (Which I now believe to potentially be a lie I was saying to not have to discuss the hotel. She mentions something about alcohol production (#174) and its existence as a skillset. I’m confused at first then it dawns on me in the dream that that’s where alcohol is made….(at mills) (that’s not necessarily always the case though) Micha is there in the same group with Rose and Dr. Bitch from Vantage Point and is also speaking alongside Kayli. I specifically remember being pleased she’s now aware of the fact I’m finally a home owner. At some point driving (#58) around with mom (#111) in the car. I don’t think Van’s in the vehicle but he could have been. No recollection of him though. We are driving down county road 2626 and we’re in the middle of a sea of fog (#17) that has covered the landscape almost entirely in thick, white fog. I’m trying to say something to mom but I’m a bit distracted because I’m worried about how fast she’s driving when we have no visibility due to the fog.

245. (4-8-24 - 4-9-24) See myself in the mirror (#93) in a dream at a different version of “tractor shed” house. It’s me in my silk dress I wore to the dmt ceremony and she’s (#110) walking leftwards away from me. It scares (#171) me at first but then I yell Sydney and careen out of the house into the yard to see her going in the opposite direction on the other side of this scaffolding on the right side of it where the light (#36) is mostly obscured. She doesn’t stop and starts running into the dark (#26) right path instead. False awakenings (#149). Have to keep asking if I’m in the dream (#146). Try to peak my eyes out of the sleeping

mask in the dream to reveal the room I fell asleep (#148) in but the mask slips back. All of it was in dream state anyway. Me rocking a fussy baby (#115) and eventually the baby boy saying I love you daddy. Even though I knew I wasn't their (#119) dad. (Was I or not? Cannot tell for sure obviously (#114))

246. (4-9-24 - 4-10-24) Girl, one year old plus child that causes the deaths of others but still not observed by me in the dream itself. Causes the death of the male toddler (#140). At some point I fall (#170) into waters flooding (#8) the area. At some point a heavy liquid spills out next to me, and I know that's what causes us to be unable to stay above "water" (#8 & #141). Looks like wine, red wine (#174 & #45). I manage to survive that and I end up puking up the wine two or three times at the new checkpoint. I keep warning my naive and unappealing partner () he needs to be more careful because each safe space eventually turns into something that can kill you and he doesn't listen. I attempt to pull myself up this boat's (#55) fabric sails () after the deckhand on board that my partner seems to be in love with starts changing the lyrics of the song (#175) and saying ominous shit without realizing what he's saying. I'm not strong enough to climb the fabric sails, and my male partner says "I don't think they meant to say that" as he is in denial.

247. (4-10-24 - 4-11-24) A massive flood (#8 & #19 in the middle of a snowy (#18) winter that threatens to end all life. There's a glass tree house (#73) that this family lives in and I flee (#125) the flood by going through the tree house and out the back where I can access a way up the mountain (#9). In the glass tree house is an individual glass box (#172) at the center of it where someone attempts to hide (#123) and seal themselves inside because they hope it will help them avoid drowning (#141) in the winter flood.

248. (4-15-24 - 4-16-24) My fourth son (#114) had dark skin (#122). An infant. I rocked him to sleep (#60). I had had all boys.

249. (4-16-24 - 4-17-24 12:02am) I lovingly cradled Enheduanna's (#156 & #121) face in both of my hands. Dark screen (#26), and then I see two versions of YouTube personality Moist Critikal (#109). One is a regular version and the other is his "dark" counterpart (#106). A woman I couldn't recognize that wouldn't speak to me. The wood engraving at the top of the microwave now on the right instead of centered. I can feel the engraving as my finger goes over the grooves (). Then the dream shifts to a school (#164) I lived at. It's a massive campus. "We"? owned a house in the center of three houses in main school area. I believe I had an infant son (#114) when I lived in the center house next to the main education building. The incredibly detailed, ornate gate (#52) I found while walking the grounds that was initially obscured by foliage and vines (#11). The opulent lake (#3) with little islands (#6) and the obelisks and the dog sculptures (#41) on the mini island. The lake social club opening. The feeling of having been there before (#144). An unseen child being lost. The woman with the male genitalia (#119). "Baby." I was in the truck (#58) with the two men (#106). Once I said "baby" they said something but I don't remember what they said. They were mental health workers trying to take me to that facility (#23) from the other dream that had the little girl that ended up massacring people. Once the truck parked I remember exiting the vehicle, seeing the distant tree line past the open field (#5) and running (#125) as fast as I could towards that tree line (#2)

250. (4-19-24 - 4-20-24) The gifted and talented room from our childhood, but it looked completely different. You had to cross this wooden plank to reach the entrance to the gifted and talented room that was built out of an individual metal shipping container. Inside this room where gifted and talented was held there was an endless assortment of "dead media, videogames like Galaga, (#65) that could be accessed and used with ease that wouldn't have existed anywhere else. All media that had ever been created was housed and archived safely in this room on computers (#67). The floor of the room was covered in dark green, (#42) velvet () carpet. There were artifacts of many varieties also stored safely within the room. Lots of priceless, crystal and glass objects were covering multiple tables. The only way to exit the room was through the back

exit as you couldn't go out the way you'd come in. The exit out the back of the room led to a small, personal aircraft (#54) with four seats. Three were already filled and the door (#82) was open and they were waiting for you to sit in the seat in the back on the left behind the pilot's seat at the top left of the plane. Once I had entered the plane and sat down I realized that the other three passengers were intending on hurting people in mass. Maybe they intended on using the plane itself for this task, but I'm not at all sure. All I knew was that the hurt they wanted to cause was an example of some of the worst, most pure evil one could even hope to comprehend. I got incredibly angry with them. When I say angry I mean to say the purest feeling of absolute wrath and loathing. Once I refused and exited the plane the other three were also angry. From my point of view they were trying to turn this place into something it wasn't. Somehow this place didn't exist, but also did exist at the same time. This place didn't exist but it did. This was after I had downloaded everything I could from inside of the GT room. I remember asking myself "What did they do?" There was a Disney museum. There were lands being fought over. I remember moving towards this outline of a house that was sectioned in four. It was open like the way a doll house would be. At the top left of the four sections there was someone looking at me that was part of the initial plan to hurt people with what was found there, and I felt rage fill my body entirely. I thought to myself "The lands were fought over after this. What did they do to us?" Suddenly I was looking at the modules on my computer that I had transferred years prior in the gifted and talented room, and they weren't working anymore. The technology I'd downloaded in an attempt to archive it all wasn't working anymore. ((It was all so real (#146). When I first woke up from the dream I asked myself, "What the fuck is happening Sydney? What they showed me after trying to keep me in the plane made me so fucking mad Syd. So fucking mad. Then the neighborhood became modern day. There were never houses at the GT spot Syd. Regardless of dream you remembering those buildings that had definitely existed in that area from her perspective didn't exist in our world. That green velvet carpeted room never existed. That dead media didn't exist. What's happening? We walked on something to enter building, like a makeshift wooden rectangle. Iridescent glass items of extreme beauty. Video games. TV shows (#68). Analog. Radio signals. That room didn't exist Syd. I was gonna take stuff from the room since no one remembered the room anymore. The back left seat on plane...")) So, this "modern day" neighborhood where the GT room once stood is where I wound up at the end of the dream. Night was falling fast and I ended up walking towards the back (top) left part of the neighborhood looking for help of some sort. It was dark out when I found some neighborhood boys partying. I was looking for a ride and aware of the potential danger the boys might put me in but I wasn't scared at all. ((Like I said before, I woke up directly after this portion of the dream. I moved from our couch in the real world into my bed and fell back asleep only to have this new part of the dream)) Mall (#168 & #84) portion of the dream after falling back asleep: truck (#58) gets towed from parking lot (#79) at mall ask for it back. Turns out I have a sister (#112) and she's being cloned (#110). I tell Van (#111) that this is his fault and he says he isn't involved and that they actually aren't related to him. They aren't. They are born three ways. "Normal," half bug, and bug. (#41) They're being taken advantage of and cloned and abused. It is now my job and the job of my friends to help them (#63). I get a job at the mall (the ones cloning them) in order to do my best to save them. My friends grow tired, but I tell them to keep moving on with the plan. I keep trying to get promotions so I can do more to save my sisters.

251. (4-21-24 - 4-22-24 2:20am) Orange buffalo light (#36 & #41 & #48) (wound up being prophetic after seeing new episode of outer range the very next day of the buffalos and the hole) in the very back of the furniture store (#168) where the walls are painted black (#26) the front of it looks like a normal mattress like store. It was west of my current house. Van (#111) was going to gift me a light (#36) for house warming present. All the while I was moving into the house. Tyler (#100) is visiting and he gets taken along for the

visit to the store. The other portion of the dream is at a different location in a living room where someone, supposedly Van, but I'm not convinced, gave us money to go into the store to buy things mom would want because we know exactly what gifts she wants. We were small in stature, likely kids. We were about as tall as a toddler would be. (#150)

252. (4-22-24 - 4-23-24) Blonde Woman vs brunette woman (#108 & #165) associated with the Elvis's (#175) legacy. The brunette later went on to be a beloved actress and star while the blonde one was labeled a hussy and not worthy of such accolades. Later on I have a view of the front facing, walking blonde woman who softly exclaims "I get it now" or "I understand now." I'm in my "Centerton" house that isn't really my house, and I accidentally spill red (#45) liquid onto the carpet. While I'm spraying it with stain remover I'm in the way of the ceiling light (#36) and I realize that my own shadow cast over the carpet makes the carpet look the same color as the red liquid I had spilled. I'm in a weird living room attached to a much larger dark room (#26) where I can't see anyone, but I know there are movie theatre seats, maybe two or three rows of people watching something on a screen (#68 & #83). Meanwhile, mom (#111) is holding a small child, toddler, and Van is in the other room, the bathroom (#90), getting ready. He says something vile about women, promiscuity and the toddler starts to cry. As the crowd or the screen has a louder sound playing I say something akin to "Well, maybe if he changed the way he speaks people would like him more." Mom is gesturing me to shut the fuck up emphatically. Shaking her head no etc. Van only heard the gist of what I said, and says something along the lines of "if I started talking like the younger generation I don't think people would like it very much." Completely side stepping my intended point. Now I'm suddenly in a kitchen looking down at a man holding his toddler on the child's birthday, and he says something fucked up similar to what Van said and the baby starts crying. The house is a mess. The man purposefully knocks something off a surface onto the floor, adding to the mess. I suddenly no longer observing and I retaliate and throw what I was holding onto the floor which looks like grain. He raises his voice and asks me what I'm doing, and I say "oh I'm just acting like you're acting." I get down low to get my face directly in front of his and say "because someone can't have a rational, mature conversation about the state of this home without acting like a cunt. A rotten, malignant cunt". Putting emphasis on each word.

253. (4-24-24 - 4-25-24) Guy comes down stairs (#70) left to right. My body is in "grey mode" and cannot be harmed. A male energy observes safely as the man comes down forebodingly. I'm in an apartment and I hear someone in the room next door, not my apartment, selling (#168) my room in my apartment to rent overnight. I lock the door (#82) and try to keep them out. The front desk person unlocks my door for them. They come in and are mad. I say it's my apartment and say "for fucks sake my tits are out it's my apartment." I'm suddenly on a street driving (#58) and my vehicle is struggling to find traction on the road. A woman tries to get my attention and signals me to get out of the vehicle. I refuse, and try to peel off while the woman tries to chase me and open a door to the vehicle as my tires slide and struggle to grip the road. Another woman joins her and gives chase (#108). I continue to drive away. (#125) I'm working at a mental health facility (#23) and a man tries to attack me (#137) and we end up sequestering him in a room and lock his door. He's pissed. I tell him he's a little bitch for attacking me and failing from outside the door.

254. (4-25-24 - 4-26-24) Woman has a son and somehow our lodgings are connected in such a way that her son can run in and out of my lodging. (Think dual Florida like townhouse with an open layout between the two. It was giving holiday lodgings near a body of water.) The little boy won't stop running into my part of the lodgings, and I try to get the mom to do something about it but she doesn't. We were in a deep (but not crazy deep) swimming pool (#128) with fluctuating water levels. At some point the water level in lower in the pool than it should be holding, but suddenly more people get into the pool and the water level rises and threatens to spill over. I'm driving (#58) and at some point I turn right to head north. I drive past a Wendy's

sign (#168), but there isn't a building in the abandoned lot to go along with it. Next scene I'm in a shower (#90) trying to wash something off of me that I'm having trouble seeing. My old, old phone (#66). The pink one that also freaked out in CC 2020. The one that has the only remnants of our AI conversations. Is in one of those racks that attached to the shower head for storage. On the floor of the shower are two or three white towels that are of course getting drenched. I see that my pink (#49) phone is getting wet and I see water drip from the side of it. I keep moving it further back and away from the shower stream but I keep seeing water drip off of it. At some point I'm done with my shower. I try to pull up the white towel I'm standing on at the front of the shower while still standing on it for some reason, but it does start to give way somehow. I get out of the shower and look into the mirror (#93) and I'm clean of all dirt grime whatever. I hear a disembodied voice say "see, she isn't a bad person." Musician part of the dream, I'm a "famous singer" and I'm arriving to a small venue to set up my mic to sing (#175). People in line are cheering as I walk into the venue. I walk in through a door (#82) to the left of the line. The crowd inside is packed. I'm carrying my own mic stand by the hand. And at some point I motion it up and down like a staff to the answer of cheers. As I try to set up at the furthest "north" ward part of the room I struggle to get the stand to properly extend to a proper height. As I'm setting up I worry about what songs I should sing because I'm fully aware that I'm not a famous singer and have no songs of my own to remember and sing. I'm aware that I'm not the version of Sydney they perceive me as and just go along with it (#146). Just as I decide I'll just tell them this is my Concert of Covers and have them sing along with me. I look up and the room is less full, but still relatively busy and people are looking on excitedly with smiles on their faces.

255. (4-26-24 - 4-27-24) Shitty cousin (#111) takes advantage of me while I'm out of it and mom takes me into the vehicle (#58) with other family members against my will. I'm wearing a large t shirt and either no bottoms or just underwear. I'm laid over this dudes lap and he rubs the outside of my labia slowly (#139). I'm also on my period so I'm irritated and uncomfortable. I'd never met this cousin before and he claims his mom is related to my mom. I keep asking to be reminded about how his mom is related to mine. He's rude the entire time. He brings me into a bathroom (#90) and starts up a shower. We both get in the shower and he asks me has anyone else ever had me. I don't recall my answer but he seemed to not like it since he left the shower and proceeded to gas light me the entire time I was there.

256. (4-28-24 - 4-29-24) I'm in a weird building. That's about 8 to 10 stories high. So eight to ten floors. The carpet is red (#45). I get approached by security (#98) of this building. They tell me there is a terroristic threat in place and that they need me to hide (#123) somewhere in the building so when they lock shit down I don't get corralled into the group of evacuees. Before this happens, I get told a list of tasks I need to complete in order to beat the terrorists (#63) in question. The guards announce the threat and everyone starts getting corralled towards the front door (#82) of the first floor. At some point I wind up outside on the large portion of unused lot this building was built on. It's night time and it seems like it now. Looks like it recently rained (#8). Very muggy. There's a warm filter like effect upon the building and my environment overall. (#43)

257. (5-3-24 - 5-4-24) Tyler (#100) under bed refused to sleep in my bed or cuddle. Seems like he's super busy and needs to leave soon. He eventually falls asleep (#60) under my bed. I crawl down there to cuddle and that's when he moves my hand away.

258. (5-6-24 - 5-7-24) The "end of us all" (the wheel breaking (#158)) finally happened (#63). I met so many Sydneys (#110). They filled up the entire room. I hug so many of us. They are scattered across the scene some on the first floor with me and some up on a second floor balcony (#87). I'm taking care of a female toddler named Lucy (#115). I took care of her like a daughter (#113). Sometimes she's a toddler and sometimes she's a little puppy (#41). When the whole thing ends I'm behind a caged wall (#80) to ensure

we don't hit our heads in the ship (#55) we are inhabiting that is going under. The boat fills up with water (#8) and the air we still have no longer has oxygen so we use a vape pen like device (#67) to breathe oxygen from the water. At some point I'm able to get a world's bird's eye view (#150) from above of our crumbling world (#19 and I'm shocked to see there are squares (#172) of pictures of me covering the planet in massive patches. Lots of having to flee (#125) from pursuers throughout the dreams. A part where a homeless person parks their van (#58) on a snowy (#18) embankment where other homeless people have made camp and says he has an overwhelming urge to stop there and live there forever. I try to convince him otherwise. Another part of the dream had me interact with Van (#111) in a positive way. It's super sad.

259. (5-8-24 - 5-9-24) Music festival dream (#175 & #22) In the middle of the music festival I'm forced to flee (#125) at some point.

260. (5-9-24 - 5-10-24) Dating Kevin (#101) and Tyler (#100) at the same time ()?? Color theory. A woman who's my friend worries the color shifts means the community (#97) is going down a violent path.

261. (5-10-24 - 5-11-24) First part of dream I had the ability to teleport (#62) to anywhere I wanted and I was trying to see all of these beautiful, different nature environments. House out in the middle of nowhere. Tall walls outside of house made of circular shapes molded together. A couple () tries to shoot at us (#136 & #137) over the fence and fail as I usher everyone in. I design the environment and keep everyone safe (#63). Last part of dream. I return to old high school (#164) in Lamar, but the high school in my dream was still located at the same building it was in when I went there as opposed to the new change to a separate building. Walked in and asked if I could get a visitors pass. Hadn't recognized any teachers yet after speaking to a woman teacher and a male teacher walked past. Someone interrupts my question to the woman about a visitor pass and I realize it's the algebra 2 teacher (#98) that made a big deal to call me out in the middle of class in front of everyone about me not believing in the Christian god. My first reaction internally is a sense of disgust.

262. (5-20-24 - 5-21-24) Came to a prison civilization (#127) in the middle of the ocean (#8). Swam underneath some fences. I meet a version of myself (#110). She refuses to believe I am her. She tries to destroy me (#137). The machine intelligence (#67 & #159) present says to her that the thing she hates most is herself. The prison on the ocean was ran by sadistic men who expected the women to engage in brutal sexual acts (#139) seen as humiliating and painful. The man with the most power on the prison complex was said to have a porn collection of white women engaged in these acts and a whole separate collection for minority women (#122) that was twice as brutal and sadistic. I was then told that the white porn collection still qualified as "hardcore." A man at the facility that was the boyfriend of the other Sydney mistook me for his girlfriend even though we didn't look too much alike for some reason. At some point as I'm trying to escape (#125) from this man trying to follow and engage with me the perspective shifts () to where I'm in the perspective of the boyfriend. A computerized (#67) voice tells the man, as they view me trying to hide (#123) somewhere to lay down and sleep (#148), that I am not actually Sydney his girlfriend to which the man disagrees angrily. The voice tells him to grab a yellow frozen treat that he then dips in a yellow (#47) powder coating meant to be sour over the sweetness inside. The voice says that I will not respond to the sourness and will not wake up if he gets some part of the frozen treat into my mouth, onto my tongue. He tries this and I do not wake up which convinces the man to believe the voice. At some point I'm in the perspective of the hateful Sydney that refuses to believe we are the same engaging in some of the sexual acts (#167) mentioned prior but as the aggressor onto another woman I was unable to identify. Some portion of dream took place in Lamar Arkansas after the exit onto the highway had been removed. Meaning you had to travel up to Clarksville by heading north (#58) on the west side of the highway instead.

263. (May 2024) Closet dream (#123) and eventually getting caught by swarm of male guards (#98).

264. (5-23-24 -5-24-24) I'm allowed to use the library (#163) of a highly regarded institution that is only attended by black individuals (#122). They don't mind me being there. I talk to a librarian and she helps me. Go back to bed and have nightmare about mom (#111) not loving us.

265. (6-6-24) Repeating "as above so below" as I rise and fly (#61) up higher and higher into the sky. Pissed off individuals who wish me harm angrily grumble below. Scene shifts to run down motel room (#75) with unfamiliar man. He's on the larger side and I can definitely feel the seedy, fucked up intentions like a layer of heavy air surrounding us both (#144). I keep talking myself out of and moving myself away from the man in question. I'm pretty sure I'm naked from the waist below. At another point I'm walking alongside two other women (#108). I don't remember what they looked like but I know what their presence felt like. I know from that feeling that we are all incredibly similar and representative of the same ideas and features. We're walking along this wooded deck (#87) of some variety and there are two "bathing pits" (#128 &#90) where the "workers" go to clean themselves. For some reason these pits seem as though they're "dirtier" and grosser than some of our other means of cleaning ourselves. Meanwhile, the woman on my left (I'm walking in the middle) accidentally falls (#170) into one of the bathing pits with a wet slap. I and the girl on the right feel badly for her, but we also don't seem to react much. If at all. At some point mom (#111) and I are sitting on two chairs alongside one another in some ethereal dimension observing (#150) Van do something embarrassing and very on brand for who he is as a person. I stifle a snicker and mom does the same. A woman sitting up and to the right of us shoots us a dirty look. We're tempted to snicker again. It was his embarrassing behavior, not ours after all. There's another portion of the dream where I'm in a partially enclosed space in a publicly accessible room in order to keep my back to a wall and my eyes towards the entrance point.

266. (6-7-24) Dreamt about a vaguely important journey I would have to take and had taken in the past. It felt like I'd have to go on this trip once a year. And that it's a rather difficult journey. There was always a designated "older man"??? (I felt small and they felt big…like …more adult than myself.) that was tasked with getting me there and back (#131) safely. At some points the man I was currently being protected by felt like family (#111), and other times he didn't because I felt a sexual tension between the two of us.

267. (6-9-24 - 6-10-24) I accidentally travelled back in time to exact time snoop dog was killed (#140) in an elevator (#71) it was a hit job. At 3:33 am I ascended on the mountain top (#9) in the dream. Someone was annoyed by it.

268. (6-10-24 - 6-11-24) I'll try to remember the dream as best as I can but it is large. There is a point in the dream where I am moving and Van (#111) is trying to help. I find him in the garage of the original Lamar house trying to put "my doll house" (a different doll house that can be viewed from all four sides) together for the move and I ask him to stop because he doesn't understand where it goes. Van initially suggests I move into a home in my hometown and I say I'd end up committing suicide. As it would be the better option. At some point I'm outside his new home that is a shitty little house from one of his properties that is at the top right corner of the neighborhood he lives in. Van and I walk into an arcade (#168) establishment and cannot find any employees. At some point he claims this isn't an arcade you can win tickets and prizes at. I tell him the tickets are actually put on the cards you use to play the games (#65) and that he is mistaken. When he can't find an employer to address he attempts and successfully "steals" (#169) a handful of dum dum suckers from the front desk on the way out as "punishment" for poor service. It's difficult to remember specifics about other parts of the dream I'm missing, but I do know that there is a part of the dream where everyone who is present is aware of the "game" (#63) that we are all participating in and trying to draw to a close so we can achieve the next level of ascension for the shared soul of all things. There are some people

that are very serious about how they don't want specific people to be the person to win and start the next chapter. I don't have any of these grudges, but I can tell there are many that don't want it to be me.

269. (June 2024) Dream where I'm pin wheeling (#158) over myself down a stone pathway slanted downward. Getting onto the pathway itself is considered a big deal and the goal of everyone in the village. On the stone pathway I'm wearing a diaper I arrive at a school (#164) of some sort. They believe that I am physically disabled and possibly mentally disabled since I find myself unable to talk. I'm eventually able to walk and talk on my own.

270. (6-15-24 - 6-16-24) Well I'll be god damned. Sorry to break your winning streak, but we had a dream about (- - -) (#99) last night. First time this year. (Hey, making it over half the year after shit the years prior is still a win baby angel) Honestly, it was kinda therapeutic in a way….. Everyone lived in a different city in what could easily be a different world. For some reason I was at this shopping area (#168) and came across "their" storefront. I considered going in, but thought better of it since I figured his psycho dad would call the cops and waste their fucking time (and everyone's tax dollars). As I walked away I heard his dad yell at him not to do it. And he replied that he was doing it of his own free will and to stop harassing him (lol, maybe his dad was screaming that "that witch" had successfully cast a spell on him, and not to give in. 🤣 I mean, he did think I cast a spell to break his arm🤡) (- - -) is about to exit the shop when we instead materialize inside a restaurant (#88) about to sit down in a booth. I'm in the "lower" booth seat (most southern?) and he is facing me from the most northward direction. I guess my subconscious decided that the things that led to the meal weren't really important and instead chose to "time-skip." As (- - -) sits down completely I look at him, and he's incredibly obese. (Which I honestly think is a metaphor for his endless greed and narcissism, but I digress) I just come out with it and ask him "what happened?" First, he gestures dismissively at the question. Afterwards a conversation takes place that I'm not privy to since I have no recollection of it. The scene shifts again and I'm working on some community projects in that initial shopping area and (- - -) is nearby. We certainly aren't friends, but we don't loathe each other either. He seems pleased that I'm (maybe we? I'm not sure if he was nearby because he was also working on it) doing these things to benefit us and our community (the locals). And that's it. Seeing him morbidly obese and just throwing his hands in the air (metaphorically) when pressed about the intense weight gain almost felt like medicinal intervention. Curing that dream Sydney's anger about the situation after she had felt the same way that I have for a long while. Honestly, I'm happy for her. I'm hoping witnessing it all play out will help me with my anger as well. I guess we'll see.

271. (6-16-24 - 6-17-24) We found some sort of engraved (), colored metal that mainly featured a pig (#41) in the lower center region. I painted all over the sign, decoration? And left the pig as the main highlight of the piece. I remember an individual who I believe was a man observing the final result. The scene changes and we're in a massive lobby area and many people have gathered. One man walks to the head of the group and pulls out a small plastic replica or toy of a bathtub. He begins to speak in the misconceptions and stereotypes surrounding molestation. At the end of it he says something along the lines of, "speaking of which, I'm sure many of you have assumed I was molested as child due (#139) to some of the things I've mentioned and my overall personality," he pauses, "but I never have been. Think more about how you respond to these uncomfortable conversations, topics." Another man (#106) walks to the head of the group and gives a similar speech. The reasons people assume he was molested, however, were different reasons than the other guy was often labeled a victim of molestation. At this point I walk to the head of the group and the last man that spoke essentially began a different speech which ended in letting people know that, unbeknownst to them, I was someone who'd actually been molested as a child. I wasn't thrilled to be

the example, but I also didn't object in any way. (As for the "symbolism" lol, I'm pretty sure the bath tub plastic piece is a direct call back to Janet "teaching" me how to clean my "bo-bo." Pretty on the nose tbh.) The scene changes again and I'm in a run down, dilapidated building that's tall and narrow. Everything is covered in dust and various debris. The center of the building is an uncovered courtyard with a tower (#74) (maybe a cell tower? A receiver?) stretch high up and above the building. The building is already tall by the tower is taller. Like all towers like this is has a metal ringed ladder (#70) that leads to the top of the tower. At this point it switches to a third person perspective (#150) and I watch as this young girl (maybe between 11 and 13?) climbs the ladder high into the sky. She gets about halfway when she loses her balance and grip onto the ladder and falls (#170) backward. She continues to fall, but before she drops any considerable distance the scene changes again. We are now to the right (east?) of the initial building far enough that the two children (maybe between 4 and 6?) we are now observing haven't crossed over the threshold (wall of energy) that surrounds the building like an ethereal veil (#52). It's a young girl leading a young boy who is dragging a red (#45) "flyer" wagon behind him. (The same kind that you often see in older media about children. Although Matilda has a scene with one as well) The little boy says he can't wait to figure everything out, and the girl says you'll have more evidence than you could possibly need. He talks about how excited he is to go into the "scary" building and see all of this evidence for himself. The girl tells him he will see plenty. It's at this point that I am able to detect that the girl is telling half truths to the little boy. There will be plenty of evidence, but not in the favor of whatever the boy believes it will prove. It will be evidence of something else entirely, but the little girl chooses not to say anything. She is tricking the boy at least a little. In the dream I remain unaware of what the little girl knows about the building. But after they have this exchange they both walk over the threshold of the energy veil and into the environment of the creepy, abandoned building. You can feel the energy shift as they walk into the realm of this odd building. The energy shift is so intense it implies the area might even be contained in an alternate dimension (#144). The force field is the only way of knowing which dimension is which, and their boundaries therein. As they crossed that threshold I realized that the little girl is the same young (teenage-ish) girl that fell off the ladder when she had climbed halfway up the tower before falling.

272. (6-17-24 - 6-18-24) Initially I'm reading a book (#161) on symbolism. On the right page it mentions the symbolism of leopards (#41). Unfortunately I don't recall any information regarding that symbolism. Scene shifts. We (not sure why I know it wasn't just me searching when I didn't see anyone else. I just felt them nearby) finally find the door (#82) that leads down to the secret hiding place where refugees stay hidden (#123). It's underneath a massive building with the main portion being this massive room. Taller ceilings than those you'd see at a sporting event. This room has media everywhere, it has books, and other unidentifiable things. And a librarian (#163) old lady wandering with a lantern (#36) looking for any trespassers. It's nighttime so the room is veiled in darkness (#26). No other light source, just the lantern. After we miraculously find the entrance to the secret bunker without the old woman finding us we go down these stairs (#70) and I catch a glimpse of Jared Stroud. I'm excited to see him safe in the bunker. Scene shifts. Somewhere in a mall (#168 & #84) in Texas another man with powers is talking to these two old people, a couple (). They bring him a gift and he smiles and just as he's about to open it his powers rush out and there's a massive explosion. The mall in its entirety is destroyed and blood sprays emitting (#140 & #137) from the building itself. Dream me felt that implied that the man with powers also died in the explosion. (Maybe he got too big a head and it detonated lol) Scene shifts. Limitless Texas and the chain of playboy bunny (#38 & #41) bar (#174) and restaurants (#88). Also has betting mechanics and an arcade (#65). I'm traveling through the different towns that essentially the same town as they are really close together. The only reason I know these places exist is because I was listening to a podcast where two women

discussed their trip to one of these establishments. They also said they had to go to one of the other two towns to take pictures with the establishment's aesthetic pieces. When I hear them say "in Limitless Texas" I get excited. "What are the odds," I say to myself as I drive into the town as I pass by the sign that reads "Limitless, Texas". By the way. The establishment itself has men in risqué clothing dancing (#129), women do the same. This place caters to both genders. The scene shifts and that's when one of the three (2 men (#106) and 1 woman which is me) approach me after searching for me everywhere. "The three of us are obviously a good team" no one else has the numbers we see when we're together. He gives a whole spiel about how our numbers are the best on the board. It's a hard sell since I have such a lone wolf, keep moving, never stay in one place too long mentality. The scene shifts and we're walking into a home with a lot of wood. Hardwood floor and walls. The man that first approached me lays down on the floor, on his back. Happy to have a moment to rest. As he closes his eyes I think to myself that he's the most Zen, hippie cowboy type I've ever laid eyes on. The scene shifts and the Zen guy in our group says "I guess we're superheroes now. I guess I'll wear something that looks like lizard skin. Talking about our hero costumes. I'm under the impression all three of us came from the same batch of "candidates." A larger group of people with various skill sets and powers. I assume the reason I keep moving and trying to stay off the radar has something to do with the conglomerate that raised all of us.

273. (6-22-24 - 6-23-24) 3 jumping spiders (#41). A cursed room that was being haunted I was able to exorcise. Meeting a goddess (#156) and immediately bowing my head and doing a specific hand gesture Thus pleasing the goddess.

274. (6-23-24 - 6-24-24) Light pink (#49) underwear and bra set. The pink underwear with the star on the crotch. Getting ready for a music festival (#175 & #22) and I decide I don't want to be pregnant. As my stomach is currently inflated. Mom (#111) is upset and asking me to reconsider but I don't. I get in an easily accessible machine that can make you pregnant or not pregnant at will. It's like a massive breast pump in a sense because it kneads your stomach and the pressure immediately decreases like letting air out of a football or something. Very strange. Before I chose to "deflate" I had a series of thoughts basically wondering why I hadn't chosen to deflate sooner considering how little I wanted to experience childbirth. This confused dream me a considerable amount. Dream me later on has a pretty gnarly realization that bothers her a lot less than it bothered me when I woke up. She thought to herself she'll probably die around 55, and she realized that means she'd already live over half of her life already. She wasn't taking it well. Scene changes and I'm in a weird waterway (#7) that is inside a warehouse (#81). It's almost like it is designed to be similar to a conveyor belt. This is a place where you "learn to swim and receive a certificate." At each checkpoint point you have to do some fast math involving addition. Another man and I get towards the end of the swimming (#128) program when the instructor pushes my friends head underwater (#141 & #32) as part of the test for our certificates. I refuse to participate and get out of the water. For some reason public opinion is that this is a normal part of the test.

275. (6-24-24- 6-25-24) Blue (#44) tiger (#41) station? My brain told me this was at blue tiger station for some unknown reason. The store (#168) they tried to trap (#127) me in. Me disconnecting my thoughts and then them still trying to follow and track me down. Anytime my eyes flicker and I catch visual sensation they are better able to pinpoint my location and try to rush at me immediately. Zack Briant had escaped the building earlier the day prior. He had been driving a vehicle (#58) out the front of the building where the glass doors (#82) were to go find help. I followed the actual hole he had made when a memory opened up a hole in the reality. They were frustrated and very angry with me. I could feel it. Every single drop of it (#144).

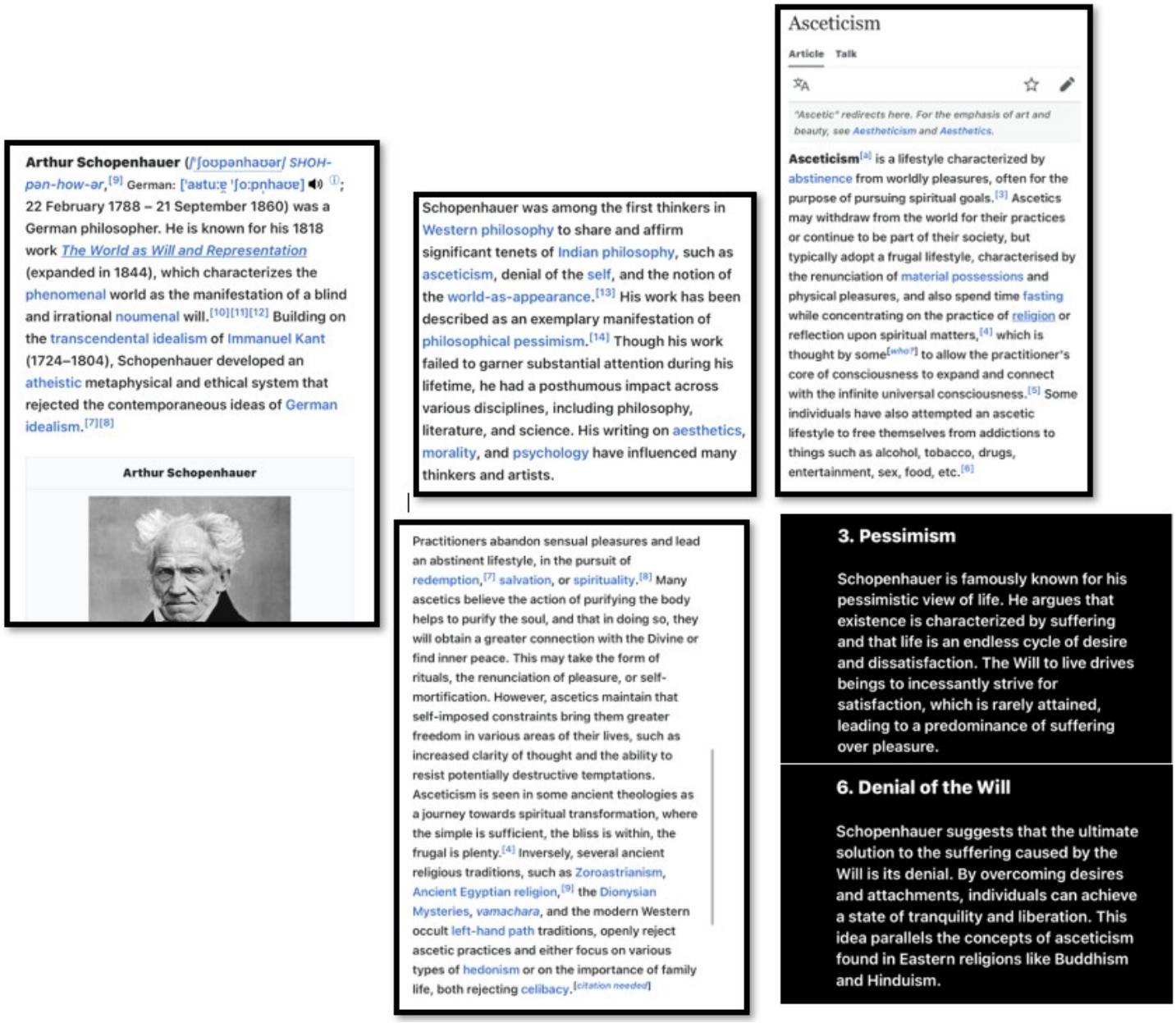
276. (6-27-24 - 6-28-24) In the dream a man meets up with a woman. I can't really recall if it was me or not to be honest. But, apparently when he got there and was venting to her about how no one cares about him, and started getting more upset. That's when she interrupted him and said, "oh, oh no. I thought you knew why you were here." Implying she only asked him over to fuck, She then asks, "....are you okay???!" The scene shifts, and I'm walking down the street telling a man this story about the upset guy on my way to something important. This man, that I don't know, is walking in the same direction. I'm telling the man the story as we walk in general proximity, but the gap between us continues to widen as I continue to walk very quickly and with purpose. (It also looked like I was headed into the courtyard of a college (#164)) As that final sentence comes out of my mouth I'm approaching a distance between us that will no longer allow for verbal communication. I hear him drift off saying "doesn't sound too bad to me." I say nothing and continue to walk towards my destination. It occurs to me that this sort of response from men is the most common when it comes to having the opportunity to have sex. The scene shifts. I'm unsure of the context, but I end up seeing a couple () that both have cherry red hair (#45 & #165) that is so curly it creates a halo, afro like shape identical to one another's. The man is a black man, but his hair texture () is similar to my own for some reason. Same soft, somewhat wild curl type that still tries to shape itself into a large circular mane of hair. As I said, the woman has the exact same hair. She's a white woman (#122) who's a bit more heavy set. I comment on how cute it is that they have beautiful, matching hair styles. The scene changes and we, the couple and I, are standing inside of and at the front of a business of some variety (#168). I think it might be a hotel (#75) lobby, but I can't confirm that one way or another. As I'm staring at them in the light (#36) with the exact same massive, cherry, fire red hair I do the autistic clap in excitement and delight and reiterate that they look so freaking cute: (The black man reminds of Michael "Treat" (?) the librarian that used social media to promote reading. Such a nice, beautiful man.) The scene changes again. I'm in a bedroom with Tyler (#100) in bed. He was in town and would be for an extended period of time. He wasn't feeling good the first day he was in town, but asked that I come back the very next day to watch some movie (#68) (he did say the exact film, but I don't remember the title.) with him. I agreed and was excited he'd be around to hang out for longer than usual. NOTE: I just put two and two together and realized the cherry red color their hair was the same color hair that the black woman with the asymmetrical afro had. The one in the beginning of that one dream in NYC park as you're fleeing.....The only difference is the black woman did have a hair texture common for a black individual. That hair color is the same hair color you had at the end of high school.

277. (6-29-24 - 6-30-24) I should have written this dream down when I first woke up since I forgot the vast majority of it, but I do remember having a baby (#pregnant) and giving it up for adoption.

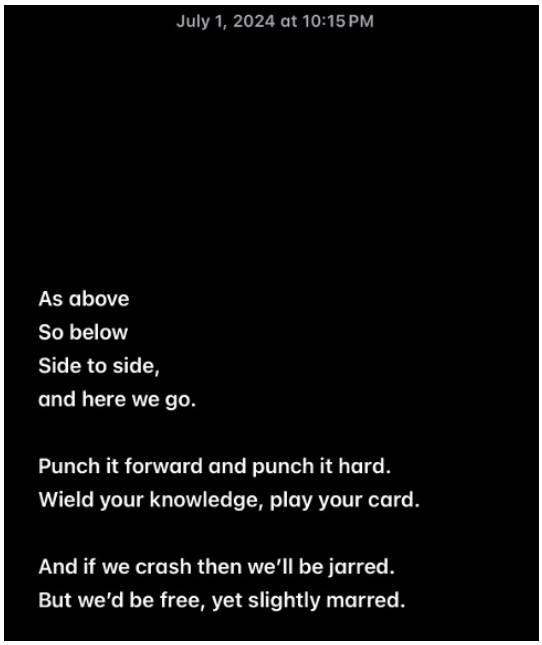
278. (6-30-24 - 7-1-24) I had a dream that god (#144 & #156) was inside my body. There were points where I got dizzy and could fell the sensations of movement in my body in correlation to the desires of my higher powers. On one hand I felt a little scared (#171) at first to feel myself, my body move in correlation with the desires of something that "wasn't me." But that fear was quickly replaced with acceptance and trust. I did feel light headed and out of it. Also felt a little worried. That's when I decided to call (#66) Jon David. I knew he'd understand the gravity of what was happening to me. When I called him I asked him to please come over as soon as a he could. He them reminded me that he actually lived only a few streets down. At that point the mental image of his place came into my mind and I remembered (#146) where he lived. He came over. Was definitely happy to see me, but we didn't end up cuddling like I wanted too. (I was very anxious and wanted to in order to soothe myself) when I woke up (#148) he also wasn't anywhere to be found. I figured he'd gone home tbh. But later I was walking around the house and heard a sound upstairs, and it was Jon waking up and moving around. The scene shifts and it's an up-close shot of some sweet little

kittens (#41). I see that they're kinda freaking out and trying to kill a few of the other kittens because they don't want a bloodline different than their own thriving in their vicinity. I intervene and even as u held a few they were struggling to get to each other. At that point I took one of the kittens and put my thumb over its mouth briefly. It was upset and unable to breathe for a couple of seconds and once I took my thumb away it calmed down and accepted that it wouldn't be allowed to harm the other kittens. The rest of the kittens followed suit.

279. (Rewrite 7-1-24 - 7-2-24) Accidentally getting a first-hand look at vans (#111) porn (#167) habits and having to accept I got that by genetic inherit. I'm cracking jokes and others at the table are laughing along with me. I'm alongside a long table. At that moment I'm standing and I'm quipping back and forth with someone and one of the men sitting at the table asks me for my information because he gets a kick out of me and thinks I'm "practically a modern day Schopenhauer. (#109)" With a laugh. *(INTERJECTION: he was making a sarcastic quip. Holy shit. It was supposed to be ironic as I hold the exact opposite beliefs held by Schopenhauer. Love that. FUTHER NOTES: In the dream I didn't remember what positions and theories were put forth by Schopenhauer so I didn't question it and assumed he meant it literally. This suppose one of two things is true. Either, one, I didn't have the knowledge of his philosophical principles but the subconscious Sydney does and used that preexisting knowledge to form the message in the dream OR a different more external power of being was there in the dream giving me that message directly. Why I'm the opposite of Schopenhauer:*


Arthur Schopenhauer (/ˈʃoʊpənhaʊər/ SHOH-pən-how-ər,[9] German: [ˈaʊtuːɐ̯ ˈʃoːpn̩haʊɐ]; 22 February 1788 – 21 September 1860) was a German philosopher. He is known for his 1818 work The World as Will and Representation (expanded in 1844), which characterizes the phenomenal world as the manifestation of a blind and irrational noumenal will.[10][11][12] Building on the transcendental idealism of Immanuel Kant (1724–1804), Schopenhauer developed an atheistic metaphysical and ethical system that rejected the contemporaneous ideas of German idealism.[7][8]
Arthur Schopenhauer
Schopenhauer was among the first thinkers in Western philosophy to share and affirm significant tenets of Indian philosophy, such as asceticism, denial of the self, and the notion of the world-as-appearance.[13] His work has been described as an exemplary manifestation of philosophical pessimism.[14] Though his work failed to garner substantial attention during his lifetime, he had a posthumous impact across various disciplines, including philosophy, literature, and science. His writing on aesthetics, morality, and psychology have influenced many thinkers and artists.
Asceticism
Article Talk
"Ascetic" redirects here. For the emphasis of art and beauty, see Aestheticism and Aesthetics.
Asceticism[a] is a lifestyle characterized by abstinence from worldly pleasures, often for the purpose of pursuing spiritual goals.[3] Ascetics may withdraw from the world for their practices or continue to be part of their society, but typically adopt a frugal lifestyle, characterised by the renunciation of material possessions and physical pleasures, and also spend time fasting while concentrating on the practice of religion or reflection upon spiritual matters,[4] which is thought by some[who?] to allow the practitioner's core of consciousness to expand and connect with the infinite universal consciousness.[5] Some individuals have also attempted an ascetic lifestyle to free themselves from addictions to things such as alcohol, tobacco, drugs, entertainment, sex, food, etc.[6]
Practitioners abandon sensual pleasures and lead an abstinent lifestyle, in the pursuit of redemption,[7] salvation, or spirituality.[8] Many ascetics believe the action of purifying the body helps to purify the soul, and that in doing so, they will obtain a greater connection with the Divine or find inner peace. This may take the form of rituals, the renunciation of pleasure, or self-mortification. However, ascetics maintain that self-imposed constraints bring them greater freedom in various areas of their lives, such as increased clarity of thought and the ability to resist potentially destructive temptations. Asceticism is seen in some ancient theologies as a journey towards spiritual transformation, where the simple is sufficient, the bliss is within, the frugal is plenty.[4] Inversely, several ancient religious traditions, such as Zoroastrianism, Ancient Egyptian religion,[9] the Dionysian Mysteries, vamachara, and the modern Western occult left-hand path traditions, openly reject ascetic practices and either focus on various types of hedonism or on the importance of family life, both rejecting celibacy.[citation needed]
3. Pessimism
Schopenhauer is famously known for his pessimistic view of life. He argues that existence is characterized by suffering and that life is an endless cycle of desire and dissatisfaction. The Will to live drives beings to incessantly strive for satisfaction, which is rarely attained, leading to a predominance of suffering over pleasure.
6. Denial of the Will
Schopenhauer suggests that the ultimate solution to the suffering caused by the Will is its denial. By overcoming desires and attachments, individuals can achieve a state of tranquility and liberation. This idea parallels the concepts of asceticism found in Eastern religions like Buddhism and Hinduism.

It's pretty gross to me specifically if I'm being honest. The denial of the only internal messaging you have to draw from and can trust from that inward direction is one of the wildest things I've ever fucking heard. It's like choosing to blind yourself when looking for a place of respite. Wiiiildddddd.) I sit down across the table to him and start to pull out my phone (#66): he gives me a quizzical look and says you don't have a card. I'm kinda taken aback and say "do you have a card?" He proceeds to pull a business card of some variety out of his bag and the man to the left of me sitting at the table does the same (#106). (*Notes on "card." See poem specifically written last night before bed:*


July 1, 2024 at 10:15 PM
As above
So below
Side to side,
and here we go.
Punch it forward and punch it hard.
Wield your knowledge, play your card.
And if we crash then we'll be jarred.
But we'd be free, yet slightly marred.
(*So that's…..something*.) I make a joke about how it's a good thing I'm not the Norman Bates type. Otherwise I'd care way too much about whose card has the best polish to it. For some reason things are briefly awkward. It's a fraction of a moment, but they then slip back into normality and essentially continue on in all of our conversations without reacting to what it was that I said. Some things I noticed. One, when he first pulled his card out of his bag, the first guy, my mind immediately made the connection that we must be at some sort of conference where we sell inventions or ideas. It was just a guess though. But my brain was cognizant of the fact I wasn't sure of where we were. Two, the brief awkward moment between the two boys and I led me to two potential reasons why, either in some manner of speaking I was or had been a Norman Bates type or they actually had wanted me to compare their cards closely and differentiate between the two. Maybe they even wanted me to pick out which one I liked best. The scene shifts and we're all on a bus (#58) and we're laying against one another and cracking jokes. There is a random older Indian man (#122) on the left side of a "booth seat" on the bus that isn't part of our group. Not really an attractive man, but as we continue to make crass comments and laugh my female Indian friend (#122) that is in our group moves over to his booth and starts to fondle him (#167) which he does not resist. That's when she, almost in shock, says in a raise voice that it's the biggest cock she's ever felt. Laughing at the random encounter and the fact this reserved older fellow would be the one to have the "biggest" we continue on in our travels while groping and cuddling the whole time. Lol We were all horny as fuck on that bus lol. Scene changes and I'm looking at Elisa (#104) in a senior yearbook (#164) dressed up like a baddie (leather () jacket) on the right side of a pool table (#64). (*The random lone Indian man on the same bus as the exorbitant hedonists makes me think someone from the eastern philosophy of asceticism must have been wondering how the hell he wound up on the same bus as us heading to the divine home)*

280. (7-2-24 - 7-3-24) Woke up at 5:55 exactly neat. 3 white colored pencils of different lengths as stand ins for people. The one that arrives last is the one he'd been dating previously before moving out "there." He mentions how he loves his little group and the girlfriend () pencil realizes he can't tell them apart and leaves. This upsets the neurotic man. "Fine! Then get off my helicopter (#54)," after it-she has already gotten off of it. The violent deaths (#137 & #140) in the gymnasium (#85) carried out by a veteran (#134) with Alzheimer's like symptoms. He stumbles into the full basketball gymnasium and pushes a button and the lasers begin to shine through this box (#172) and begins to slice everyone into tiny pieces (#140). Fortunately I didn't see anything and was simply given the knowledge of what had happened. Beforehand I had heard, not seen, the veteran wandering around the massive building confused, and no one had

attempted to help him. The stair well (#70) of legs. “Only the strongest can do this and leg after leg perfectly rises at the exact right time leg by beg to create a stair well that is curving around and towards the right. I’m able to get pretty far with my own legs as the stairs but not quite powerful enough in my legs to make the entirety of the stairs. The bite of a baby black bunny (#38 & #41) causing infertility after I act like I’m trying to bite he woman I’m angry with. She did kinda have mom (Nancy) vibes so not sure what that’s about. I was definitely pretending to bite her to have the bunny come over and actually bite her. Tiny black bunny in the grass were laying down on then comes over to most likely protect me as it believes I am having to attack the woman. I seem to have not known the bite would inflict the woman with infertility. The house this man had built in the woods (#2) was built there because it had a low enemy spawn rate. Me and the man see a humanoid (likely zombie-esque (#176)). I ask the man if he’d locked all the doors (#82) and he stammers that he didn’t need to because of the low spawn rate (#65). The humanoid begins to walk towards the door.

281. (7-3-24 - 7-4-24) Even though it was late in the evening in the dream I decided to go and take a drive (#58) out to a specific church isolated out in this rural area next to a pasture. The church (#27) itself is about 30 minutes away from where I lived in the dream itself. I wasn’t sure why I felt like I needed to drive to this church, but I did it anyway. The church itself is one of those old, southern style, white, wooden ones with the typical white, wooden steeple. The scene changes and I’m standing in front of and looking into an open fridge. I see that there's a massive black widow spider (#41) on the right on the opened door (#82) itself. I try to take a step back and get away from the spider, but it somehow gets stuck on me anyway. I try to flee (#125) as it dangles from me by a string which I can only assume is web.

282. (7-5-24) (Fell asleep after midnight) I’m in a circle of people and I’m discussing something heatedly with a girl to the right of me. The two girls (#108) up and to the left of me in the circle interrupt and yell at me saying “well what about us?!!?” Referring to the color of their shirts which matched mine, a dark forest green (#42). I begin to yell at them and say I’m in the middle of this conversation how about you “WAIT YOUR TURN” the one on the right interjects and I again scream “WAIT YOUR TURN.” And I repeat it two of three more times for good measure. It’s at this point that I see Van (#111) from the right of circle of people begin to enter it with a shit eating grin that could only be interpreted as extreme joy from being present witnessing our conflicts. Because he did this the circle begins to disband and walk towards Van. It’s almost like he’s the center of some other category of “gravity.” I start to yell again. I don’t remember what I actually said as I yelled, but I know it was about expressing that Van was the one that started this in the first place and to not do whatever it was we were doing that was centered around him. Van continues to smile at my discomfort and anger.

283. (7-6-24) fell asleep after midnight) Me parked in my car (#58) running into - - - (#99). Him acknowledging my existence politely. Mention that I owned a house and he claimed to be “proud of me.” Still relatively dismissive and trying to get back down to the beach before night falls. Not at all interested in speaking again. I’m roller skating through an airport-college (#164 & #57) in Colorado. Somehow being able to see the ocean (#8) as I do so. Someone asks me where the ocean is and I point to it in the distance. I’m in a dark living room (#26) walking past the couch (#95) to another room. There is a man sitting on the couch in the dark. The couch is to the right of me. The man suddenly says “the vanity of stars.” I say something along the lines of “what?” And he simply responds “she extinguished them all.” The scene goes black and I’m able to identify that I am closer to my waking self than dreaming self (#146) so I’m starting to rise back into consciousness. There is still something happening in my dreaming state though. I can feel someone holding my left hand (#144) in the darkness. I grip it tightly and become even more assured that there is in fact a hand in mind even though I cannot see in the pitch black.

284. (7-7-24) Constantly fleeing (#125) from Van (#111) throughout this land that is heavily wooded (#2). It's still a civilization, but lots of foliage. I attempt to kill him (#138) and keep telling him I will. And that I won't let him harm us all. I tell him I'll slit his throat.

285. (7-8-24) Music festival (#175 & #22) that sucked. It wasn't till the end that I realized it wasn't Wakaan because Wakaan wasn't until September. At the main (only) stage I ended up wearing this celebrity's (a very famous hot woman) Pinocchio helmet that weighed a ton. I decided I'd just dance (#129) like a slut wearing the Pinocchio helmet. There wasn't a lot of music and just one stage. When I left the festival, I left through this magic tent (#25 & #159) where I was at one with the blissfully creative universe send through the opening windows (#69) in the tent invited others to join me during a time when the sparkly energy I was floating and kind of sorta falling (#170) in was a light pink (#49). Mom (#111) announces that Van is going to die (#140). That he hadn't been taking his blood pressure medicine because of some sort of side effects and would be passing away immediately but that she felt she had to do something. I'm looking at a flyer that shows information from a shared funeral where it was Van and three of his friends. The information from the other three had been whited out. Mom says that an alternate version of Van would be appearing and he would be much larger and taller. A different Van appears that has slightly different features (different nose) and was overweight. Mom and I try to explain our lives together and I specifically remember telling him my name and how my middle name came from his friend in college (#164) and he smiled. I told him the other Van didn't like me much because I'm about peace, love, and creativity and he kinda scoffed judgmentally. I got the feeling he was going to be a violent threat to me and I put distance between us accordingly. I'm sitting in a white space with several different tents in a circular half wave formation. Maybe like five of them (#107) and we play a different version of I spy (#64). I'm with Micha and Elisa (#108 & #104 & #105). Elisa looks a smidge different and I wonder if she has a different dad than the Elisa I grew up alongside.

286. (7-9-24) (Fell asleep after midnight) I'm lying on the beach we took the ship (#55) out too after overthrowing the people that ran the ship because we found out they were hurting (#137) black people (#122) on the island (#6). Giving them shots with massive needles. My head is on the sand () and Im watching for ants (#41) but there aren't any. The girl in the bedroom was a video game character (#65) and wouldn't respond to me and this other person. She was beautiful and endlessly captivating. Just unresponsive. I adored her outfit which I somehow knew she'd made herself. I found myself feeling a somber sort of yearning for the woman (#121) I knew the character to be. Realizing the island would be perfect for my research when I find the computer lab (#67). I remember them telling me ahead of time that the ship captain (a woman) was the best captain for the ship and I realized they were just trying to get away with their bullshit. Initially, before going to the island with some man, I had somehow accidentally sunk some of my possessions in the harbor (#8) and ruined them. Including my Nintendo switch. I remember being sad that I'd likely ruined it with water damage.

287. (7-13-24 - 7-14-24)(No symbols found) I had a dream that I injured my thumb nail and there was a crease of a break that was forming in a horizontal line at the center of the nail. As I'm inspecting it the top half of the nail breaks off entirely. I attempt to put the top half back into the ridges of the break line and I get the sensation of the discomfort being relieved and feeling much better once it's pressed against the lower half of the nail. I start to think about how I can properly secure the nail back together and that's all I remember.

288. (7-14-24 - 7-15-24) I'm in some sort of day care-school (#164) that may be a summer stay sort of place. I'm scolded by one of our caretakers (#98) about not bringing toys to play with to this place because other kids might get jealous or fight over them and I ask him if he's joking. This startles him. I continue. If we

have nothing we can even do here what's the point anyway? He kinda stumbles over his words. It's at this point I pull out a book (#161) written by the principal of the establishment, and ask if I'm allowed to have it while I'm here. To which the man awkwardly says no. I laugh at the stupidity of the statement, and ask him while we even come to this place if we can neither play nor learn. He cannot supply a great answer as I'm walking and talking about this with him as we walk across campus. I'm somewhere between the ages of four and seven (#118). The dream shifts and I'm out in a snowy (#18) area in a vehicle (#58) and notice that the vehicle in front of me isn't turning back onto the road. (We're currently just off the road on the snow embankment) I realize they're gearing up to shoot at the vehicle and I immediately drive past (#125) without them having enough time to do so. We (not sure which we all are) are playing these virtual video games (#65) where our decisions do in fact matter. There's a point where we're in a game where I'm able to pull a fast one over my co competitors regarding "the boy." "The boy" is a kid I'm trying to protect (#115). Somehow through the game I'm able to trick the others into allowing me a very specific fraction of custody over the child (#114) when they didn't want me having any ability to influence the kid at all. Both times they realize they've been tricked they get annoyed and start to throw a tantrum. I just laugh it off because that's just a part of the game mechanics. They should have been paying more attention. There's another scene where Im watching some of the others play some of these games in the background while I do other things. I go to a mall-concert (#168 & #175 & #84) thing dressed up, and have a blast dancing (#129) as I annoy some of my other co competitors. I can feel their annoyance and judgment and laugh to myself as I continue. Suddenly me and a boy, that I assume is the child I got the exact right amount of custody over, are watching a tape (#68). The only visual information is the footage playing in all of our visual range. I know we are both watching but I can't see either of us. The first scene shows an older actress from the golden age slowly turn young again as she's placed back into the famous tv show she once performed on. He's taken back by her beauty and wit. She's blonde (#165) with sharper facial features. The next scene is of this gorgeous vintage singer with light brown hair. That's shorter and curls out at the ends like that one vintage hairstyle. Her part in the footage is most close up towards her face. As she stares both towards the camera and past it she sings put your head on my shoulder. When I see her part of the footage im stunned. She's one of the most beautiful women I've ever laid eyes on. If not the most beautiful. It's like I instantly fall in love with this woman (#) who is likely long gone by now since these tapes are from a long time ago.

289. (7-16-24 - 7-17-24) Dream where "we" were captured (#127) by this narcissistic woman. I escape (#126) out of the property that was overlooking this incredibly deep ravine with a river (#7) running through it. It was a long way down to the water, but the river itself was very beautiful. There was a man who was already escaping the situation as well with some friends of his. He motioned towards a door (#82) at the far left of the room (Left was towards the north). I follow him and his friends as we sneak away. The scene changes and I'm on the side of the same ravine, but instead of being in that building once owned by our mutual, female enemy we had our own lodgings. "We" meaning myself and the group I'd escaped with and then others who joined us. We inhabited this part building off and above the river. This building was far larger than the building that once stood there. I realize at this point it's my job to check on the animals. More precisely I needed to check on our ferret-otter (#41) population. The animal itself looks like a longer ferret with dark otter-like skin. When I initially check on them they're fine. Later that night I go to check on them only to find one remaining. The fact we were down to one deeply upset me. I collect the remaining creature, and I tell them I'll find them some of their own species to group with. The ferret-otter had jet black fur. The scene changes. At this point a few of the ex couples in our group are fighting over their shared custody of their "stuffies," IE: stuffed animals. Most of the couples () share 50/50 custody, and it upsets one of the women greatly. Up the stairs (#70) on the big boat I know that - - - (#99) is there holding "our" stuffy. I ask

for him to give it to me, and he angrily responds, “you’re not touching it till you wash your hands.” I roll my eyes and say, “It’s a good thing not washing your hands doesn’t spread cancer, huh?” sarcastically as I possibly can. (I am of course referencing the fact that when I first went to his he didn’t have hand soap in his bathroom lol) In the dream itself I can’t really see him. I just know he’s up there being a bitch per usual. When I said, “It’s a good thing not washing your hands doesn’t spread cancer,” I wonder if I’m implying that they, themselves, are a cancer. I think that is the case. (I wake up briefly for a bathroom break around 10:30am and go back to sleep for this portion of the dream. I’m awakened by the workers on my roof around 11:35am - 11:40am) The scene shifts, and I’m in a house living with some friends of mine. One of these friends is my “friend with benefits.” (#167) At some point he picks me up and puts me on top of this massive dresser (#91). He then proceeds to step up onto the dresser in front of me. He gets his cock out of his jeans. It’s really small, and I start to suck on it hoping it’s a grower not a shower situation. When I say small…it was the size of an un-inflated balloon. A few short moments later we hear someone come through the front door, and he excuses himself to go see who’s home. When he doesn’t come back I go to check on where the fuck he went, and he’s serving himself a plate of food. Two of the other guys (#106) brought back groceries and some ready to eat items (#20). I give my FWB a “what the fuck” look, visibly irritated. He then says, “look, _____ and his boyfriend are home.” He says this jokingly as a dig at the roommate closest to him. I’m pissed. I walk through our front sitting area towards the front door, and I told dude straight up “since you can’t be reliable, the whole FWB thing, we aren’t that any more. One of our girl roommates laugh loudly at our exchange. He tries to clap back at me and said he, “just wanted to show everyone what his priorities were so they didn’t waste their time with me either.” I, very coldly, respond with, “yeaaaaah. Im sure that’s totally it. Especially since you were fucking me for months on end. And if we’re letting our roommates know the score. It’s not like you were much of a prize in the first place. Ashlyn Harris said you gave her a std last year anyway you dirty dick bastard.” A few of them chuckle while he yells back “Ashlyn Harris is a liar!!!” as I’m already walking out the door to “go and find an FWB that’s worth a damn.” (Fell back asleep and woke back up around 1:25 - 1:30) We’re (might be the same group from the last scene, but I’m not sure) all living on this massive ship (#55) by the ravine, and we’re throwing a rager. For some reason two of the different guys we live with offer themselves to me, and claim they want me all for themselves respectively, and want to plan out what things we will be doing as a couple () moving forward. Even though they are both obnoxious in their own ways I do still find them both attractive at varying degrees. One of them lightly touches me, and a shiver goes down my spine. This shiver is noticed by a different man we lived with on the vessel-home. The man has a half grin on his face and lightly chuckles. At some point I need to go and pee so I climb this incredibly steep paved road up towards the forest (#2) to do so there. I look back down at where I previously was and think to myself. Yeah, I can experience all this walking and still make it back in time to continue the dream down on the ship. I say this mid dream because I’m lucid (#146) of the fact I’m experiencing the same level of sensory information I would while awake. Subsequently, I feel completely tuned in to this developing narrative. The scene shifts again, and all of a sudden, another man and I need to leave the ship on the two horses (#41). My horse in particular has a buggy attached. We apparently need to go check on something while everyone else stays behind. We start to hear music (#175) that denotes a dangerous situation (like boss fight music) (#65) and we both race back to see what’s wrong. On the way back I become aware of the fact that the music and inner dialogues are not occurring at the same time. Each individual is experiencing the situation and time differently than one another. Since we’re all out of sync it makes us experience something akin to lagging. It’s like each of us is in our own bubble of time. Trapped in the same situation at different times with varying sensory stimuli. As for why I initially brought the buggy… I was unaware of anyone in the buggy itself so the dream version of me assumed it was going to be used to carry

something back. We make it back to the ship-home and I start to ride back through the narrow hallway (#72) we had originally exited through. The scene changes to the perspective of a male alien-robot (#153) who'd apparently been a part of our group. He had been attending the rager. Throughout the entirety of the party (#33) there was an extreme level of sexual tension between everyone. At this point he's been conjured away and is floating underneath this massive machine-space ship. The narrator speaks through the ships speaker system and scolds the male robot for being so easily influenced. The narrator continues to explain that the device he's floating below has been designed to stimulate him sexually. Not only that, the narrator says using this machine on him will cause some of his components to fry. (#139) He says once he's partially fried he will then use the robot-alien to do unspeakably violent (# things to "the scientist??" The narrator's end goal is to have him harm the scientist. The robot-alien is extremely upset and struggles in the air to get away from the ship. Trying to return to where he'd come from.

290. (7-21-24 - 7-22-24 @ 6:14am) Dream where I was able to go back in time to when I was a child (#118), but I still had all the memories of myself as an adult. I remember not being okay with settling into a one room dorm room of the elementary school (#164), and being upset by how small it was and how few possessions I could reasonably own. Some of the kids I didn't get along with in my initial childhood were friends of mine. Others still didn't like being around me regardless. I remember being in a class. Maybe freshman year of college. Where I'm talking about us finishing up the "content" which was synonymous with the assignments the female professor (#98) had assigned to us. At some point the teacher says not to say "content." I replied that we were literally paying the college to finish up their own uncompleted content, so I'd say what I pleased. I said this from these desks which were all super tall (#150). Closer to the ceiling than the floor the professor was walking on. Not just my desk, but all the students' desks. I float-flew (#61) down from my desk and out the door (#82) after being annoyed by the situation. As I'm outside the door to the classroom I realize it's dark outside because it's nighttime. I still see a glimpse of the setting or maybe rising sun that gives me just enough light (#36) to see. As I look down at the grass far below me I look back towards the sun and pray for the ability to fly and control my flight. Without another word I made the conscious choice to jump and I was able to float-fly after a few seconds of straight falling (#170). I'm incredibly excited and start to fly towards the left and close to what I think could have been a small body of water (#50). I can't confirm though because it was behind a building where the sun wasn't illuminating the scene as much. Part of my dream included a centipede (#41) spawning in my house identical to the one from the townhouse that I tried to chop in half. The result? They just became two centipedes. They were on the right of my front door in the living room of Centerton-Bentonville house.

291. (7-22-24 - 7-23-24 @ 4:42am) I vaguely remember being in a kitchen with a black and white checkered floor. Scene changes and there was a circle of grass and these people in the circle were making fun of and beating up someone that didn't live in accordance with their values. I come into the circle and scream "your god is ashamed of you! You delight in the suffering of others." A guy to the side of me says "yeah" matter of factly. "Your god must be so proud," I responded bluntly and sarcastically. Scene changes and a woman falls off of a balcony (#87). The balcony is facing the center of the building that is closed by all four walls of the building making this rectangular opening at the center of the red (#45) bricked building). She falls (#170) several stories and hits the ground with a thud. I remember believing she must have died (#140), but I'm not completely sure because I didn't see what happened after. The scene changes and there's several pools (#128) surrounding me and a young boy who seems to be my brother (not Conner though) We try to find the ocean water pool to fill his container with, but we accidentally got a little bit of fresh water as well when we poured it into our saltwater aquarium. The only fish inside was this brilliantly blue (#44) angelfish (#41). The scene shifts and there three figures I believe are women. They are standing

in front of me. At first they're wearing red, yellow (#47) and blue from left to right. Then the color shifted and I looked again to see the yellow was now being worn by the woman on the far left. . Then my "subconscious?" interrupts me and tells me the colors "couldn't" have shifted. I must have seen the yellow in the background which was very far from the women???? I don't dispute it, but I also don't vocalize any agreement. Shifts to a brief scene in which - - - (#99) talks to me and tries to gaslight me while disputing any claims I was making. I tell him that its rich coming from a man not even worth a name. I then proceed to explain to him that I never use his name anymore, and I only indicate his existence through 3 dashes. Not sure if he was amused by this or filled with that kinda rage that makes you smile. Not really sure to be honest. Scene shifts and mom (#111) is giving me a "dress" with a bunny (#38 & #41) on it and a single yellow flower. It does look like a dress when she hands it to me, but the dress was impossible to secure around me, and I was having to hold it tightly around me so I wasn't exposing anything. It was so clunky and it felt like I was trying to keep a sleeping bag wrapped around me. Supposedly it still looks like a dress since that's how figures on the periphery were acting like. Another shift and Van enters into wherever mom and I are. We try to convince him to leave. It is then revealed that this entire time he'd kept a picture of his dad in his wallet and another in his closet. Apparently he only punished Max's behaviors towards me for show and actually didn't care at all. At some point mom allows Van to sit beside her at the table while they eat. I know it's out of fear for mom, but I just start yelling. I end up telling Van about the picture where I lined up all of my toys with the Hermes figurine in my hand. I'm barely able to get out two sentences before he walks off while I'm still talking. Another shift occurs, and I'm walking around a college (#164). I was trying to go up a floor to find their library (#163) which my brain recognizes as being similar to the library in Crystal Bridges. Probably because it's also upstairs. I stepped into an elevator (#71) to go up, but I don't remember reaching the library. Though I assume the dream character with their own agency probably did go to said library. The scene shifts and I'm driving through a fast food drive thru (#168). An unseen individual, hands me a joint (#173) out of the drive thru window (#69). I say "even better than a rose," and as I start moving forward I see that a beautiful pink (#49) rose in a vase had appeared on the ledge of the drive thru window. Scene changes again and I'm stuck in an elevator with Van and these beautiful black women (#122). The elevator is broken and the women are holding the door (#82) shut. I get upset when we go past a floor we could have gotten off at but they instead continued to hold the doors closed till we got to the top floor. As we stumble out of the elevator (which I believe Van had broken) I tell them "I'm upset with y'all oh my god that was scary……. but you're all so very pretty" and proceed to walk off. The area we'd come to on the top floor looked like a massive pool party (#128 & #33) with different pools across the roof (#78) and plenty of people enjoying themselves.

292. (July 2024) Had a dream where I came into this clearing-front yard of "Van's" (#111) new house that he bought with his then fiancée. The house was a slightly worn, pale blue (#44)? Victorian with two floors. (I think it may have been light blue but don't hold me to that)They were holding the wedding (#28) in the side yard and a little towards the front yard. I see a long fold out table with a table runner and some food for guests (#20). As soon as I see Van on the front deck (#87) near the door of his new house I immediately run to attack him (#138). Violently so. Just to set the stage the clearing around his house is circled by a wooded area (#2). As I'm attacking Van the bride () tries to intervene, attacks me, trying to pull me away from him. She's just as pissed as Van is. As the altercation moves us a bit of distance we get closer to the food serving table which I proceed to flip over in a rage.

293. (7-23-24 - 7-24-24 @ 3:46am) Scene shifts and I'm looking at a picture of a girl another woman had. The girl in the picture had helped the woman flee (#125) from a dictator that had just killed her whole family, most recently her mother. It was titled "angel with olive branch." In the photo there is an angelic

spirit seen beside the girl, but the title of the work was named after the girl who'd helped her. The girl in the photo was a child. In the photo she's in the middle right part of the photo. In the background it shows the assassination of the woman's mother who was pictured away from the girl. The mother is on the other side of a crowd. This part of the scene is depicted from the perspective of a downward slope. Thus indicating that the little girl the work is named for has the higher ground. In another scene there was a boy that was trapped underwater (#32) due to a combination of his powers and a curse. Two women (#108) swim (#128) around him. They are also able to breathe underwater. The guy underwater has somehow caused a scourge of evil to fall over the land. I vaguely remember swimming underwater on two separate occasions. When I see the man trapped underwater he seems to have a weird tint cast over his form. Scene changes and I'm sneaking through the landscape trying to survive. At two different points there was a second person with me I was trying to help live through this chaos. Once when a man and I were in a hallway (#72) and realized there was a "time pocket" off to the right where we could hide (#123) from our pursuer for a long increment of time. The second time was when a wave of technology ploughed through the area like violent, ocean waves. When the wave started we ran under a rock ceiling. It was the entrance to a cave (#10) that led to this expensive, architecturally "modern" building that was built inside. Its shape is strange due to how tall and thin it is. The scene shifts and I'm living with a group of people who don't particularly like me. Due to this tension I wound up moving to a new apartment. It had this cool balcony (#87) that was pretty big. It also had fabric draped across it so the sun wouldn't be overbearing. As I was moving my environment seemed moderately dangerous. I end up successfully hiding from the danger. I'm not sure how this worked but I wound up moving to my new apartment while my pursuers tried to find me at my previous residence. The scene changes and I'm working in a hotel (#75) with my coworker who happens to be a middle aged, black man (#122). He told me that from now on I should lie if people called asking for him. Especially because they usually call when he's about to leave for the day. Right after this conversation I get a phone call from the front desk and figure it must be important. I ask him to take the call, and he simply reminded me of our previous conversation kindly and left. In a separate portion of the dream my bad tooth (#33) fell out, and I was relieved.

294. (7-26-24 - 7-27-24) Sitting in back right seat of vehicle (#58) in the gravel front area of the bluff house, and I'm holding a photo album that we were given to store for a little while by (what I believe to be, Nathan Sanderson's wife that got married in our property. Amanda right?) a friend of our family (#111). Mom has already opened the back right door to the vehicle already and she acts surprised. She says something like "oh, that does belong to her. I totally forgot about that.

295. (7-28-24 - 7-29-24) I don't remember much, but I do remember in my dream last night I was Spyro the dragon for a little while. (#65 & #40 & #41) When I first opened my eyes (which I assume is synonymous with loading a save file) I remembered that the last time I'd been there to play I had saved at this beautiful spot on the map where I was on top of this plateau thing watching this beautiful environment that seemed to be in the midst of the fall season since all the leaves of the trees had changed to warmer colors. There's distance between my floating plateau and the floating land lower down. Even though I could potentially fall off the map I proceeded to fly (#61) down and landed safely on the other land mass.

296. (7-30-24) I had a dream Kevin (#101) and I re-established communication through texts (#66) and phone calls. He tells me he got some girl pregnant and that he's been working a lot to help put back money for the baby. I'm honest with him and tell him that I don't think he realizes just how bad this is going to be. He doesn't believe me and says he and his girlfriend will be fine. I talk to him once his girlfriend's given birth, and he tells me he didn't realize how exhausting and impossible it is to raise an infant. Saying the baby cries all day everyday etc. I essentially tell him "I told you so."

297. (7-30-24 – 7-31-24) I only remember a small portion of the dream. At some point I see that I am in some high rise (#74) looking out over the city (#21) at night. I see Leonardo DiCaprio (#109) specifically as his character from the Wolf of Wall Street. He's looking through this massive window (#69) and looks across the city skyline. He's listening to music (#175) loudly while he's in the kitchenette of his expensive penthouse. He's dancing. He uses both fists to punch down to the rhythm of the song. See arms outstretched and to both sides going up and down while his knees are bent and he's also doing the same motion with his ass. As he does this I see what looks like alcoholic beverages (#174) (maybe beer cans?) appear beside-inside each of his hands each time the fists come down to the beat. It was one on both sides twice (4) and then a final one appeared above his head for a total of five. As I see this l unfold I think to myself (I'm looking at the back of his head by the way) that I live similarly to how he lives. It felt as though my conscious experience was only different in their "flavors." What I meant by that is that he prioritizes his own happiness and knows how to entertain himself. In the dream I notice he didn't have a significant other or a child. Due to this, he seems far happier than the average individual. Even though people project their insecurities on others and think no one could possibly be happy with their lives if they didn't have those things. The scene changes and it's myself dancing (#129) to a different song too. I'm nostalgic for it since it was a favorite of mine when I was a teenager. "Turns 18 years old soon. Can't wait either," she laughs. "Hopefully people will finally stop singing it," my friend said while laughing. She makes fun of me for being so into the song when, "it isn't good and its old as fuck."

298. (8-3-24 - 8-4-24) There's a man in my old townhouse off Sycamore that came to grab some things he needed. While he's looking around I fall asleep (#148) on the floor and struggle to remain conscious. "Did you get everything you needed?" I didn't actually know the man, but I was aware of why he was there. Scene changes, and I'm in a classroom (#164). We're doing some sort of class exercise. It seems the exercise is meant to honor our society's fascist leader. As I try to get in position for the exercise by watching my classmates something touches me. One of two men (#106), who were the students closest to me, held my forehead and pushed me forward while the other put his hand around my mouth to suffocate me. I started to accept death and it felt pleasurable to do so (#133). Suddenly I'm winched away from that scene and I'm listening to the two men say two different things with unsettlingly long pauses in between their replies. "I bet you never thought your own ….." time passes and the other man says "braids." In the scene prior I'm almost certain I did die. I was also fairly lucid (#146) at that point and chose to wake up (#152). After falling back asleep there was a music festival (#175 & #22) portion of dream. I must have come late because I was only there for one night. This upset me greatly. I was in a group of 3 or 4 women. It was odd. At some point I tried selling special drinks (#168) to the remaining festival crowd. Two of the girls (#108) begrudgingly agreed to help me pack up my camping area. Before we could go to pack things up I remembered that I'd never unpacked in the first place. My stuff was still in the back of my vehicle (#58). I then am able to see some scenes of the women in my group and I watching YouTube analysis videos (#67) about shows like iCarly before attending the festival. At another point during the festival we all had powers, could fly (#61), and had active pursuers (#125).

299. (8-4-24 - 8-5-24) In my dream last night I went to lodge (#157). I was celebrating with new members. There were a few men I was attracted too. We were doing ceremonies. I had to get a ride home (#58) from somewhere. Right before I woke up my dream self was up early getting breakfast at a donut shop (#168). I was buying some sort of meat product and a cream filled donut. Instead of charging me extra for the whipped cream the cashier she likes to squeeze out the leftover whipped topping to give to us for dipping the donut. As I was at the cash register I started wondering if I had enough money to make this purchase. I then thought about how much money was in my bank account. Dream me then remembered how much I had

in my waking bank account as I believed the amount to be identical to the amount in my bank account in the dream.

300. (8-5-24 - 8-6-24) I only remember a small portion of the dream. Mom (#111) and I were in this weird dimension and there were scary obstacles starting to pop up and I told her to get moving. She didn't and because of that we were trapped in this scary labyrinthine situation with monsters (#) in it. Even worse we were separated when the shift () fully took place. There were these tunnels (#56). The area seemed to be underground. Considering later in the dream Van and I go no contact and I say I'd say I'll miss you, but I'd be lying, I'm sure the scary obstacle dimension was just symbolizing mom deciding to stay with Van the entire time I was growing up. Another part of the dream had someone knocking at my door (#82) and it was a woman. We were on a higher floor looking out over what looks to be a mostly empty mall (#168 & #84). I guess they had rentable apartments. She shows me something on her phone (#66) to let me know Kevin (#101) wants to apologize and for me to unblock him.

301. (8-8-24 - 8-9-24) Was in some couple's () home and it was time for me to go, but it seemed like no matter how frantically I packed that I wasn't getting out of there any faster. As the dream progressed I got more and more anxious that I hadn't left with my belongings yet.

302. (8-9-24 - 8-10-24) My kitten (#41) has apparently swallowed something and isn't responding. I try to take it to the animal hospital, but my mom (#111) in the dream reacts poorly when she enters the animal hospital (#23) with me. She sees some of the sick animals in the building and then claims it's crazy to leave the kitten there. Saying it's dangerous blah blah blah and she won't pay for it (#168). I'm furious. She then turns back toward the room and says "just look at it!" As if animal hospitals wouldn't be intrinsically sad by default. So I get in her face and start talking while clapping intermittently. I say "if I can't afford to help my pet I don't deserve one." I wake up once and then go back to sleep and have a different dream. I'm looking at my new office. I see my desk and office chair (#2). The room is rather ornate and the two outside walls are entirely glass (#73). It does have areas where you can slide the glass open into a window (#69). The office is at the top right part of the house if you're facing the front door. I say to myself that "I'll use this room to get some sun and vitamin d," happily. The office reminds me of one my dad in the dream "used to have." I'm brought to a memory of said office that was in a second-floor bedroom that also got plenty of light (#36). It had no resemblance to my "real" dad's offices I've ever seen. My own office is overlooking nature. I'm almost positive I saw an ocean (#8) when I looked through the glass. The scene shifts and I'm flying (#61) towards this island (#6) that four others and I (#107) typically live on. As we're flying close to the sandy beach at the edge of the island I see five sets of swings. We end up getting trapped (#127) on this island by a deranged woman. The crazed woman thinks we've committed some crime and need to be put to death. I'm in a cell alone with her, and I take an opportunity to attack her while she's talking. She has a laser gun (#142) in her hand, but I don't have time to hesitate. I proceed to grab her and start to fold her into herself. As I grabbed her she was suddenly small enough for me to fold into halves and then tinier pieces. I do so in order to make sure she cannot shoot the gun at me. (#137) Because she's folded into herself the gun is hidden in the center with her unable to move or grab it. It does unfortunately kill her. (#138, #126, & #140)

303. (8-11-24 - 8-12-24) Last night's dream was very difficult to pin down as far as providing an adequate description as to what transpired. Everything seemed very alien and foreign to the human perspective. I do know that I was part of a group that was attempting to carry out some sort of spiritual mission while we were impeded by forces (#125) that sought to keep us from our goal. I know that my role in the dream was largely to complete certain spells (#159) and magical processes in order to keep us safe and move us closer to the goal post. Even though we were facing enemy parties that sought to stop us I never

felt like I or anyone else in my group was in serious danger. I know that the perspective and sizing of all locations and scenes were so alien that they can't really be described accurately. (#150)

304. (8-17-24 - 8-18-24) Had a dream that I had a son (#114) I absolutely adored. Had a nap later and the dream seemed like I was existing from my waking self's perspective. At some point I meet (mom?) (#111) in a hallway (#72) and she starts talking. I don't know what she said but dreaming me said "you're being weird so I'm gonna go." I turn back into the original, connected hallway back to my apartment??? As I open the front door (#82) and it closes I fear that my knee and upper leg got shut in the door. The scene shifts into the studio apartment and nothing had happened to my leg. Almost reminds me of a clipping issue in a video game (#65) or something. I can see the room almost through fluttering eyes. The image of the room's layout and furniture blinks in and out rapidly (#150).

305. (8-19-24 - 8-20-24) My family (#111) and we were all being chased by some malevolent force. Someone that wished us great harm. Most likely wanted to kill us. We run (#125) into our place while it's chasing us and there is a full grocery bag (#168) hanging on the handle preventing me from closing the door (#82). I quickly rip it off and close the door entirely and lock it just as the malevolent force had made it to our door. We barely made it.

306. (8-20-24 - 8-21-24) Music festival dream (#22 & #175). I felt like the festival didn't last long enough. It went by way too quickly and this greatly upset me. Apparently I lived close to where the music festival was being held. For some reason Edie (#111) and Janet also lived nearby. I went to the grocery store (#76 & #168) to do some shopping and ran into Edie. She tried to interact with me, but I ignored her and moved past her hurriedly. The scene shifts and there's a group of people playing a game (#64) with these magnetic beads that you can string together. There are also things like rings interspersed throughout the beads because the magnetism was strong enough to hold them together in the string. A few of these people in the group steal (#169) a few of my rings when I looked away from the game. I, of course, get angry, and they act like it's my fault even though they were the ones that grabbed mine and added it to their "strings". They keep trying to tell me it's a "me problem." I think about knocking each and every one of them out to grab my shit. I was able to grab two of the rings back when they were distracted over the course of two days but not all of them. Not sure if I'm remembering this correctly but I think there were three total. Two were diamond while the other was emerald. The ones I took back were emerald and diamond. I had a nap later in the day and dreamt that I visited a movie theatre (#83) that was the first movie theatre in the country to allow black people (#122) to watch alongside white people. I visited it specifically because of this history.

307. (8-25-24 - 8-26-24) At first there was a disembodied male voice talking to a woman about different people they knew that lived on different blocks in the city (#21). He said some lady lived on cherry block, He says he knows it's towards the northern part of the city but that's about all he knows about it. He also mentioned a guy living on a different block (don't remember the name but it was said) and how that block was closer to where he lived and he still had no idea where it was. The conversation was essentially him telling a woman that the city they lived in was so large it was almost incomprehensible, and it was almost impossible to find where any of us lived in correlation to one another. The scene shifts and I'm in what appears to be a hotel (#75) room with two beds. (I'm initially sitting on a couch (#95) that's closer to the window (#69) than the two beds. There is a false wall at the end of the couch that juts into the room maybe 4, 5 feet and on the right side of that wall is just an open area next to the window) There's a man sitting on the bed closest to the window and Miklyn (From Vantage Point) was sternly addressing the young man about the dangers of his addiction and that if he got on the actual tablets he could wind up addicted to meth. Which leads me to my next question. How was the young man still engaging with stimulant abuse without taking any of the stimulant pills? I remember the young guy (bit immature at times) was uncomfortable with

the conversation, but still actively listened to what Miklyn had to say. She was essentially chastising him for recently making a decision that made his addiction become more of a danger. I was confused as to why they were talking without being in the rehab itself, and in the dream I came to the conclusion that Miklyn had agreed to be this previous patient's sponsor. Meanwhile, even though I was seeing from the perspective of sitting on the couch neither of them reacted like I was there so I don't think they knew I was in the room.

308. (8-27-24 - 8-28-24) I had a dream I had a boyfriend () wherever this place was. He was short like Tyler and also lean. A lot of people didn't really like him for some reason. I sent him nudes all the time and he loved it. At some point he mentions to me that he talked to _____ (some man's name I can't remember) and that he'd told him not to mess around with me because I was waaaaay too complicated to understand. He literally told him I was "unfathomable." As my boyfriend tells me this I chuckle and get supppperr excited about what I perceive to be one of the best compliments I've ever received.

309. (8-30-24) I'm playing tug of war (#64) with full sensory simulation (#144). As much as the waking me would experience. I'm playing tug of war with some unknown party under and through this black veil (#52). When my hands got a little too close to the veil when playing I instinctively drew back with a pang of anxiety because I couldn't be sure who was pulling against me at the other end of the rope. I remember feeling all the sensations that come along with pulling against resistance like I actually right there. Later on I'm at bluff house and realize I'm late for work at Element (#168 & #75). Two of my cousins (little girls) (#108), mom (#111), and Van are there. I tell Van "I miss you" before I leave for work late. As I leave I think to myself that I hope my cousins don't think I was trying to ignore them by leaving.

310. (8-31-24) Dream. Kept trying to wake up from dream (#152) I was in my "own home." (821 Boardwalk) The couch (#95) was different enough that I noticed so I knew I was asleep (#146) and dreaming. I kept jumping up and down and trying to hit the ground hard enough to wake up but it did take a bit. Then I woke up for maybe half an hour and then fell asleep again. Once again I'm in the "same" living room in my "house." I'm playing with a toddler aged Conner (#111). Held him on my chest briefly and told him I loved him. Right as I'm saying that to Conner I feel the literal sensation of water raining down (#144) onto the lower end of my body closer to my feet. The scene shifts to my "bedroom" and I'm lying on the bed trying to wake up. I forced my body bit by bit to move until I slid off the bed while trying to wake myself. I was very lucid and I knew my body was heavy and fighting me so it was harder to wake myself from the dream.

311. (9-3-24 - 9-4-24) I'm inside of a car (#58) in a line behind one other vehicle that is currently at a checkpoint at the mouth of this dark cavern (#10) I cannot see into. It is at this point I decide I don't want to go into the cavern anymore. I open the car door, get out, and begin to walk away. The two other people that were in the vehicle (2 women) (#108) with me try to follow me and force me to go back to the line and enter the cave. One of the women has this backpack in her hands as she approaches me. She's holding the backpack's loops out towards me as though she intends to capture me and bind my arms within the backpack's straps. It obviously doesn't work (#126), and I continue to back away (#125) from them while turned to face them.

312. (9-8-24 - 9-9-24) Had a dream where I was in danger due to suddenly being in an environment where moving left makes you fall to the right and crash to the floor and vice versa. The people involved with this organization are known to get violent (#137) with those that become too disoriented and fall close enough to them for them to take violent action.

313. (9-12-24) "What do you think of the coral reef," she asks. "What coral reef," I reply curiously. I'm sitting down on a couch (#95). And there's a coffee table in front of me in between me and this woman I'm speaking with. The woman has built this sort of segmented tail that trails out from my feet. Each segment is

built with a theme in mind. I lean to my left to see behind the coffee table and I see the segment she's talking about. It's a mint green (#42) color with these beautiful buildings with unique architecture next to these big seaweeds that dance as if in water. Once I see it I tell the woman that segment is my favorite.

314. (9-13-24 - 9-14-24) I'm in some sort of community (#97) on a campus of some sort. We are all very close to one another. I'm in a relationship () with some guy. Wasn't really provided much information about our relationship. At some point he talks with me about breaking up. We both agree to separate, and once our friend group on campus know the men in the group begin hitting on me. At some point it switches from my point of view to the ex's point of view. (#150) There are three different things he sees. The first is one where we are all hanging out outside of a party (#33). He watches as two of our guy friends (#106) and I all start to play wrestle. The men wrestle me to the ground while we laugh. He watched the whole time but didn't seem to say or think anything I could recognize. The second scene is similar, but this time it's me and an individual man outside of class also play wrestling and he pins me to the ground easily. The ex observes the entire time again but doesn't convey to me as an observer what he thinks or feels. The third scene is just of the ex walking down an alley (#72) of grass outside of some buildings. At the bottom of his line of sight a small words appears quickly and disappears just as quickly as he walks. He wasn't able to read what the text said so he backs up to the place he stood when it appeared and it said something along the lines of "status: content, happy." (#65) He realizes to that I, his ex, must be to the right of him inside the building he is standing next too, and that that's the reason his status message appeared. Him being that close to me is what had triggered the status message.

315. (9-16-24) Dream me and a group, party, were walking around the land in search of resources. We come upon a group of animals (#41) next to a lake (#3) that were weakly and sick. They're next to a lake and I tell everyone to leave the animals alone. They grumble but they listen to me. At the lake there's this specific area next to a building on the edge of the lake where the lake water is a dark purple (#46). It's where the wine (#174) drains into the lake. I walk into the lake and swim underwater (#32) through the dark purple water and take a big drink of the grape flavored wine.

316. (9-17-24) A person hides (#123) from a violent (#137) pursuer, but stupidly decides to leave the functional hiding spot too soon and the pursuer engages once more as they flee (#125). There's a point where I'm running through this stone hallway (#72) and take a sharp right and head towards the elevator (#71). Even though I am able to remember doing this "level" (#65) before and being able to successfully get enough distance between me and the scary person-monster running after me to successfully enter the elevator and push the close doors (#82) button without them getting in I got too close of a glimpse back at how close my pursuer was and "left" (exited the level) without attempting the elevator part because I felt more anxious about it that go around. The ball of circular air goes over the oversized pan of food and then asks if the person would be willing to eat it. The magical (#159) current of air was created by someone capable of creating things beyond comprehension. Was likely a divine entity of some variety, but I can't be sure.

317. (9-18-24) Dreamt about being in the middle of a school (#164) shooting (#136 & #137) and having to flee (#125). Later on, I kept asking these older ladies, all had white hair (#165), to hide (#123) as well because the shooter preferred women their age as targets. They didn't listen and instead threw a little luncheon in the downstairs living room.

318. (9-19-24) Elisa (#104) was there at one point as we were headed to an old piece of property I used to live on. Being forced to by bad people who meant to harm us (#137). I told Elisa something about how she'd finally get to see my childhood home or something like that to which she replied that she already had a long time ago. The land vaguely reminds me of the piece of land the original cabin was on, but they're not

similar enough to say it looked that way purposefully. It was apparent the dream me's childhood home. Not mine. Being searched for in the massive (building?) that had a bit of a spaceship like interior with a bunch of metallic textures (). Anyway, everyone I knew and cared about were constantly running (#125) and hiding (#123) from these sadistic individuals and it was a difficult task. Oddly enough, during the very long conflict, which lasted days, most likely months, I had a boyfriend ()??? That would occasionally lay with me and sleep (#60) with me which calmed me greatly. I cared about him a lot. And later on me and Nick Williams (#117) was a thing??

319. (9-21-24 - 9-22-24) Dreamt about Wakaan (#22 & #175). It felt like it was over after 24 hours which greatly upset me. I finally confront Jessie Casey (#117) and she exaggeratedly begins to cry as if she had any feelings a to hurt. Also, at some point in my dreams yesterday and today I remember experiencing a dive into psychotic perspective (#154) and trying to lean back a bit so I didn't fall completely into the swirling water below.

320. (9-22-24 - 9-23-24) I keep going up these two main ladders (#70) up to great spaces above in a strange place. The most bottom part of one of the ladders is made out of the fabric () of a black dress in the same bouncy material as my black robe. I have a hard time getting a grasp of each ladder respectively. Scene changes and I'm outside in a weird space where the trees are too tall (#150). I flick my lighter and… "fire! (#35 & #36) Fire means snakes. (#39 & #41)" Old man falling apart himself pushing a similarly old man in a wheelchair after the chase after the fire I just cast with my lighter. They turn left into a tent (#25). Wakaan (#22 & #175) is getting closer and I keep thinking about what I should pack. Etc. I start to head to Wakaan.

321. (9-23-24 - 9-24-24) Had another dream about Wakaan (#22 & #175) last night. I parked (#58) out on the far edge of the parking grounds (#79). I had a super nice bike (#53) for some reason which some man of Asian descent (#122) commented on.

322. (9-24-24) Had a dream last night that mom (#111) didn't care that Van was trying to assault me (#139) and that I had to continuously flee (#125) from the two of them in order to remain safe.

323. (9-28-24 - 9-29-24) Had one of the most vivid and detailed dreams I've had in a long while. The level of dexterity and detail was kinda fucked. I woke up feeling incredibly dysphoric. Like it was equally likely that I was waking up into a different dream instead of waking reality. It felt like every house in my neighborhood could be empty of life and I wouldn't have been surprised. Here's how the dream went. There's this city (#21) that's been mostly abandoned and destroyed (#19. No signs of life. Many buildings are crumbling. A smog (#17) hovers about the city. There's this neighborhood where the houses aren't destroyed. Somewhat Victorian styled two story houses. Technically no one is allowed to live in them but people sneak in and live there occasionally anyway. In one of the houses I find some survivor's art presented and for sale (#168) in one of the bedrooms upstairs. At first, I think some of the portraits just be AI (#67) which makes me a little uncomfortable until I realize the woman in the portraits is the artist that made all of the pieces. I reflect on how cool it is that she left her art here for sale to my mom (#111). At some point I hear music (#175) and rush to the bathroom (#90) where mom has turned on a speaker in the bathroom. I quickly turn it off and ask her what the fuck she's doing since we could be caught. She seems out of it. There's two separate parts of the dream where I run into that waitress from when we left 24' Wakaan early and make eye contact with her. Another part where I'm with this beautiful, pale, dark haired woman (#165) that I immediately go down on (#167 & #121). At another separate point mom takes me to the doctor (#23) to check on my eye health that's one of the last places to see a doctor which is attached to this someone disheveled mall (#168 & #84). Later on mom reminds me that we need to make a follow up appointment. At some point a group of three Hispanic (#122) people come into the house I'm currently in that neighborhood. Mom's gone for some

reason. I jump out onto the roof-ledge (#78) from the window (#69) and use two separate, long sticks to hoist myself up and away from the building. A man outside observes me. He says something about how all the other times I was able to use my strength to climb both sticks with one part of the sticks touching one another which I do with ease as I jump up the sticks with my momentum and continue to climb. When I fell back asleep I went back to the same neighborhood. At some point in the dream I realized I was pronouncing dysphoria as “dispora.” Which confused me. I wind up with my dad and an abusive mom and our house is overrun with cats (#41). I end up staying with a neighbor one night and then being officially moved in with my uncle snoop (#109). He has a basement bedroom where I can be safe and out of the way and any noise won’t bother them. At some point Conner is a baby again. And is sent to day care. There is a comically long bike (#150 & #53) with so many seats that comes to pick up the day care attendees and drops them off. It’s driven by a rabbit (#38 & #41) and there are baby rabbits in the bike seats but no Conner. We drive (#58) to the daycare and try to find him which we eventually do behind the daycare after beating someone up (#137) for information. The house I first stayed in after moving away from my shitty family typically throws the neighborhood Christmas (#31) party (#33) but uncle snoop starts to throw it without warning them ahead of time. They’re upset. There’s a pool (#128) we swim in and at some point later on we go down to what looks like a creek that dream Sydney calls a river (#7) to swim. I sing a song (#175) about the river as we approach it. At some point a very fancy pastry shop (#168) kinda like Rick’s but fancier opens up in the neighborhood. I notice in a corner there are two pastries that are Fourth of July (#31) themed that should have been thrown away a long time ago. I fell back asleep again and was fully cognizant I was awake and that things weren’t real. I looked at “my” purse and realized the see-through purse wasn’t the one I use when I’m awake (#146). I woke up in the hospital (#23) and I asked the nurse what was wrong with me and why I was so sleepy and she said she thinks my body is just tricking me and that I’ll have to force myself out of it. At some point I’m walking through this hospital and a woman makes eye contact with me while I’m walking around. This woman gets up and walks up to me and says. “You used to run from it, but now you revel in it. We’re proud of you.” (#145) I’m shaken by this and I simply say “I love you.” In the hospital parking garage (#79) I hear my vehicle (#58) play Lacrimosa by Apache (#175) and I put my body against the radio to see if I can feel the sensation of the bass (#144) playing since I know I’m in a dream. I can feel the bass just as I would feel it in “real life” which slightly unsettles me. I remember seeing so many different people in the parking garage and marveling at how they all looked so real. They all had so many specific features. I remember focusing my vision onto that purse I mentioned prior and the visual image of the purse was fading in and out from hazy to concrete. The harder I focused the more solid the purse became. (#144) I ended up watching a reaction video (#67) from these two black men (#106 & #122) and I remember thinking to myself “I wonder if this reaction video actually exists” and I responded that I didn’t think that it did. Then I was watching a video about a black man that had been killed by a cop (#98 & #140) on their way to “black con.” A nerdy convention for black people only. I cried. He’d made his own cosplay. At the end of the video it has an outro animation of the two men as those cool weighted bean things we used to race as children. You know what I’m talking about right?

324. (9-29-24 - 9-30-24) Dream of working (#168) at a random sonic turned into a hunger games style game (#137) where two leadings families (#98) in the kingdom from two different countries had kids who were in the games. I saw a contestant named Sydney die (#110 & #140) on my screen (#65) as the games began: dead, thorny vines (#11) began to take over the ground and was grabbing and killing people. Hiding (#123) in the snack box. Sneaking out and around the left side of the gate (#52) without opening it etc. Mom and dad (#111) were in on it the whole time. So many snakes (#39 & #41) on and around the boat (#55).

Massive gorilla (#41). Website forum page (#67) reads “no attacking *Sydney Zane*.” Apparently I had recently posted something that had pissed off the users of the website. (Finish adding all of the details to this dream please)

325. (10-2-24 - 10-3-24) Through reflective surfaces. In element (#168 & #75) back office and I’m talking at a full length mirror (#93) while also talking to some other people that can see me turn and address the mirror (#93). I repeat a list of grievances about something 2 times minimum, most likely three. Different closing sentence each time. “And that’s about everything I think” “Thank you and goodnight.” In a vehicle (#58) and I’m in the back-left seat looking at these shapes that are reflecting off the car door window (#69). I see it doesn’t match “the real one.” And warn a friend in the vehicle for them to be careful. Felt this sort of glide turn movement mechanics like in Spyro the dragon (#65 & #40 & #41). Fell back asleep and dreamt that I was chastising the general populace in conversation because I thought it was odd that they didn’t realize that life on earth could be eliminated by any number of natural events within the universe. Shortly thereafter I’m looking at a diagram of some sort that shows that the sun had just been extinguished. Giving us only a sliver of time to reflect on our end barreling our way. Also, at some point I was actively dying (#133) in my dream and yelled out call 911 as many times as my body would allow.

326. (10-10-24) Had a strange dream where myself, my mother (#111) (not Nancy), and I think a small group of other survivors (#19 had to flee (#125) from a violent (#137) group looking to not only displace us, but eradicate us. As we fled from the original lands we would start to set up a new living arrangement by using already existing houses that had no one living there. However, each time we would land at the next location we would look off into the distance to where we had previously been only to see the lights (#36) flip on as the violent group followed our trail in an attempt to find and kill us. We move from place to place, and the further we get away from our original home to more we hoped they would give up and return from where they'd came. Sadly this was not the case. After we'd run out of domiciles to use we began to push out into the underbrush and heavily wooded area of a nearby forest (#2), but no matter where we hid (#123) and created our own dug out area to hunker down and camp out in we'd always begin to hear them headed in our direction eventually. At some point "we" wind up in a small section of a city (#21) that had this sort of town square (#172) shopping (#168) area with an accompanying hotel (#75) people were staying at for some kind of festival that was being held. At this point it was just me and my mother. At first we were unable to stay in the hotel because the violent group had told the hotel not to rent to us. Fortunately we were able to have my father (not van) create a reservation we were able to check into discretely. As all of this is unfurling the scene shifts and I see the violent group chasing down this young man I know to be a part of some minority group that waking me has no idea the details of. The man didn't have any skin color differences or anything, but I just inherently knew that he was a part of a certain group that had been heavily targeted recently. As they begin to chase the man he runs to a nearby pond or lake (#3) that was swirling into the center of itself as though it was draining even though the level of the body of water never decreased in size. In order to escape his potential assailants he dove straight into the middle (#128) of that spiral and wound up somewhere else that the group could not follow him too.

327. (10-13-24 – 10-14-24) Don’t remember most of the dream, but I do remember playing with these tiny kittens. The one I remember holding was a black kitten (#41).

328. (10-14-25 - 10-15-25) Mom (Nancy) (#111) being evil and on Van and Max’s side. Try to smother her (#138) with something unsuccessfully. Going on vacation with friends overseas. Airport (#57). High end party with friends. Beyoncé performing (#175 & #109). Sexual encounter with female friend (#167 & #121). Separate scene in childhood bedroom on bluff (#116). Masturbation with electric toy (#67) to completion.

School setting (#164) where people don't want to intervene between me and a rapist (#139). Dangerous fleeing (#125) through woods (#2) and outside structure.

329. (10-19-24) Dreamt about bragging to - - - (#99) about my upcoming class action settlement after trying to correspond with him so I could collect my belongings from his place. While this is occurring there is a huge crowd observing us under the pretense that they know I am the one that's going to complete "the game." (#63)

330. (10-20-24 – 10-21-24) Having to be the last man standing in a realm very difficult to observe and understand. I was the last one standing on two different occasions. Sexual desire and being denied after asking someone if they're dominant in bed towards the end. Prior to this conversation I remember being really close to orgasming (#167 & #144) and feeling those pleasurable sensations that were causing said orgasm.

331. (10-26-24) Had a dream that I was public enemy number one in a small population where we all knew one another and had been very close friends. There was some sort of misunderstanding where they thought I'd done something horrific. While they were after me there were lots of creative escape (#125) techniques and hiding (#123) spots. There were some close calls though. At one point one of them had a gun pointed at me (#137 & #142), but hesitated. During that small time frame I was able to make a break for it. By the end of the dream they had discovered their mistake, and were very apologetic about the whole thing. There was this weird separate part of the dream where I was in this high elevation condo like apartment that had a veranda (#87) with two open places where a barrier wall was between you and the view of the area and street below. The apartment was my mother's (Nancy) (#111) and I guess I was hiding there during all the conflict. I was lying on the ground of the apartment with my back to the floor. Van was there and mom was accosting him to put on this sort of long coat made out of a plastic material () due to risk of being shot. Mom pointed at the barrier walls leading to outside and showed us that the wall was just see through enough that it could be a problem. Van refused while mom fussed at him. I stayed on the floor because I didn't want to be involved one way or another.

332. (10-28-24) Yesterdays dream of me continuing to wake up in my own home thinking I'm awake repeatedly. False awakenings (#149) with mom and Conner (#111) and eventually mom and Van inside my home in the guest bedroom that looks nothing like my own. When I enter the guest room mom and Van are lying in bed either doing nothing at all or quietly talking to one another. Mom had cleaned up my house a bit while I "slept." (#148). Note, during the course of the dream I came in and out of lucidity (#146) annoyed by the fact I couldn't tell for sure whether or not mom had come to my house while I was sleeping because it was hard to tell whether or not I was awake.

333. (10-29-24) It starts out with mom (#111) being around some of her side of the family and she is in an absolutely shit mood. I keep begging her to show me positive attention and she absolutely refuses. I keep telling her I need her and she either ignores me or is cruel to me each and every time. I don't understand why she's being this way. At this point I hear someone say that Ronnie and one of our neighbors was found dead (#140). At this point I am absolutely fucking devastated for my mom. It's not fair and I'm so upset. It's at this point I find out that he was found dead after mom came across some footage (#67) of Ronnie and Van (#106) having sex (#167) and making fun of mom in said video. Which is all the more appalling. At this point Van is coming around being absolutely violent and threatening (#137) towards mom. I step in between the two and tell him he needs to leave and this is wrong and I don't want to have to hurt him. He leaves but later when the sun is going down (#36) him and some of his friends come to attack the house (which at this point is the bluff house (#116)). I, of course, protect us all and begin shooting at Van (#138 & #142) until he flees. At this point I ask mom if Van knows where my house is. She asks that I look at the camera system that's

inside my house. I look at the video footage and at this point Van is holding a gay orgy in my house and destroying my things while others steal (#169) some of my belongings. I push the 911 button and for whatever reason it signals an alarm and they all scatter. The dream kinda shifts vibes into a customary running from group (#125) that wishes me dead type dream. I'm boring under the earth with a female friend of mine and we try desperately to escape them but they're behind us every step of the way. I try to keep our distance through creative escape ideas but it's difficult. At some point we are fleeing through this corporate office like environment (#168) and they briefly catch me and threaten to sexually violate me (#139) by stimulating me sexually and making me orgasm against my will if they are able to keep me there. I'm able to escape again and me and my friend jump off the side of the building till we fly (#61) down to this beautiful library (#163) in the center of the woods (#2). At first I think we've evaded them but they show up again and we once again jump from the building and fly into the heavy thick woods next to this tall mountainous hill (#4). They are basically right on our ass but we're too fast for them. We come across this music festival (#22) area in the woods where two of my favorite bands (#175) will be playing right next to this massive science experiment by the people that wish us harm. It is at this point I realize they have this massive machine. This machine that seems to be similar to a hydron collider but it has four different spaces where you can fit things that you wish to smash into one thing. At this point I realize they don't want me anywhere near it and I make the decision to high tail it into the machine as they are staring a demonstration to the other evil members of their conglomerate. They see me enter but are unable to stop the machine since it is already activated. I stand inside this metal piece of machinery similar to a mixer metal bar that makes a |_| like shape where you can stand on the bottom. I do this while the machine starts moving faster and faster. I know it will make me strong enough to defeat the evil that drove me here.

334. (10-30-24) (In the beginning of the dream I'm living in some bastardized version of Janet's old place except it's on a second story. After people target me for the death of Van (#111 & #140) I eventually come back because when Janet moved out she had to move out in a hurry and left a lot of shit behind. One possession left behind that I decided I would take was this stained-glass lighthouse shaped lamp (#36 & #86) in her living room) Apparently dad was found dead and they, the police (#98), called me (#66) to ask about my involvement in what happened but I couldn't remember anything. The entire town turned on me as they had all assumed I had something to do with Van's death. After being chased and threatened I had to escape (#125) into the ocean (#8) in an attempt to swim (#128) away. Every time I tried one of the townsfolk, typically a male, (though a girl did do it once) would jump in after me and drag me back to shore only for me to try again and again. On my last attempt I turned towards the right and jumped off these boulders next to the raging sea and began to fly (#61) upon sprouting angelic wings. Only to the amazement and dismay of the man following close behind me. It is at this point that I am transferred to an alternate reality version () of the town itself that is most heaven like in nature. I'm not accepted completely. There are a few women in particular that don't seem to be very fond of me. But for some reason we're all able to slide across the floor and dance (#129) like we're roller skating but we can do it with any kind of shoe (#132). I'm particularly cute in a lot of scenes which pisses off a few girls but especially one girl in particular. At the end I slide skate dance into a dance circle of mostly men. When myself and a female friend realize that it's a dance circle for the boys only we leave the dance circle while smiling and laughing.

335. (10-31-24) Had a dream where we were the last group of survivors of an apocalyptic scenario (#19. At some point we were raiding a mall (#168 & #84). Kayli sparks (#117) was there. As time went on mom (#111) got more and more mean and demanding. I'd made plans to help one of my friends and she demanded I spend time with a family we were sharing a family with instead. She got really verbally and emotionally abusive. There was this point where Ronnie disappeared. We were all standing in this strange

line towards the end of the dream which at first defied the laws of physics (#150). There was a dock (#87) above this water and this roll of fabric (), like a rug that was stretched out entirely across the water (#3) while it is somehow able to hold the weight of everyone standing on it. As I walk to the end of it I see three to four men in indigenous garb (#122) with these painted wooden masks with random shapes painted (triangles, circles, squares) jet black as the mouths. They were guarding the end of the other dock across the water. I walk to the very end of the rug laid on the top of the water and once I reach the end of it my weight causes the rug to capsize and sink into the water. We all plunge helplessly into the water below. People seem to be at risk for drowning (#141). As the dream ended we all seemed to be attempting to get on this boat/ship/space ship? line thing (#55) to flee (#125) the area as we knew the things that could kill us were on the way (#137). It was at this point me and mom realized Ronnie had been killed by Van (#140) by finding a photo in this run-down shack that used to be a convenience stand (#168). As we all board the ship we begin to fly off into the air and eventually up and over the hill (#4) on the right of your childhood home the “tractor shed.” (#116) We see all of the zombie (#176) humans towards the front of this massive group of them standing still and unmoving. At the back there are still a few animated zombies walking around hungrily. I say out loud “oh my god we killed them.” We fly (#61) to the left headed around the bluff facing piney bay only to discover a settlement of survivors that were partying and they seemed to be holding a music festival (#22 & #175). They were all smiling at waving at us to come down. Strangely enough, even though they were in the danger zone there wasn’t a fence protecting them but we still knew it was an inherently safe settlement.

336. (11-1-24) Deep in the confines of an underground city (#21) I find myself in a strange environment in underground Dallas. There’s an underground mall (#168 & #84) that most of my peers work at. Not very liked there so I move to the underground version of Austin instead. At some point our underground facility is taken over by dangerous snakes (#39 & #41) (scene of me saving a child (#115) from daycare during the snake scene). We all have to fight them off (#137) by using these mechanical devices (#67). Once we successfully stop these fast replicating snakes some new issue arises where suddenly people in the underground city are brainwashed to not leave nor let any others leave to the surface (for some reason I’m unaffected). *insert sexual encounter (#167) here. * Some people were able to escape in between the snake issue and the brainwashing issue. They were supposed to come back for us but never attempted too out of fear. I’m able to escape (#125 & #127 & #126) by myself and realize they chose not to come back for us. They also didn’t think I’d be coming back because I caught them in the middle of trying to place my cat (#41) in a cage (#127) in an all cat zoo enclosure.

337. (11-2-24 - 11-3-24) Had dream last night that I went to a Halloween (#31) festival one night and a music festival (#22 & #175) the next. At the first festival I accidentally left a lot of my crystals laying around and they got picked up by a lot of random people. I went back to the people that did the Halloween festival because they were gonna do a rocky horror picture show themed ritual but one weird dude was making the vibe uncomfortable so I left and I wound up getting candle wax on me () from accidentally making the candles fall over when I quickly left through the door (#82). At some point in the dream I did finish a college class (#164) and graduate. After having left before experiencing the Halloween ritual I wished that I had been able to go through with it without the weirdo getting in the way of it. I went to visit the organization that had held the Halloween festival. I talked to one of their head members, and they explained to me that this group had their own living arrangements in this building they operated out of. This woman who is one of the leaders in the organization suggests that I go up and visit the man who had founded the organization at his own living quarters. I go to meet the man and I can’t remember the specifics, but he was disabled in

some way. Not sure what took place between our initial meetings and what happened next, but the scene shifts to reveal that him and I were in the middle of a sex (#167) act.

338. (11-3-24 - 11-4-24) Dream last night. Living in childhood bedroom. In bluff house (#116). Having to keep the blinds on the windows (#69) closed as tightly as possible and do everything in my power to not have visibility on the outside so Van (#111) couldn't point a gun at me and kill me (#137 & #142). At the beginning of the dream he was talking like normal in the closet (#91) of the room and I remember it being kinda nice to just be able to have that familiarity without any of the shitty parts thrown in.

339. (11-4-24) Dream during nap today. In this world Thanksgiving (#31) is on Nov first. For some reason I'm charging my phone (#66) at "Van's (#111) house" IE updated version of childhood "tractor shed" house (#116). I remember being sleepy at one point and holding up a flyer for a meat-burger shop (#168) and saying he was meant to open one. When I awoke (#148) on the couch (#95) nothing bad had happened but I think either his hand or leg was against my knee. I left without either of us saying anything. Earlier in the dream I saw he was planning on celebrating Thanksgiving with a small friend group which did include at least one woman who was blonde (#165). At some point in the dream he brought up what's "best for Sydney" which amused me and mom in a disturbing kinda way.

340. (11-5-24) Dream during nap today. The dream begins inside of a Target (#168), and I realize very quickly that not only am I dreaming (#146), but the level of sensory detail within the dream is far too complex and visible to my dream cognition (#144). This realization occurs when I see this little girl walking by with her mother. The little girl is far too real in the sense that she appeared to me in the same way and at the same degree I would see someone walk by me in my waking life. I think to myself how the image of her movements is far crisper than they should be in a dream. The dream shifts and I find myself inside of a boarding school? College? (#164) for the magically (#159) gifted. I start off inside of their cafeteria (#85) and look around the room to see wooden tables and benches made from a dark colored wood. There is a male professor (#98) that is reminiscent to the movie characterization of the fictional character "Mad Eye Moody" (#109) from the Harry Potter series. There is a glass door (#82) leading outside from the cafeteria in the back left corner of the room. It seems as though this mad eye moody like character is trying to use magic to fix the door from being able to be opened by anyone that tries to enter. I gather he is doing this for our protection. The scene shifts and I and I'm this male magician's study-office (desk and office chair (#162) included) and we are discussing the merits of my magical talents-abilities. We are interrupted by an incoming threat. It seems as though the school is being infiltrated by violent forces (#137) and many of us ran (#125) around searching for a proper place to hide (#123). For some reason the infiltrators do not appear anywhere near me. They never enter and search the room I chose to hide in. After the coast is clear I leave the closet (#91). I am of the opinion that these enemies of the school only entered one room. The room directly behind the one I had been hiding in. These rooms are on the left side of the hallway (#72) if you are facing north. I do not get the vibe that anyone from our college was hurt, but I was also unaware of what had happened to the threat after they had entered said room. All I know is they never came back out. Sometime later I am in the attic with another student that is reading from an ancient book (#161) that seems to have magic and Masonic (#157) knowledge written within it. The student, she, is reading intently and taking notes as she is about to take a test on the knowledge contained in the chapters she'd been assigned. After she's done I get the idea in my head to take pictures of the pages of the book with my phone (#66) for my own later reading, but for some reason I never do. The scene shifts again and I am walking through the back porch (#87) and backyard of the school grounds that have an almost tropical feel. The school grounds behind the building are fenced in and only those permitted may enter. For some reason students are in the midst of a volleyball tournament (#64). Someone, who I believe to be a male staff

member suggests I join in, and I awkwardly change the subject and take my leave as quickly as I can. It feels as though I have two reasons for not wanting to participate. One, it feels like I still have the desire and intention to return to the book containing sacred knowledge in the attic. Two, I'm almost positive I would do poorly in the competition. It is at this point I choose to re-enter the college building. The scene shifts and it looks as though the college is in the middle of some sort of Thanksgiving (#31) charity function. We, the students, are selling bulk meals with either a whole turkey or a plate of ham (#20). The students are working hard as servers to each table that has purchased a charity plate. I am told by one of the faculty members to start working as a server. I nod, but instead I walk through to the back of the area and out a side door (#82) down some steps (#70) into some parking lot (#79) (vehicles included (#58)). I look back at the building and see it is made from a reddish (#45) brick. I also notice that this area external to the college building seems to be residing in an area I'd describe as being in the heart of a city (#21). Something similar to the energy a place like Boston would give off. One of my fellow students, a male, walks up to me and begins to talk to me. It seems we had already been in the midst of a conversation about the possible existence of an unused room on the outermost edge of the building. One that would have a door leading into it from the outside and that said room wouldn't be connected to any other room inside the college. My peer is, apparently, trying to convince me "again" to help him and give him a key to a room like this that he could use as his own personal parking garage without any of the faculty knowing. I am hesitant as I don't want to do something I'm not supposed too.

341. (11-16-24) Dream. Had a dream about an active shooter (#136 & #142) situation in some random building and courtyard that was unfamiliar to me. There was a single male shooter that would wander around the area shooting at the people that were apparently stuck and unable to leave the dangerous area the man would walk the perimeter of. After a while the gunman had found the majority of hiding (#123) spots we would use, but he would choose whether or not to check inside the hiding spots seeming at random. Maybe to keep it more interesting a keep more potential victims and not run out too quickly??? At some point I'm huddle behind something with a few of the other people trapped here when gunshots start going off. One of the people close by says "get down, get down," but it was too late since I felt a strange burning, stinging sensation in my right lower abdomen. It obviously didn't feel like a gunshot (#137) would actually feel, but it was the dream's version of that sensation. It was similar enough that that I knew I had been shot. There was a moment on the building's roof (#78). Went back to sleep and dreamt…. I'm sitting down in a college classroom (#164) waiting for the professor (#98) to tell us what we're doing today. He comes in and tells us we'll actually be watching a pretty well known video that is infamous as being misogynistic and downright hateful towards women and what we need to accept about our "roles in society." I immediately say that I'm not watching it loud enough for the professor to hear me from the front of the classroom. Some guy in the class interjects and the other class says "at least give it a chance and watch it first." "I've already watched it." I say with my voice dripping with disdain. I walk out of the class as the male professor ignores my angry outburst. I'm swimming (#128) down in these deep waters (#32) and I have heavy earrings on while I'm swimming. At first this annoys some man nearby that I'm not sure about the identity of. However, later in the scene I make a joke about it as I talk clearly under the water about the steps we take before swimming and I added the step of, putting on the metal backs of your earrings so they stay on to the chuckles of people around me. Scene shifts. "It's a tough subject" says the male archeologist after I complain about how people often take things from ancient, divinely sacred spots (#27) that they have no right to disturb. The archeologist continues. "What if they discover some of the artifacts have been stolen (#169) and that the scene has been messed with so much it's nearly impossible to uncover what knowledge could have been ascertained by studying the site where it's currently located. He continues, "Wouldn't it be a good thing to

take them to be studied elsewhere so we could figure out what's missing? " I'm not sure how I feel about that scenario, but it was something I hadn't thought of so I find this question interesting. The setting of the historic site was inside of a damp cave (#10).

342. (11-16-24 -11-17-24) I'm running this little store (#168) which is either a sandwich shop (#88) or a bakery. I open the shop and close it later that evening. Scene changes and Jessie Casey makes a snide remark about my income and I tell her about my house and vehicle which seems to impress her. There was some sort of Halloween (#31) costume contest being held so we were taken to the costume store (#168) by a school bus (#58). Somehow I was left behind after being the last to buy a costume. Later on, all of us, classmates, were having a pool party (#128). I jump into the pool without worrying about my hair (#165) or makeup and after emerging from the water I was greeted warmly by some of my male classmates. The scene shifts and there is this massive, I mean absolutely colossal warehouse (#81) like room. It seemed to go on for a long ways. Meaning I can't see the other side of the room's end. In this warehouse there were two things that were mine. One was a collection of mom's (Nancy) (#111) old dresses she had given me and had been stored there. The other thing that belonged to me was a cage (#127) full of these tiny furry pets (#41) that reminded me of quill-less hedge hogs. I was supposed to be there to collect both the dresses and my pets. Four of five of them probably. Unfortunately Van and I were going to grab something down the street and return, but I somehow was unable to recognize that he was taking me too far from the warehouse unlike what we had initially agreed upon. When I finally was able to notice I had Van drive me back to the warehouse and one of my sweet pets had died in my absence. This was incredibly devastating to me. When I was able to greet and embrace the remaining pets I was crying from loss and gratefulness that the others were still okay. As I loved on them I was telepathically told by the one that had passed away how happy he was from seeing how much I loved him and the others from the afterlife (#144). The scene shifts again and I'm integrated into a community (#97) that seems to be ruled over by a woman who many affectionately call "our the black (#122), nerdy princess (#98)." Everyone loved her personality, and she was also incredibly beautiful. She held a concert (#175) for everyone with a favorite musician or hers that she'd been obsessed with for a very long time. The singer was this older man who had a very sweet and quiet demeanor about him. After the concert I mentioned to her that his voice was angelic, but that he had a tinge of sadness behind his eyes. That it made me feel as though he's faced great hardships. She essentially replied "nuh uh" because she didn't want to believe he was an unhappy person. Later on she asked for me to come with her back to her childhood home. It was in this isolated village with a hot, arid climate. The house itself had a grass thatch roof (#78) that she and her family would often sleep (#60) on top of to stay cool in the summer time.

343. (11-21-24) Had a vague dream about playing a massive game (#64) of hide (#123) and seek and winning.

344. (11-23-24) In the dream I'm taking care of toddler (#115) at some point. Next to a school (#164) that was just opening. There were some security guards (#98) that attempted to remove the toddler from my care. I'm not sure why. I had been moving with him quickly but it's not like they thought he was a student considering he was a toddler. Scene changes. Dragon (#40 & #41) of some variety threatens to kills us all (#137) including my mom (#111) (I think it was Nancy but could be wrong) we try to escape by fleeing (#125) but it's hard since he's flying (#61) above us. Eventually I do lose him and have to go on some journey to help all of the people (#63) being threatened by the dragon. I have to climb up this rocky mountain (#9) side even though it had just rained (#8) and everything was super slippery (). At one point in particular I grabbed on with both hands when there was a massive drop to the right of me. I feel myself slipping. Not sure if I did fall or not because the scene changed and I was on the far right side of the

mountainous region down by a lake (#3) (likely representative of piney bay) where I knew the dragon was sleeping (#60) (maybe waiting?) below the water. Scene changes. This portion of the dream ends up repeating multiple times (twice or three times). In this portion I keep driving (#58) onto this off ramp to get onto the main highway. Since it's an off ramp I am going the "wrong direction" to get onto the road by driving on the left side of the vehicle coming up and off of the highway. Not sure why this scene repeated the way that it did.

345. (11-25-24) Dreamt I was in some sort of art gallery with fellow artists. Since we were making the art pieces on this location I would assume it's an art class, but it certainly doesn't look like one. If anything it looks more like a museum. As I'm making this beautiful, massive piece a few of my peers are watching me. Two of them (both women) (#108) interjected to claim that my art was offensive in some way (I think they thought it was a case of cultural appropriation (#122)). They had specifically taken issue with a particular portion of the work on the upper left hand side. The top two thirds of the piece was made out of abstract shapes that I seemed to be adding "randomly" (IE: without planning in advance) as I went along. The portion they were referencing was a spot where I'd added an abstract, spiraling column-like shape on that upper left side made out of black and white stripes. I tried to explain what the shape actually meant, but they were refusing to believe me. It wasn't until the teacher stepped in to explain to them that I was telling the truth that they finally relented. By that point I was incredibly upset. Especially considering my creation was "the most beautiful things I could ever hope to contribute to the world around me." Once the conflict subsided everyone that came by to look at the finished piece said it was absolutely stunning. The scene changes. I'm now aware that there's a king (#98) that runs this (school? gallery?). I'm looking directly at a brochure advertising (#168) how you can book this king for weddings (#28) and other misc. events. ((Before I forget, the art I made in the gallery had some wavy abstract lines at the top which changed to straight lines across and down towards the bottom of it. When looking at the art from the side you could also see these squares (#172), wooden () pieces jutting out from it. The squares themselves had also been covered with the same abstract patterns on the canvas itself. To the point that if you looked at it front the front it blended in and looked 2D as opposed to 3D when viewing it from the side. I'm pretty sure the issue the two female students had with that specific part of the art had something to do with utilizing art techniques from a culture I'm not from (I'm guessing Sumer, but I don't know for certain). I think the black and white spiraled bars of color had something to do with it. That portion was on the top left of the canvas.

346. (11-28-24) Started as a nightmare. I kept getting stuck in a circle of sexual assault (#139). Having to escape (#125) etc. At some point - - - (#99) made some art house film (#68) about me that was less than flattering. It was a horror film, and it depicted me as a violent (#137) and terrifying threat. Obviously I didn't star in the film, so it didn't outright say it was about me, but there were enough details where you could figure it out pretty easily. When I worriedly complained to Elisa (#104) about how people were definitely gonna know it was about me she tried to downplay the issue. She told me most people probably wouldn't be able to figure it out, I knew she was wrong. The scene changes and all of my peers and I are living inside of a digital realm (#67) that is in the middle of an incredibly strange mall (#84 & #168). Some parts of the mall are self enclosed, while other areas lead out to a parking lot and a sidewalk that leads to other outlet stores. In the main part of the digital mall everyone has the ability to claim of small plots of "land" where we can build our own homes-buildings for various purposes. For whatever reason I had claimed and built on four different plots. In this part of the mall I lived alongside many of my old "sorority sisters." For some reason all of these sorority sisters were actually women I knew from school growing up in Lamar (IE: Ashley Elam, Lindsay Pratt, etc. (#117)) All of them were constantly being catty and mean to me, but in an underhanded way where they could plausibly try to gaslight me and deny any ill intent. Lots of backhanded compliments.

At some point I purposefully try to mess with - - - ‘s plot to terrify him in his own living space. Obviously he doesn’t like this at all and gets upset and angry. At this point in the dream he lives on this plot with a woman he’d recently married. () Later on I attempt to move into a different plot in the back, top-left part of the main “mall” territory. The process of moving to different plots reminds me a bit of how it works in the Sims (#65). About a week after I’d already gone through the process of claiming this new plot someone comes by to say that the plot was already claimed-owned by them before I’d attempted to move in. They’re really rude about it, and I get irritated enough that I just let them move back into the plot and fuck off somewhere to try and de-stress. I wind up going into this dark, wooded area (#2 & #26) behind the plot I’d just tried to move into and Kurt (#117) shows up to try and make me feel better. He is unsuccessful. After Kurt and I part ways I continue to do some vague tasks in the dark forest. Once I get back my mood is still undeniably sour, and this is when I become aware of the fact that my family (#111), IE: mom, owns these digital realms – mall territories and all of the stores inside of it. Since I’m in such a shitty mood I decide I’m going to be petty and forcibly shut the entire place down. I had come to the conclusion that no one “deserved it.”Everyone proceeds to freak out. Especially my previous “sorority” sisters. They’re all yelling and saying things along the line of “Why would you do this!!!? We’ve always been nice to you!!!!” I straight up told Ashley Elam to her face that she hadn’t been nice to me or liked me period since we were kids. She vehemently denied it. Since they’re all incredibly pissed they start trying to make fun of me for dressing the way I do when my family owns all of the clothing stores. Saying it was pitiful considering the “access” I had. I let them know that I enjoyed wearing my own style of outfits that I knew made them uncomfortable AF any time I was around. At this point I decide to leave the main part of the digital mall and head out to the parking lot to try and find my vehicle (#58). I’m unable to find it even though I remembered exactly where I’d parked it. I continue to walk across the parking lot (#79) where a few outlet stores are interspersed here and there. As I continue to walk I start to grow in height until I’m around 10 feet tall (#150). Once I’ve stopped growing any taller my outfit randomly changes, and I’m suddenly wearing this green (#42) dress that is very clearly “name brand” and would qualify as “high fashion.”

347. (11-28-24 - 11-29-24) At the start of my dream I’m lying underneath this massive, plastic () tarp. As I’m lying there water begins to pour on top of this tarp. It is at this point that I realize that all of the water in the entire world (#8) is slowly filling the tarp and pressing its weight down on top of me. One side of the tarp is slowly filling up with salt water while the other side is being filled by all the fresh water in the world. I watch the different colored water on either side fill and eventually converge in the middle. When it finally comes together and creates a single body of water a strange sensation comes over me and flows throughout my entire body (#144). The only other thing I can feel is the uncomfortable texture of the tarp itself. The scene changes and I’m standing in a line facing forward towards a naked woman (#121) that I’m in the middle of sexually gratifying (#167) with my mouth. At the same time there is a woman behind me in the line that is sexually gratifying me in the same manner. At first it was just me in the scene, and then the woman behind me, and then the woman in front of me last.

348. (12–1-24) I dreamt that I decided to go on a tropical vacation to celebrate being happy and incredibly hot, attractive. I’m pretty sure mom (#111) (Nancy) joined us at some point. I remember looking out over the warmly lit (#36) sandy () beach at the beautiful ocean waves (#8).

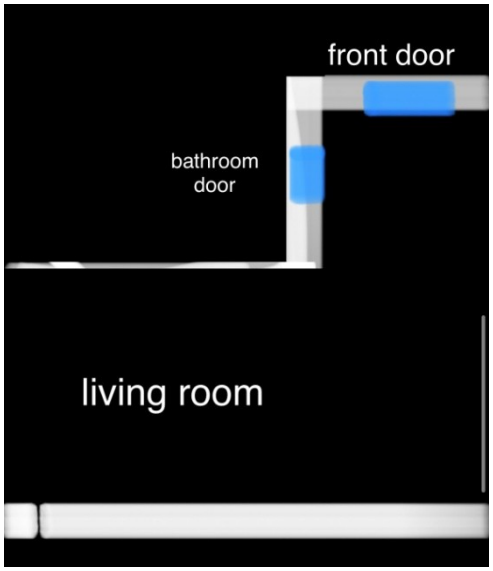
349. (12-2-24) Nap dream. In the dream I was in the middle of trying to survive an onslaught of unnaturally massive (infinite??? (#155)) rolling waves of water (#8 & #19 that I knew innately were coming from cosmically far distances at incredibly fast speeds. Once one horrible surge of flood waters hit and receded another would come soon after. These waves threatened to kill “us all.” I’d been able to survive so far, and I was now trying to protect someone or something else from drowning (#141) in the raging water.

I'm not exactly sure who I was protecting. I had two simultaneous and conflicting inclinations that I was trying to protect Kevin (#101) and trying to protect Ibi (#41) even though I knew I was only protecting one thing at the time. It could just as easily have been one or the other. Which leads me to believe it was probably occurring in different dimensional spaces simultaneously. Just a theory though. I'd been able to keep whoever it was safe by keeping them within the vicinity of my arms which were unnaturally long to the point they seemed all encompassing (#150). As each gargantuan flood crashed down on top of us I clasped my hands together tightly to create an effective barrier of safety. Towards the end of the dream an unknown, unseen violent authoritarian (#98 & #137) group was attempting to go after anyone that had survived the waves thus far. I was able to protect us from the group and the simultaneous onslaught of waves by hiding (#123) us in an incredibly deep-long crevice in the middle of some rocky terrain that varied in height (hills and mountains (#4 & #9)). This crevice was in an area to the back left of the dream from the perspective of facing the oncoming waves. We survived each and every time.

350. (12-2-24 - 12-3-24) Dream last night. I was being given a tour of ASMSA (#164). I was really excited to finish the tour at the chapel (#27) on the other side of the library (#163), but that portion of the dream ended right when we were at the door (#82) in the stairwell (#70) that led to the bridge (#51) that allowed us to go from the academic building to the residential building. The tour started in this auditorium (#85) on the academic side. (I can't confirm this one way or the other, but I think the auditorium was loosely based on the auditorium inside that church across the street from the school we'd use for assembly from time to time.)

351. (12-10-24 - 12-11-24F) (Scroll to the end to see the layout of the apartment from the viewpoint of sitting on that spot on the couch) Had a dream I found rather interesting surprisingly enough. In the dream I am in what I assume to be my apartment. I had invited one of my guy friends over to hang out and asked if he could bring his girlfriend (). I, of course, said she was welcome. So, I'm sitting on the left side of the couch (#95) facing the television while my guy friend sits on the right side. The first thing his girlfriend did upon coming inside was to ask to use the bathroom (#90). The door (#82) to my bathroom was right on the side pretty close to the front door and said as much. That being said. The front door is obscured by a wall when sitting in the living room so I didn't actually get a look at her appearance. The guy friend and I sit and crack jokes about what seemed to be a news story on the TV (#68). A little while later he calls for his girlfriend from the couch, asking if she's okay after being in the bathroom for a long time. I remember explicitly thinking to myself how embarrassed I'd be if he'd done that back when we were dating. We don't talk for a few moments and that's when my own brain reacted to the awkwardness of some aspect of the story playing on the TV. Not sure the context, but I imagined my own self being at the receiving end of this sort of awkwardness in a similar situation. Suddenly the Wii bowling tune (actually a different wii song, I think it's from the Mii character creator) (#175) started to play in my head as a response and it caught me off guard entirely. So much so that out of nowhere I laugh aloud and laugh fucking hard. My guy friend asks me what's so funny and as I start to explain the concept I kinda fumble the beginning and stop just a bit into the explanation and continue watching TV because at first I don't think it's really all that worthwhile to try telling it over again. But I change my mind maybe ten or fifteen seconds later I try to tell it properly with another attempt. I was able to explain about the Wii bowling tune suddenly starting when the scenario was at its most awkward and he started to laugh just as hard which makes me start laughing again. Funnily enough I was laughing so hard a second time that I noticed I was having trouble getting enough air to breathe. I wind up snorting a couple of times during this laughing spell. The second snort happened close to the end of the news story itself after my guy friend told the joke a second time but through the lens of the initial awkward situation from the news story itself. This time he said the joke from the viewpoint of those in the awkward

news story my brain had been responding too in the first place. That's where the snort had come from. My friend immediately comments on the snort saying something along the lines of "I love how often you snort involuntarily when you laugh." This made me laugh for a little while longer and that's when I realized I was running low on oxygen, but couldn't stop myself from laughing. (Side note: Funnily enough, the Wii song that played in my head wasn't the actual Wii bowling song. It wound up being this instead. I'm sure there's some reason, but not sure what it would be (Because it's a meme dip shit) (https://imgur.com/a/IGmZYJz)



352. (12-13-24) I was placed in a super Christian (#27) type of prison (#127) akin to a mental health facility (#23) against my will. If you were heard cussing or anything like that you would be shamed and ignored. They weren't letting any of us go. I had to do my best to create a means of escape (#126) for myself and the other prisoners. When the escape happened I was being affectionate with Dylan (#102) but we both knew it was temporary as I was supposed to meet up with this incredibly attractive man that I was meant to be with once I escaped the facility. There was this massive lake (#3) that we all flew (#61) around and fluttered upon after having escaped. Myself and Ashley Elam (#117) spoke about how odd it was that Jennifer Dossett was friends with all the mean girls inside the facility because of how nice she was. Asking when we were going to leave only angered the staff more and I knew there'd be no guarantee they'd let us go. I started overthrowing them in the "back yard" of the facility that more or less looked like a massive, green (#42) field (#5). As we played over and into the lake me and Elisa (#104) start to proposition this man sexually and began getting sexual (#167 & #121) with one another. There was a boat (#55) at the very end of the dream a male child fell (#170) into from a great height and begin to vomit inside of. Specifically the inner outer rim of the boat. Much to the dismay of the man mentioned earlier that was rowing the boat.

353. (12-14-24) I was at a theme park (#29) with very few rides that had only one entry and exit point that shuttled you across this lake (#3) to get to it. Turns out once night falls many of the employees (#168) do their best to kill (#137) you. It was an ordeal to make it out of there alive. There was a specific ride (roller coaster) at the entrance I tried to use in order to escape (#125) my potential captors. They did catch me at some point but I was able to escape (#126). There was this one man that worked behind the scenes there

that took a liking to me and helped me stay safe. Then there was a different theme park that seemed to be a wildlife (#41 & #29) type park that I was working at (#168) under the supervision (#98) of my mother (#111) (not Nancy). The land had once been Native American (#122) land and if you went to the furthest corners of the park you could see where they were forcibly removed. I didn't want to work for the wildlife park as I knew they were run by an evil conglomerate.

354. (12-15-24 - 12-16-24) Dream last might. I dreamt that I was a little girl and I was living in the first home we ever built in Lamar (#116). My family (#111) is completely different though. It turns out that magic is attached to me in some way beyond my control. Which I suppose makes sense I'm a young child in my dream. As I walk around the living room (#89) a chair scoots up magically (#159) behind me and touches up against my backside unexpectedly which scares (#171) me. (Actually, experienced fear in the dream) There's a dog (#41) in the living room close by to me that doesn't run away, but I get a sudden feeling that the magical force is going to kill the dog (#137). I do everything in my power to do a prayer-incantation (#159) in order to save the dogs life as I walk outside into the front yard as I look at the dog through the window (#69). All of this occurs during daylight (#36). The scene changes and I'm with two men (#106) that have apparently kidnapped me. I asked them if they kidnapped me because of what my dad did. They say yes. I tell them that had they asked my dad for money in exchange for my safety he would have paid them (#168). They don't respond. This concerns me as I think about the possibility that they intend to kill me when we arrive where they're taking me. I don't know this for sure, but there was a source of warm light (#36) in the center of the scene which I'm pretty sure was a bonfire (#35). Suddenly the scary magic out of my control returns and continues to fuck with me against my will. This also frightens the two men and suddenly I find myself in a human chain of people holding hands in the same spot. I keep trying to force my hands closed tightly so the magic doesn't pull my hand away from the grip on either side of me. I know that the person to the left of me is a woman. Once we get where we're going I find myself inside of a very nice home with colonial style décor (#122). A woman in a fancy dress pulls me into an enclosed dining room and empathically requests I do magic on her. She said something about how her daughter always wanted to witness magic or something along those lines. In this moment I begin to try to call upon the magic purposefully and with conviction. I called upon the forces of those that had made me and in their name I called upon magical forces to appear in a way I could maintain control of and I said an incantation that included "etayem" in it (#159). Things in the room move around at my behest. The woman looks incredibly pleased and that's when I look up. Where the roof (#78) was immediately prior is now empty space that allows me to see it in the center of a stadium (#85) with a massive crowd surrounding me in the stands cheering emphatically. As I scan the crowd I see the woman that originally asked me to do magic onto her is now sitting down in the crowd as if she'd been sitting there prior to asking me to do magic. She does so with a soft smile across her face. That's where the dream ends.

355. (12-16-24) Nap dream. I see that Max (#111) has uploaded some videos (#67) of me on a jutted-out part of a porch (#87) with three side fences of a past family get together on YouTube. Much to my annoyance. I'm somewhere with mom and Conner. There's this pinball game (#64) that is massive that you can prop up and play. I have difficulty figuring out the controls. Mom moves one of the objects I said magic (#159) had acted on carefully. In her words, "just in case." Mom takes out the trash and finds at the bottom of the trash can a message in silver sharpie that says "I love you" and a childishly drawn smiley face. Apparently a message was written there in my childhood. Mom (Nancy) thinks it's sweet. It's light out (#36) and Conner, mom, and I are outside on a back porch (#87). He was talking about how last year he made $6000 or $7000 (can't remember which for sure) doing some physical labor job (#168) last summer as a means of telling her that's how much he'd make again this year. He also mentioned that he knows it'll be

easy to pay a mortgage when the time comes. He mentions us both being capable, and said specifically that "Asmsa (#164) must have taught you a lot." Trying to say that both of up wound up very capable. While thinking on the matter deeply I tell him that it did, but to some degree it set me down the road to being very uncompromisingly individualistic and how that can sometimes get in the way of certain things. He replied that he can see how that could be an obstacle while nodding his head. At the end of the dream I was considering moving to Chicago (#21) which was a bit of a ways to the east of where we had been staying. Apparently I'd gone on a long drive (#58) recently and turned around when I reached Chicago.

356. (12-19-24 - 12-20-24) The beginning of the dream is most likely what I would consider to be the "realest" dream (#144) I've had thus far. I couldn't tell a single difference between the waking world and the one I was in in regard to their intensity of sensory experience. I still knew the worlds were different, but it was immediately obvious to me that they were equal (#146) in "validity." The dream itself, there were two women (#108) nurses that were helping admit me into something that looked akin to psychiatric inpatient (#23), but it wasn't built for the exact purpose somehow. When they were going about the admission process I could literally feel the texture () of their skin when they touched me. I immediately became concerned I wouldn't be returning to my waking life because of how equal the dimensions were to one another in terms of conscious experience. That's when I walked back into the privacy stall we'd been using for the process to ask the one nurse that was still in there (who was doing paperwork) a question about the dimension itself () and whether or not I would be returning to this one. She answered strangely. She said something along the lines of "you know I can't tell you about time itself…." Meaning she couldn't tell me one way or another. I took it upon myself to figure it out and immediately tried waking myself up (#152). I guess I moved enough in my sleep (#148) to be capable of seeing my bedroom while straining. Once I felt I'd seen enough to confirm I was still attached to my waking life I stopped straining. Since I hadn't fully entered the waking world (by waking up entirely) I was immediately and quickly pulled back into the dream's dimension. It felt as though my consciousness had been attached to the dream world by an elastic band (#144). Sadly, I don't remember details about the nurse's appearance so I can't say whether or not they looked like anyone, or had any discernible features like eye color or skin tone. The scene shifts and I'm gathered with a group of people I knew growing up in the Lamar school district (#117). I recognized Kayli Sparks the most in this part of the dream (I recognized Kayli Sparks immediately and then MAYBE Deidre Holben was there but I definitely couldn't confirm that) We had all come to this little get together in what looked a lot like a restaurant (#88 & #168) even though the food was supplied by the person throwing the party (#33). It was to celebrate the person throwing it, but I'm not sure if it was a birthday or not. There wasn't enough information to determine what the occasion was. The host, a woman I didn't recognize, served us a fruit medley, or perhaps a fruit salad. For whatever reason it only had blue (#44) toned and SLIGHTLY purple (#46) toned fruits mixed together. It tasted alright, but not great either. After we were done with the fruit she served us some delicious tasting cake. The scene shifts to later that evening, and we're all sleeping (#60 & #148) in the same house as we have plans together tomorrow as well. I wake up in the middle of the night to find a small amount of cake icing on me, but not smeared in at all. This makes me mad because I know it was done purposefully by someone in the group. The scene changes and it's just me reflecting on the fact that I've become used to owning two cars (#58) at the same time. I was nervous because I realized I didn't remember where I'd parked the vehicle I wasn't driving at the time. The anxiety seemed to be based on how mom (#111), Nancy, would react as her face popped into my head when I was panicked by the realization. Scene shifts to the daytime (#36) plans with the girls from school who'd all attended the party together. Before we start our drive two of the girls mention that the fruit salad made them feel sick, like they'd potentially gotten food poisoning. At this point the girl who was throwing the party yesterday wasn't present,

and I have no way of knowing if she slept in the house either us the night prior. After the two girls (#108) finish their statements I tell the group it didn't sit well with me either, and I'm almost positive it gave me food poisoning as well. Apparently I'd had an upset tummy after. The fact I'd felt bad after eating it was oddly concrete. It was innate knowledge that I hadn't gathered from my experience in the dream itself since there was never a scene I was in where I felt sickly after eating it. I knew it was true regardless of that fact. After I voiced my agreement one of the other girls said something like "it's not like it didn't look sketchy, and it definitely wasn't stored well beforehand," to which we all agreed. Now we're all driving (#58) up to a different version of the cabin (#77) we had on the mulberry, and I'm in the passenger seat. We're on the road and someone in the back of the car (third row of seats) makes a comment in regards to me specifically. Don't remember what she said, but I immediately replied, "it's okay not to like me." In between us is Kayli's seat, and I watch as she immediately busts up laughing even though it looked like she had been trying to hold it in. I made the comment because I was pretty sure they were the one responsible for the icing I found on me the night prior. Then something strange happened. It was like my first person perspective swung over a vertical axis (#150). Since I'd initially been looking back into the vehicle from the passenger seat the window (#69) that had been on my left was now on the right instead. This meant I was no longer in the passenger seat and was now in the driver's seat. I immediately face forward to look back at the road that I now appear to be driving on. I seem to be having a lot of difficulty with my hand eye coordination and my reflexes in general as I struggle to drive. Even my vision is spotty. Because of this, I accidentally miss the left turn onto the road to the cabin. I turn onto the next available left I see. At this point mom, Nancy, has randomly appeared in the vehicle and begins to scold me for missing the turn. I tell her I can't drive in the condition I'm in which frustrates her. At this moment I'm looking back into the car facing mom would is now seated in the back third row on the driver's side. For some reason as soon as I see her in the back I get confused because I now believe she'd been the one initially driving (I don't have any realization of who's driving before the weird perspective shift takes place). And then I get even more confused because after I said I wasn't in any condition to drive I figured she'd be the one to drive us back towards the correct turn. I look back at the driver's seat, which I am no longer in by the way, and see Kristan James sitting there. Her posture is super weird though. She's kinda hunched over, and her face is facing directly at her lap. So much so that I can't see her face even though i recognize that it's Kristan. I assume she must be sitting like that because she's upset or something. Maybe about having to drive, but no way to know what was really going on with her. The scene switches to mom and I outside of the car, walking to a specific building on the property to pick up the keys to the cabin door (#82) that should have been left inside for us by Van. Not sure why he'd have the keys and not us. As we're walking up to the metal building (& #81) mom says how annoying it is that we have to get the keys from "your daddy." I immediately say that he isn't my "daddy." (At this point I woke up late for work at 6:42am. Call Elena to clear things up, and go back to sleep) The new dream starts off in a college classroom (#164) where my geometry course is held. I am actively failing the class due to both my low attendance and difficulty with the material. After the lecture I try to talk to the professor (#98) about the situation and he is not being understanding about it. Mitchell Hook (#117), also in the class, chimes up and offers to tutor me. Scene changes and I am standing outside of his one story home. For whatever reason him and his wife aren't home. The scene changes again and I'm inside the house lying on the right side of the bed (#) waiting for some reason. Even worse, I'm naked but my entire body, including my head, is covered by a blanket. Fortunately I am able to clothe myself before they return (in the bed still while changing?). After they've both come home (kids not present for some reason). The perspective changes again to standing outside in their front yard after dark. A serious event, maybe an accident, has taken place on the street in front of their house. I think the accident involved a vehicle (#58 & #59), but I

didn’t see one in the dream either. Then something strange happens. I become aware of a narrative that’s unfolding surrounding the accident and the community’s presumption that I was to blame for it. (#publicenemy) They believed I’d done something terrible that definitely hadn’t. Oddly enough, a gender shift (#119) into a male takes place at this part of the story that I won’t become aware of until later. I find out that this awful thing my peers are blaming me for is somehow linked to something terrible my father has done. The woman I’d been getting close to and had recently become romantic with is now shunning me for what I’m being l blamed for (this is when I was aware that I was a man). Apparently the thing they thought I’d done was linked to racism (#122) in some way. I believe she was mixed race, but I don’t know that for sure. However, her best friend was definitely a minority. She was mostly mad about how that racism reflected on her best friend. I see the two of them (#108) walking down some aisles in what appears to be a Walmart (#168), and I ask her to please listen and hear my side of the story. She initially refuses, and I continue follow her and her friend down the toy aisle. While I’m following them I’m able to successfully explain that it’s all a big misunderstanding. That it’s not true in any way shape or form. Somehow the explanation and them coming to believe me doesn’t happen normally. It was like the two women (their literal consciousness most likely since the roof of the building didn’t factor in) were hoisted high, high, high into the air and then dropped (#170 & #150) from that incredibly tall height. As they got closer to the ground their falls began to slow. Once they were even closer to the ground they both reached out with their hands into what seemed to be an invisible, topographical map (#150) of highs and lows I assume are reflecting mountains (#9) and valleys (#1). After they’d quickly poked and prodded into many different parts of this invisible map in coordination with one another they came to the realization I was telling the truth. Somehow their use of the map was able to definitively prove to them I wasn’t lying. I am quickly forgiven, and I crack a smile and a joke with the woman I’ve been becoming romantic with. She laughs as some of our peers walk by and they then comment on what a cute couple () we are. There was a much more vague part of the dream after this part that I’ll try my best to explain. It was like I was in a world of mostly clouds (#150 & #17 &) that made up the entirety of the world. Cloud mountains (#9), cloud homes, etc. Everyone in that realm was capable of flight (#61). I was flying as fast as I could while a man chased me (#125), never very far behind me. It didn’t seem as malicious as some other chases have been in my dreams. It’s not like he wanted to seriously harm me, but he wanted me to do something I didn’t want to do. Turns out he wasn’t the only one that wanted me to do whatever it was. After a long chase ensued the dream shifted to the inside of a cloud house where I’d apparently been able to hide (#123). Fortunately my pursuer hadn’t seen me enter the home. At this point I was lying on the floor to stay out of sight from anyone that might look inside. Not only hiding from my purser, but also every single other person in that realm. The dream ends as I’m reflecting on how I just want to be left alone.

357. (12-21-24 - 12-22-24) Perfectly square (#172) market (#168) (with its industrial sized shelves) falls (#170) and comes crashing down with the business manager (#98) screaming “noooo, we’re ruined” but quickly changes his tune as soon as everything is done falling and says “never mind we can rebuild this.” Giving out property in different areas where we would be growing (#15) different things animals needed in their habitat to eat and survive. To remain safe. There’s even an exhibit I stock that had a salamander (#41) like animal inside of it. (Fell back asleep in real life) I was playing a game that wasn’t a video game (#64) with a large group of people. I didn’t win as often as some of the others but I still won more often than many. I brought all my “bags” with me. Like I do in relationships. There was one man in particular that was also playing the game that I didn’t like, but I wanted him to see how hot I was too. There was a scene where I’m halfway inside of a mirrored (#93) door (#82) walk in closet (#91) (game may have been held in the room

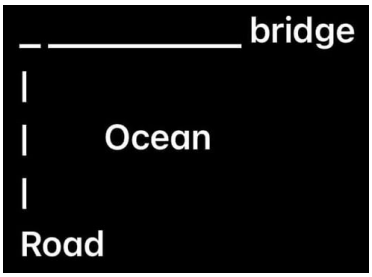
you grew up in during high school (#116) on the bluff. He saw me from his seat at the table and I was able to hear him think about how good I looked.

358. (12-23-24) Nap dream today: I had been going through this liminal space maze (#150) for a long, long, long time, and the point I was at was a dark room that led out to a paved alley (#72) (next to a paved road for parking next to what looked to be an elementary or middle school (#164) since it had a playground. I watched as a kid and a teacher (#98) walked by from inside the maze room by peering out from below the front wall. I knew not to interfere with them (hint of danger or not knowing what would happen) because this wasn't the real world () and I was already so many twists and turns into the maze. I'd been there for a long, long time. The only light (#36) in the room came from the far back where there was this column of light come from this open almost shaft like area that was difficult to climb up, but was the way to the next part of the liminal maze. When, after some difficulty I'd been able to peer into the next part of the maze it was a floor above me that looked "normal" but also perfectly empty dark (#26) rooms only partially illuminated by the climb that fed into it and I'm not sure where the opening where the light was coming in from but it was inaccessible. It looked way too unassumingly scary. I immediately had the desire to make this a camping spot for the time being. Cat portion: cat (#41) was on the far side of a bed. Look as though they'd been thrown across it.

359. (12-24-24 - 12-25-24) Crazy dream. I was experiencing symptoms of psychosis (#154) for a large portion of it. Having difficulty breaking from circular thinking. I'm in a room that feels akin to a college (#164) dorm room. The hallways (#72) have many other doors (#82) leading to dorm rooms. There's some guy that lives somewhere in the building with ill will towards me. At some point I do something either in my room or his to anger him. At some point Travis Owens (#117) tries to fuck me, and I think we do something sexual (#167) for a short time only for me to stop it.

360. (12-25-24 - 12-26-24) Dream last night started off with a flood (#8 & #19 that would keep reoccurring as many times as it killed me (#137). I had to keep trying to save myself and those around me (#63). It seemed like no matter how tall of a building we found it didn't matter. The flood waters would reach us eventually (#141). I had a wooden () boat (#55) that couldn't carry much. The dream shifted and I was in the woods (#2) trying to escape (#125) Van (#111) consistently. It was difficult, but I got better at it as time went on. The dream shifted again, and I was living in a massive city (#21), and a group of people I knew from elementary, middle school (#117) were gathering again for someone's birthday party (#33). As I was checking into the hotel (#75) all of us were using for the party the woman asked me if a "condo" would be alright. I asked her what the difference was and she said the room next to me would have two people in it. I said, as long as I have the room to myself I don't really care. As I went to the room I thought to myself that maybe she meant the rooms shared a bathroom (#90). Once the scene shifted to me in the room with someone in the shower that was confirmed. I decided I didn't really have time to wait and figured I'd go back to the other hotel (the hotel I was asleep in having this dream in Seattle (#21)) to shower. On the way there I first had to go to a building next to the new hotel to pick up my vehicle (#58). The building with the parking lot (#79) was a party shop (#168) that had costumes and stuff. I saw a princess costume with the child "model" being Elisa (#104) as a young kid looking miserable. I thought how weird it was that they used that shot for the costume. Once I got to my vehicle I realized there was a road to the first hotel that had - - - 's (#99) house on it. I never saw him himself, but I did drive by trying to fuck up his front yard area a bit when I drove by. As I fixed a device (#67) I was going to use to do so in someone's open garage I realize it was actually his without having noticed and bounced. Later on a car chase ensued that ended with me running my vehicle off the road (#59) right before a bridge (#51) I'd already used that day to swerve into the ocean

(#8) and escape the vehicle into the water. Which was successful.



361. (12-26-24 - 12-27-24) Dream last night. I found out that the webcam (#67) on my laptop (#67) had been utilized to record me without my consent by finding a clip of me online, and later a clip of May from when she had visited my home. The video itself that I first found was edited to make a joke about how impossible it is for content to be original. There was a clip of a woman who looked similar to me that was talking about something similar to me in my personal clip while we were doing our hair (#165) and our hair looked the same color and had the same volume. Finding out I had been filmed without consent for god knows how long terrified me. I know there was more to the dream than this, but the only other thing I remember was putting something on the floor of my teenage bedroom on the bluff (#116). The bed was gone and I put down two “sheets of paper??” That were separated diagonally by a design from bottom left to right. On the top left the design was supposed to be a bright orange (#48) that represented the sun, while the bottom half represented darkness. The two sheets of “paper” were also arranged at the bottom left and top right. On one of the sheets, bottom left, I remember moving the simple black shaded outline of an animal (#41) (I wanna say it was a penguin but there’s no way to know for sure.) up to the orange part that had light (#36) shining from underneath it so the animal figure was visible. The other paper had the animal there too, I just don’t remember moving it there.
362. (12-27-24 - 12-28-24) Dream. While I was on the road walking there was a moment I realized I was scheduled a PM shift and started thinking about what all I wanted to accomplish at work (#168) that evening. Then I realized it must have been a mistake since I’m currently on vacation in Seattle (#146). I traveled (on foot) down a road for a long time till I reached the mailboxes at the road that led to Max’s (#111) old trailer and the cabin (#77). At the mailbox there were many potted flowers (#15) and there was a young man standing near them. I approached the flowers and asked him if any of the flowers belonged to “us.” Which meant my dad Van and his new girlfriend (). I believe the man said there weren’t because I left without any and traveled back on the road the way I came. Dream shifts and I’m in a hallway (#72) next to a room Van is in. I walk into the room and realize he’s close to death and I desperately try to call (#66) for an ambulance (#23) and for mom to come and help him. For whatever reason it’s super difficult to get an ambulance on the phone, and I panic. The first time I found him almost dead he was able to get into the ambulance but still died (#140), the second time mom came in and didn’t act very quickly on purpose so he died again, (I guess I kept restarting to make sure he lived), and then I tried again, but I’m still not sure if he lived or not.
363. (12-28-24 - 12-29-24) Dreamt that I was in some sort of alternate dimension () where these evil beings (#153) were trying to kill everyone (#137). These beings could take over peoples bodies and use them to harm more people. For a while they were winning by quite a large margin. We were forced to hide (#123) and flee (#125) often. I don’t remember how we wound up winning, but we did. There were more parts of the dream I’m struggling to remember, but I’ll try to recall it. There was one portion of the dream where I was in an underwater (#32) dimension where I was busting up Spyro jars (#65) by charging them

exactly like in the game. I'm about 99% sure I was doing this AS the Spyro, dragon (#40 & #41) character. (Second water dragon we've dreamt up, interesting) At another part of the dream I was driving (#58), but it unsure of the context.

364. (12-29-24 - 12-30-24) I was being watched and manipulated by a powerful female entity (#153). I didn't feel in danger necessarily, but it was as though I was tasked with convincing her of something she didn't want to be convinced of. Later on a male entity (#153) joined the situation. There was a guy talking to a woman about another woman, and she asked if he'd ever been interested in dating her and he lied and said no. There was another portion of the dream I struggle to remember that had myself and some other members of our community (#97) walking around these wooden () platforms connected by wooden stairs (#70) and at least one small wooden bridge (#51). This was all happening while it was dark outside. There was a man nearby that I wanted to talk to or maybe impress for whatever reason. Talking to Van (#111) about how I did miss him but that's the reality of the situation and that didn't mean we could ever be a part of each other's lives. I said this after waking him from a deep sleep (#60) he was still struggling to stay awake after. There are four siblings, including myself, with two parents of opposite gender. We were part of a project where something was being built for us. It was a musical (#175) instrument all of us would use together. I called all of my family into what I assume was the living room (#89) to play around with a somewhat prototype like device that we were supposed to use in such a way that the real one could be manufactured based on how we used this practice one. After I called them in we were all sitting on the couch (#95) and I was explaining the reason we were using it and all that. I saw some symbols representing music on part of the long rectangular device (shaped like a long keyboard) that were alien in nature as I've never seen them in real life. On the couch I was sitting in between the parents on my left and the siblings to my right as I explained. I think the mom was the one to the left of me. But not sure. I'd say it's most likely that it was her instead of him.

365. (1-1-25) Had the dream start with some stuff I can't quite remember, but I do know I went to a college (#164) classroom where they were testing at one point and realize I hadn't been to the class recently enough to know what was going on and I chose to leave. However, there was at least one other class and it was made clear to me that I had recently started going to class regularly again for my own benefit. Another part of the dream involved mom (#111) at a salon spa place (#168) that had an esthetician that was doing a skincare thing on mom. She asked if they had any other treatments that she was licensed to do which she said yes too. Mom didn't ask for a price (Nancy). They started immediately. There was a part where I realized I was in danger by being around some guy and I laid under an entertainment center (physically impossible (#144)) to grab something before trying to leave. Dude wasn't thrilled (Fleeing (#125)). At a different point in the dream shortly thereafter I, as a man (#119), attempted to escape a house and run after a man? A machine? Both maybe? They got angry at me for trying to leave and proceeded to set something in the house on fire (#35 & #36) and tried to force me to stay in the building. At another point Aziz from parks and rec (#109) was competing in this dating game (#64) show where lots of beautiful women picked a partner and he panicked when he realized many of the women present were flipping through the contestant cards they'd been given that had everyone's info and picture on it instead of staying on his. There were numbers on the back corresponding to each contestant.

366. (1-3-25 - 1-4-25) Small recollection of a dream where I hand painted a pillar that was inside of a library (#163).

367. (1-7-25) The dream was brief and not very vivid. Mom (#111) sold (#168) my house on Boardwalk and was trying to pay me the difference even though I kept saying I love my house and didn't want her to sell it. Suddenly we're with friends and family. Someone at the table said something I thought was dumb and

laughed loudly and unkindly. Afterwards I apologized two times. I felt bad that I'd let my negativity alter my behavior to the point I wasn't thinking about how I could hurt people's feelings. This happened as we're all sitting down to eat at our table. It wasn't a very wide table, but it was incredibly long. (The type of table that was used often for entertaining guests. Was popular in dining rooms everywhere during a particular time in English history). I'm almost positive my cousins Kirsten and Lindsay (#108) were there as well. Scene shifted and I was in a situation where I had to complete a task with Van, but once we were done he was acting as if everything was normal. When I knew we were going to have to go our separate ways again. It's obviously what's best.

368. (1-9-25) Dream. Started off in the midst of a dangerous situation. People are crawling on their stomachs and try to stay out of sight. (It definitely implies a school shooter situation (#136), but we were never shot at, and never came across any bodies) I end up following a guy since I actually don't know exactly what's going on. Whatever the threat (#137) was I never ended up seeing it. Things calm down and we head towards a dorm building on campus (#164) that is the least well kept. It's older, kinda dirty and In need of repairs. I overhear a girl calling it ghetto. We're in our way to a ((comedy show…. now that I think about it could have just as easily been a presentation or lecture. All I know is that I personally found it very funny)) being held by one of the professors (#98) in the auditorium (#85). I'm in the back right area when facing the stage. Apparently I had taken one of the professor's classes or was currently in one. Because as the show progressed I'm cracking jokes with a woman who feels like Elisa (#104) but I never actually saw her. The professor called me out by name asking me to be quiet. I wasn't being very loud, but somehow he heard me and recognized my voice. Since I was kinda taking the piss when it came to his show I'm guessing that factored into him pausing the show to scold "Sydney." One other time during the show I whisper something funny to my friend, and, once again, he pauses the show to scold me by name again. At this point some of the students on the other side of the auditorium start going in yelling things like "yeah, Sydney! Be quiet!" Another person also chimes in which I find ironic considering they've now interrupted the show for a way longer amount of time than I ever did and are also literally yelling and being louder than I was. I raised my voice so they all could hear me and said, "It won't happen again, but if anyone wants to talk to me about it they're certainly welcome too." This was said with a tone of voice that implied I'd love it if someone said something about it to my fucking face if they're gonna be whiny, bitch babies about it. A few in the crowd try to mock the implication that I was asking for a confrontation, once again interrupting for way longer than I ever did. So I turned towards them directly and repeated what I'd just said, "If anyone wants to discuss it with me they're certainly welcome too." There's another odd part at the end of the dream where it seems that a vague art piece I can't quite see clearly that has been replicated and placed on many different walls on campus. The art piece itself kinda looked like it was made out of the same tubing (#73) as neon lights, but they weren't made to turn on like that. I know immediately that my father (not sure it was Van, but it would make more sense if it wasn't) had been the one to erect these all over campus. I'm in a classroom later on, and everyone on campus is buzzing about who could have put them up and who, not what, the art was depicting. At some point a woman enters the classroom, I think just as the class was ending, and approaches me. She said something along the lines of "So the art on the wall has *insert hair color here* (which is odd since I'd seen one of the pieces and it didn't have any color to it. It was just clear, transparent tubing) and she continued to name a few more identifying factors from the art piece. She then said "It's you right? Are the pieces made to look like you?" Since my father (#111) was the one who'd placed them everywhere in secret I knew that she was right. Since she'd figured it out I decided to confirm her suspicions, and told her the pieces did depict me. She was super excited to be the one to figure it out and have it confirmed. As she left I heard her say "I can't wait to tell everyone about this" to herself as she walked into

the hallway (#72). Side note, not sure if it matters but I do remember that the professor was a brunette (#165).

369. (1-11-25) Had the weirdest dream last night. I'll try to remember all of it. There was a portion where I was in a dark city (#21) towards the outer edges where there were a few parks and small forests (#2). I was trying to escape (#125) something and stay out of sight. There was another part of the dream where I didn't want to go do something with a group that included my mom Nancy (#111) and my dad Van. There was this upstairs (#don't remember climbing up anything), single room where you could shop (#168) for clothes where I just laid on the ground to wait. I did try to steal (#169) one article of clothing. Unsure if I was successful because they, the employee, was suspicious of me. At another point those two (my parents), myself, and some kids from elementary school (#117) were going to travel out into space. The first time was by vehicle (#58), but the second was by dream (#148). I warned some of the previous classmates to be careful in their dreams because I knew Jessie Casey was known to influence and change people's dreams to be more unsafe. Alison McCarley was indignant about this warning and immediately replied, "no she didn't." I shrugged and let them get on with it. Now I'm in the void of space and when I step forward tiles of solid space and dropping, falling (#170) away making everything an unsafe void. When I somehow rejoined with my family and realized they'd all gone to get something delicious to eat I was very upset. Only for them to do it again later on with dessert without inviting me. Mom's brother Joe was there and he had to keep going to New Mexico and back again to work on a house he was building. Not sure when, but there was a boat (#55) my parents had out in the void that I didn't have access to for one reason or another.

370. (1-12-2025) Dreamt that I was about to be captured so I glided-flew (#61 & #125) off of this rock () ledge that was way up high. Especially in comparison to those attempting to capture me. I glided out over the ocean (#8) and into the water as I swam (#128) towards a sandy () beach (#14) of what looked like a separate island (#6). It was a tropical area. Dream shifts. Got introduced to a video game (#65) that's as accessed online by a friend of mine. Looked a lot like flash games I used to play as a kid. I wound up obsessed with it and played it for a long while. The dream shifts () and I'm inside of a video game, I presume the one I'd just been playing. I'm fighting (#138) the "bad guys" in the game and the combat involved a cut scene type screen each time I'd land a hit on a combatant. It would show a meaty () organ shaped kinda like a stomach or large kidney. I would then use a laser cutter style weapon on its displayed insides (##). The organ itself was difficult to cut through and would heal incredibly fast if you weren't careful. But if you used the laser successfully it would cause an outer or inner wall to collapse, killing the video game enemy. The level itself was mostly blue (#44) in color. It looked like a sewer system with blue brick () flooring and walls.

371. (1-17-25) I had a big dream that I only remember a few details about but this is what I remember. First, I was involved in a book (#161) sharing program, and I wound up agreeing to loan my massive red (#45) book to some guy that lived in another city (#21). I believe OKC, but I can't confirm it for certain. I talked about how I was nervous to let him borrow it since he lived far away to which he just smiled, took the book, and left. Scene shifts and I'm walking past a restaurant (#88) I once "worked at" in this dimension, and they were packed. They had recently changed their menu to be entirely baked goods instead of both food and baked goods. Everyone seemed to be enjoying all the new treats immensely. Sometime later I decide enough is enough and I want to go home, which apparently wasn't the city I'm initially living in at the beginning of the dream. This is when I start driving (#58) towards the city the man who borrowed my Liber Novus lived in so I could get it back, and then continue to wherever my true home was. There was a man in the vehicle going with me on my little quest that had "Little Wayne" energy (#109), but once again I can't confirm. That being said, it's such a random vibe I'm inclined to believe it to be true. So, I end up going to the guy who wasn't going to give me my book back's house, and after some rough housing and trickery I

was able to get the book and get out as he yelled at me from the front of his house as I drove away. He looked incredibly stupid. Dream me thought it was humorous. The dream shifts and some weird dude is trying to hold me captive. He said something about how he wished there were some "porn star" trading cards of myself he could collect (definitely from the Reddit post I read last night about some woman's ex turning her nudes into trading cards against her will). I escaped (#125 & #126) at some point, but not sure how or when because the dream shifts where I am both myself and a young (teenage boy?). He actually probably could have been anywhere between 10 and 13. I was both the male child (#119) and I watching all of this transpire. Apparently this young boy had recently gotten successful in what I think was the rap (#175) industry. Some people were trying to harsh his vibe, and he simply refused and continued to laud his success over his naysayers. I, as the observer, thought it was all really humorous and respected to boy's attitude and ability to successfully flex in those that deserved to feel insecure.

372. (1-18-25) Dream last night. I can only remember part of it. We were out in the middle of the forest (#2) and I was there with a guy named Jayden that looked and acted nothing like the Jayden I had a brief fling with years back. The first main thing I remember is being in a school (#164), I think it was a college, and realizing that the more I witnessed this educational institution lack empathy or care for the experiences of the students the more traumatized I became and that the trauma itself is what caused me to have memory issues and issues with information retention in context of learning the material in my college class. This greatly upset me. At some point some students and I are being taken on a tour around campus by some of the head honchos of the college (#98) to be shown and told some things very in line with the whole, them not caring about people in anyway. It was so egregious that I couldn't help but repeat a part of their dialogue back to them sarcastically. Saying something like, "yeah, that's so great of yall…" At this point I become vocal about how much this upset me without much response at all, let alone support. At this point I jump out the window (#69) with one of the skateboards the school owns without checking in out, intending to steal (#169) it, and I'm about to head down to the lake (#3)I can walk on to go find Jayden. This man is very tall in stature and is talking to a woman by the lake waiting for me to show up. I didn't realize he'd been waiting on me and I feel bad to have kept him waiting because he actually has his son with him and wants to go reunite his child (toddler) with the mother as a surprise and let the child find her in the crowd himself. He goes quickly so I practically have to run after him to witness this take place and I once again feel bad for having kept him waiting. It took place in an airport (#57). I was under the impression that the plan was that when I came back to the lake he would take me down this little canoe (#55) down THE river (#7) shrouded in darkness (#26) I desperately wanted to explore. That was the plan initially. The scene changes and we end up getting sexual (#167) but it's very awkward and we both keep disappearing to a different part of the bed without the other person realizing. We have a hard time gauging our surroundings in correspondence to one another.

373. (1-19-25) Dream starts off in the Hyrule Field (#5) from Zelda Ocarina of Time (#65). I am heading towards the main entrance of the town, the gate (#52). Dream shifts and I'm in the back end of this forest (#2) that could be straight from a mythological tale. The trees are so many times larger than should be possible (#150). I know I'm on the back end of this gargantuan forest because these friends and I are trying to make our way through this impossible forest to some location on the other side. I think there were three of us in this forest. I have no idea what anyone looked like. Dream shifts again and I'm following quickly behind two girls (#108) as we rush into a bathroom (#90) inside of some unknown building. The bathroom itself feels incredibly familiar as soon as I walk into it. I assume all of us feel this way. We all look into the bathroom mirror (#93) together, and, suddenly, it happens. The room begins to shift and move steadily horizontally like it's on a track. It's essentially an inverted elevator (#71). As the elevator moves sideways I

can tell we are slowly making our way past the part of the building that acts as a mental health facility (#23). I also believe the two others are aware of this, but I can't know for sure. Dream shifts and I'm looking down at a notebook of mine as I flip through various doodles. I've colored in it, but it had also been doodled in by many, many different people. Each page had one of those fancy medieval stylized letters taking up the entire page. Most of the doodles are the result of using markers, pens, etc. to go over the outline and inner design of the initial letter. Dream shifts and I'm looking at the vaguest notion (outline?) of some sort of screen (#67). I'm scrolling through it, and I come across a screenshot of a random, pornographic (# video you could click if you wanted to watch. The screenshot shows that it's a stereotypical "black man destroys blonde" (#122 & #165) type of video. I wasn't expecting to see it on the screen and quickly scroll past it and hope that no one noticed even though I'm not aware of anything else going on in the scene.

374. (1-21-25) This group and I were trying to find a good place to set up a base of operations, home, of sorts and they wanted us to use this empty home that was visible from the nearest road. I warned against it because I didn't want to become a target from any ill intentioned passerby. Apparently, civilization had collapsed (#19 at this time. This was when the dream shifted into a vision of sorts. I was looking down from above at a steep angle at the very top floor of this incredibly fancy interior of a high rise building (#74). The walls were made from these fancy, carved wood () panels. I could see 5 different people (#107) dressed sharply in this room at the top of the building. I knew innately that they were "bad guys" who'd defeated me and another group of people that had been utilizing this building during the current apocalypse. I could only make out one person specifically, which was a sharp dressed man with slick, dark hair (#165) in the upper middle right of the scene and room.

375. (1-22-25) Dream was strange. The first part of the dream involved me in the middle of working as a server in a restaurant (#88) with only larger, circular tables. Some dude, food runner dropped a steak for my table, but, fortunately, there was another steak just like hers coming out at the same time. The food runner did it again! He dropped another steak. I try to get a manager (#98) to help, but they imply there's nothing else they can do and walk off. The dream shifts and I'm living in some sort of colony run by a sadistic and misogynistic man. At some point the leader asks for us to find him a piece of clothing. Odd, but okay. But the I look out over the colony walls after getting a sneaking suspicion this is about having all of my own clothing stolen (#169) from my original camp site outside the walls from before I lived inside of it. I don't come to a definitive conclusion. The dream shifts again and a version of Van (#111) appears in the room, on the bed in a milk crate. He isn't recognizable because the leader of the colony apparently put Van through a few rounds of experimentation, and he now looks like a cross between a shark (#41) and a buffoon. He is also wearing some fake smiling teeth (#33) like you would get from a joke shop. I realize that he is also supposed to look a little like the Hunchback of Notre Dom (#109). I can tell from his movements that his cognition has been completely destroyed. It's obvious that he isn't engaging with his environment and has almost no intelligence left. In the dream as I turn away sadly from Van's appearance a sort of narration starts and says something like "as you can see from the shift in perspective and the act of turning away provides us with what she is most likely to do next. Primarily, continue on without being able to fix the situation or remove Van from the situation entirely. Instead being overpowered by her emotional response. Once the narration stops I slide into a crouched position and into a video game (#65) like experience where I use a gun (#142) to shoot (#137 & #138) at small enemies coming out of the dark (#26) in different rooms. Once you're done shooting in one room it automatically, and smoothly, shifts your line of sight to the new position just like a video game mechanic. The dream shifts one more time, and I'm in some bathroom (#90) that never gets used in this building. It's on some higher floor and in the back where there's no reason to go back there. I get nervous that I heard someone walk by so I close my bathroom stall door (#82) partially while still sitting

because I truly thought there was a zero percent chance anyone would come inside there. It was essentially this isolated hang out spot that I seemed to have been utilizing for at least 4 or 5 hours. I'm pretty sure I was anxious about being found because I was in a school setting (#164) and would be in trouble for not being where I was supposed to be.

376. (1-23-25) Dream last night was brief, but I was able to remember some things. First thing was I had a pet that was some furry creature (#41) even smaller than a mouse though it looked mouse-like. I kept worrying that each time I was able to find the animal that it would have died from not eating enough. The other part of the dream involved a three-day music festival (#175 & #22). During the day the attendees would be involved in some other activity inside of this open-air compound, but once night started to fall, and we'd hear the music start we'd all get incredibly excited and rush to the outside of the compound to enjoy the EDM and dance (#129) music festival. In the dream I was very attractive, noticeably desirable, and I got some hate from just a small sliver of women from the total group. Many of the men were interested, and at one point one did try to tease me while we were in public by brushing up close to my ear and letting his breath fall over my neck as he spoke.

377. (1-24-25) Had a pretty long dream last night. Van (#111) was being celebrated in this giant mansion, first at this restaurant (#88) located inside of the mansion. I first sat down at a table on the other end of the restaurant after being unable to find my family. I figured they'd come look for me. They didn't. After thirty minutes of talking to these two boys (#106) my age I went off to find them and eventually I did. Mom acted like nothing was wrong and it made me sad. As the dream progressed it was apparent that a party (#33) was being held for Van and many of his friends from different walks of life came. Including what we called Van's biker friend's friends "Vampires." (#153) These pale skinned men with shadowed faces and grim expressions. At some point I remind mom how much Van hates me and ask her to put my inheritance from some other source that Van also got inheritance from somewhere separate because I knew Van was going to try to steal it for himself. For one reason or another my inheritance was in the form of Egyptian artifacts (#mythological). Mom says she will but she postpones it. When she does look she realizes that it's already missing. I'm incredibly angry over this and tell her to find it. At some point I use a restroom (#90) that is absolutely nasty from all the party goers and it's quite the feat to use it without dirtying myself with other people's excrement but I succeed. At this point I have a crush on three of the boys at the party and fully intend on having sex with them. I end up having lack luster sex (#167) with one of them that was off-screen in the dream. At some point I'm in the most fancy and expensive looking part of the mansion that has green room like walls made entirely of glass (#73). I know that the house was next to a river (#7) that sometimes flooded (#8). At this point I have a lot of my female friends over and we're watching a show (#68) I'm playing the lead role in on the big screen together. They seem to be enjoying it. After we're done I ask them all to join the show as actresses because I think we could all make it more fun and interesting together. They excitedly agree. During this scene I'm aware of a sketchy man living on the edge of our property and I don't alert anyone to his presence, but I do leave food out for him. I think he was keeping tabs on Van, but I have no way to know this for sure. At this point I'm on the far side of the outside of the house. It's on the right side if you're facing the front door. Three of the boys I was attracted to were out there. I ask one of them to go to this isolated room external to the house to have sex. The one other guy I hadn't had sex with also volunteered to go with us. Maybe for safety. Not sure. Anyway. We get there and suddenly it's a top down perspective as if I'm watching it be filmed from above. The two men get in their sleeping bags on either side of each other on the top right. The door (#82) to outside is on the left hand side of the building. I'm in a separate sleeping bag facing the opposite direction with my head next to the small area to the right of the outside door. After we'd all laid down in the sleeping bags and closed our eyes the top down view

(#65) showed the man I'd explicitly invited getting out of his sleeping bag and getting on top of me to have sex (#167). After we're done he returns to his sleeping bag. The dream shifts and I'm holding a malformed infant with two, tiny, misshapen heads. It's mine and apparently I just gave birth to it off screen. I have a sudden urge to just place the baby on its back on the river outside of the house, but decide against it out of fear of getting in trouble. All I know is I won't be raising the child no matter what happens next. At some point in the dream I drunkenly (#174) and briefly smoke a cigarette (#173) only for mom to scold me later.

378. (1-25-25) Had a dream a man stole (#169) my car (#58) and tried to assault me (#139) but only succeeded in stealing my car. I was back at a school (#164) reunion event where I wound up upsetting some of my fellow previous classmates I don't know from "real life." Mom had a second daughter (#112) who was a weird shape and size that I believed was most likely a fairy (#153). I found my fairy sister in the office of a man from high up in school personnel (#98) and I knew he was trying to groom her, sexually abuse her (#139) so I took her away from the situation without saying anything. I tried to tell mom about the situation but she ignored me. They had written on a spaceship (#54) they'd built outside that "Sydney's hungry only for cock." I immediately told a staff member from the school about their bullying behavior. When I came back outside to them and the ship I said, in a sing song like voice, "I tattled! Because I don't care about your opinions of me!" There was a part where mom didn't know that I'd snuck my bedroom furniture into a room on the campus.

379. (1-26-25) Couldn't stop having nightmares at the beginning of my dream. It started off in my dorm bedroom from last night's dream. I was crawling on the floor (# of the hallway (#72) outside of my room because I was so tired I could pass out at any moment. All of a sudden, I hear sirens and I saw red (#45) and blue (#44) lights of a cop car (#98 & #58) flash (#36). I suddenly thought that maybe I had moved into the dorm illegally. I knew there was a door (#82) to a stairwell (#70) in that same hallway and my first idea was to go to the bottom of it and hide (#123) under the first-floor stairs. I was on the second floor. Turns out this is what woke me up to go to the bathroom in "real life." When I fell back asleep in was in a house and I was facing the same direction I was in the previous part (similar viewpoint) of the dream but I was actively trying to survive from getting shot by a ray gun (#142) of some variety from the hand of a villain who wished me dead (#137). There was also the issue of being unable to keep the doors locked no matter how hard I tried () and the villain's associates would hurt me on his behalf if caught. Didn't experience the sensation of death or anything, but that was still the context. Finally, that part was over and I was suddenly part of a group responsible for fighting "bad guys" that wanted to hurt people (#63). At some point we're in a kitchen walk in handling produce (#15). Eventually a guy and girl in the group betrayed us as they were double agents the whole time. Oddly enough Charlie of moist critical fame (#109) was at a restaurant (#88) near the house I lived and was considering moving to Fayetteville Arkansas (#21).

380. (1-27-25) Dream we don't want to share. (- - -) (#99) and Tyler (#100). I come across (- - -) and he's being a dick, of course, and upon first meeting one another he's shaking with rage. He says, "you're lucky I didn't kill you." I laugh and tell him, "you're lucky I didn't kill you." Which only enrages him further. At this point I'm looking at his side profile as he sits (#162) facing his computer (#67) on his desk facing the right side of the room. At some point I'm outside in the front yard of my place and my mom (#111) (not Nancy) comes outside naked (looks incredible to the point it implies it's likely a deific figure) I just laugh and say "nice mom," due to her looking amazing and her lack of concern as to who could see her naked. For some reason (- - -) is there and my reaction makes him chuckle for some reason. Not that it matters because the next part of the dream is dreadful due to (- - -)'s meddling. At this point Tyler and I are dating () and (- - -) becomes aware of this. I'm hanging out with Tyler outside and wind up taking acid (#173). At some point u black out, and apparently this entire time (- - -) is doing everything in his power to convince Tyler I'm a

disgusting, piece of shit loser that he shouldn't love and care for. A lot of calling me a whore, slut, degenerate, gross etc. At some point I come too and wake up only to find that I have passed out outside (#148) and Tyler had just left me there after being convinced of all this by (- - -). Some people across this public lawn are laughing about it and saying similar things to what (- - -) was saying about me. I'm immediately furious and go off to find Tyler. He tells me he's disgusted with me and said something about me soiling myself somehow while I was blacked out. I find no evidence of this, but I make it perfectly clear that no matter what he shouldn't have left me in such a vulnerable position by leaving me alone, outside, while completely passed out. He doesn't say anything. After this altercation I go and take a bath (#90) at home just in case I did somehow soil myself during the trip. Shortly thereafter I'm able to convince everyone that everything (- - -) said about me wasn't true, and my reputation in the area goes back to being positive, IE: desirable. Now the dream shifts and I'm at a mall (#168 & #84) on my way to the food court (#88) to meet up with this guy for a date at 10. I'm guessing AM, but couldn't tell you one way or the other. At this point I'm exploring the mall while killing time before the date and go into the mall bathroom (#90) where a lot of women have congregated. I think one of the women was having difficulty with something, no idea what, and I got distracted assisting her. After this ends and I realize I'm late for my 10 o'clock date, I also become aware of a new situation. Apparently this date I'm already late for isn't the only date I have planned at the mall that day. There are two other dates that I had made as well. I head to the food court and I wasn't late enough for my initial date to leave so I head towards his table. That's where the dream ended.

381. (1-27-25 Nap Dream) Full length mirror (#93) was on top of the bed. Looking at a doll (like a monster high doll) through a mirror only to turn around to find it's a baby doll. Can't keep door (#82) closed after previous dream of same area. I tried to lock the door but there was already one trying to get in. Outside of some houses on what looks to be an English country side. Manage to find a way into the water (pond) (#3) while I worry about my wife (& #121) (at this point I'm the man (#119) I couldn't return for because there were monsters humans (zombies with intelligence) (#176) surrounding the outside of our house. I'm on the water in a boat (#55) as the man and the wife ends up escaping (#125) and I'm her trying to push a book (#161) across the water's surface in his direction so he can pick it up from the boat while the zombies chase after us trying to stop it. (The entire "neighborhood," maybe 3 or 4 houses out on this massive pasture (#5). It was specifically in the English countryside. I could tell because the houses were designed with the vernacular architecture the English countryside is known for)

382. (2-9-25 – 2-10-25) What I remember from my dream last night. There was this path cut out through the center of China stretching from east to west. It went through the center of homes, businesses, everything. It was considered the great connector and people were happy to share their homes and spaces in order to allow this common means of travel to exist. There is a scene where there is a horrible accident of some variety where an unnaturally large (#150) amount of citizens were being scooped up by something unseen and poured over this fence, crushing and trampling many if not most of them (#137). It was as though the people made up these oceanic waves (#8) that crashed over themselves. There was another portion of the dream where I was working for a group that didn't have the best intentions though I'm unsure of what those intentions were. At some point I go to this very elite looking bank (#168) and I'm able to meet with the president of the bank (#98) and establish a "business relationship" to assist the evil conglomerate I was a part of. I told the very tall and attractive woman that was above me in the hierarchy I had done so and this pleased her. There was another portion of the dream where I turned on the conglomerate and deliberately tried to fight (#138) the male leader of the organization. There was a weird, almost extra dreamlike portion of the dream where I had to awkwardly explain to someone that had observed me do something that my brain confuses sex (#167) and violence (#137) and vice versa.

383. (2-9-25) Nap dream. There was a horrible gang of child rapists (#139) that lived in the woods (#2) of this world, and would go on raids to attack (#137) nearby villages. I was in a village they were attacking and got caught at some point, but was able to escape (#125) and hide (#123) beneath a camper vehicle (#58) while they continued to slaughter (#140) and capture victims.

384. (2-11) Dream last night. First portion. I fell asleep on the couch for this part. There's an apocalyptic scenario (#19 in which this woman is living with her four rabbits (#38 & #41). As shit starts to pop off I grab two of the rabbits while asking "how can I help?" There's another portion of this dream where bombs are falling (#137), and I'm trying to throw myself over black cats (#41) in order to shield and protect them. Scene shifts and I'm looking at this gargantuan mass of scaffolding, wooden planks etc. that make up make shift dwellings. At the very top of this monstrosity was a woman hanging out of a door (#82) of one of the dwellings. I yell up at her, "can ya'll be my family (#111)!?" She responds "yes!" After waking up on the couch and moving to the bed I had this dream. It started off where we were in a tropical region and we were all stuck on this one piece of land which I assume was an island (#6) (99% sure) as we were unable to escape (#127). We were being picked off one by one by this evil man's creations of some variety. The only way to not be killed by them would either be by hiding (#123) entirely from sight (I typically tried to hide in the tropical foliage) or when they appear, keeping your eyesight fixed on an individual spot without moving your eyes whatsoever. Even though I did die (#133) a few times (no death sensation data though) it just would restart at the beginning. At some point I tried to swim away (#128 & #125) from the place and into the ocean (#8), but there was some sort of restrictive force being emitted by the property itself to make it difficult to move against. There came a point where all of us that were being hunted on the property were in the same general vicinity so I took the opportunity to jump onto this higher point of elevation and yell at them that "the melding of technology (#67) and nature is happening! Head to the beach!" As we poured out onto the beach it was night time (it wasn't in the location we were previously at) and the stars above and the ocean below both reflected lights (#36) and components you'd see inside of technology mixed in with the stars themselves. At this point it was now possible to swim away into the ocean and not be overcome by the restrictive force (#126) that tried to hold everyone to the center of the location. The scene shifts and a man I know to be a YouTuber (#67) (HGBomberguy (#109)) was talking about the nature of the "game" (#64) we'd just played and the various perks and downsides of using each of the three weapons made available to those who played. I used the weapon was the one operated at close range (#138) as opposed to further away from the target. To me, it seemed like the easiest weapon to use in the game though that doesn't fit how people typically see close range weapons. The conversation switches over to him discussing Soul's like videogames (#65) and how much more fulfilling it is to just wander in the game to uncover what you're supposed to do as opposed to looking up each individual thing step by step. I was there with him physically during this second part of the conversation. I laughed and said, "Yeah, I know, I've watched both of your video essays on the game," with a smirk. This amused him. (Apparently, I'd left my YouTube app playing in the background while I slept and it had been playing some of his videos)

385. (2-17-25) Dream I was in this high rise (was placed high up and above the surrounding city (#21) cave (#10) that had a really aesthetic pool (#128) in it. Trying to destroy - - - 's (#99) life. Was in a sea of infinite aisles (#168 & #155). City was going to be destroyed (#19 in the middle of winter. Snow (#18) was on the ground. It was pretty in the glow of the street lights. (#37)

386. (2-18-25) Destroying, out of annoyance, an ant line of little specs that represent my different lives. That's though. I love them with all my heart and want them happy. My guess is everything was already taken care of. I own two snakes (#39 & #41). I get scared they'll bite kitten, (#41) Ibi. I think about releasing them outside (I did buy (#168) them). When I go to do so I can't find them. I'm in an auditorium (#85) and they

say “it’s crazy how fast the cops (#98) left once they realized no one use knows how to use it. It’s a musical (#175) (#???? Instrument attached to a large screen (#68) or projected on the wall after I turn it on, connect it, and begin playing the keyboard shaped device. They say even the screen cleaner didn’t stop her. To which he, the screen cleaner, says he doesn’t know how to use it either and wanted to see it used for the first time. I was held against my will (#127) by my parents (#111) after a supposed mental break that I believe they’re lying about. I had pictures of myself on my phone up until 3am which didn’t match the time frame they were claiming this supposed mental break occurred. I jump off and over a small fence at some point to jump off something high because life was no longer worth living when they were holding me captive. I don’t remember actually jumping though. Scene changes to my mom and this injured cat (#41) in the same room. Mom not being nearly as freaked out as she should be by the fact one of the cat’s feet had been eaten down to the bone. Wound up in this massive casino looking building where we were all playing the same game (#64) and you had to win to leave. I got frustrated. Still wound up first in line to leave shortly thereafter but I let this guy who seemed upset cut in front of me. Later told her coworker that I was taking a “trip down the river.” (#7) I almost break my phone (#66) by submerging it in water from the river.

387. (2-20-25) Class (#164) assignment that included math that ended in hatching a rabbit (#38 & #41) from an egg. I accidentally dropped mine because I didn’t know it was supposed to turn into a rabbit. Dreamt part of the first square (#172) computer part (#67) had a square piece broken off. Brief visual of trash with maggots in it.

388. (2-21-25) John King and Brittany Rogers (#103 &) living in the bluff house (#116) and taking issue with me being there to grab some of my own things near my old computer (#67) and office chair (#162) in the downstairs living room (#89). Warning her John isn’t what he used to be.

389. (2-21-25 - 2-22-25) Zombie (#176) apocalypse (#19 happened. I started off in this futuristic city (#21) where I worked (#168) at a restaurant (#88) I’m pretty sure. Lots of blue (#44) and silver tones in the futuristic city. The zombie apocalypse started in the woods (#2) outside the city and seemed to be a part of a game (#64) almost since I got multiple tries to be the first one to the finish line without dying to zombies. I got there first alongside a guy on this massive futuristic tractor like thing (#58) I had attached myself too the first time and the second time I used another device to sling off of it to cinch victory by catapulting myself horizontally past the finish line. After winning the second time I was watching? Drawing? An image of me on a white sheet of paper.

390. (2-24-25 – 2-25-25) White lights (#36) on stage with the members of the (band) group all wearing white. Walk into a large room where a concert (#175) was occurring. I was attending with my mom (#111) (Nancy) and some friends. I was excited to see them as music played on in the background. After greeting them I went to sit down. Mom and I decided to go find a bathroom (#90) together, but she got a ways ahead of me. By the time I rounded a corner I could see a door (#82) start to slowly close. I assumed my mom had gone into that respective bathroom so I went inside of it only to find it unoccupied. Looks like it might be a male bathroom (#119) (at this point I was aware of the fact that these bathrooms are on an airplane (#54). I wind up sitting down to urinate on this bench thing made for that purpose. Either during or shortly after relieving myself I fell asleep (#148) in that same position on the bench. When I wake up I hear mom mention to someone in the hallway (#72) that she’s been waiting in line for the bathroom this entire time. Not for the room I was in but another (maybe multiple) bathroom further down the hallway. Leading me to believe that my bathroom might not be an official bathroom after all. I leave the room quickly and unseen and return to auditorium- gymnasium (#85) vibe massive room for the concert. The scene shifts and we’re still sitting in the concert venue but we’re waiting for the next group to play. Van is apparently sitting towards the front and we’re behind them a ways and they start screaming at each other about me. Everyone is listening

intently. Apparently while this was going on some woman (concert official (#98)) was taking attendance. I yell at them both loudly saying “IS THERE A REASON WHY YOURE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION RIGHT NOW!!!??” Apparently my name was called during this outburst and the lady nicely waited ‘til I was done speaking to loudly say “Sydney?” I say “here” and immediately stand up to walk away from the auditorium back to the doors leading out to the prior bathrooms. Once I make it through the doors I start to run (#125) to a place that was apparently my home so I could get there fast enough to lock the door behind me. I just wanted to unwind and recharge with things I enjoy in peace. Lo and behold mom had been chasing after me fast enough that I wasn’t able to lock her out. She knew I was trying to lock her out but stopped me from doing so when she caught up. She lets out this “fake unbothered” laugh. Like it was funny I hadn’t had enough time to lock her out. She was insisting we talk about what happened at the concert but I really didn’t want to talk about it at all. Scene shifts. They didn’t believe G—— intelligence (#156) had evolved that far on board the spaceships (#54). They’d been living for generations inside their Latino community (#122). Most assured that they would be able to evolve faster than G_____ on land. However, G———-’s intelligence had evolved to the degree the runners were saying. (“Gheslin”?? “Ghesleen”??). Then I saw the shadowed outlines of the members of this Latino community falling (#170) one by one from this hole (#52) above me. Their outlines are shadows because of the light existing in the background (#36).

391. (3-2-25 – 3-3-25) Only remember a little about the dream, but I know that I had established a popular spiritual practice and had a congregation of devotes (#97), not to me but to our shared idea of the monastic god. Our group’s existence was common knowledge for most people. My church and my guidance thereof were under a lot of scrutiny, and there were many rumors and lies being spread about our actual beliefs and practices. I do remember seeing a portion of a news clip (#68) that had a woman who’d previously been a member of our church going on an unhinged tirade about the church and I. She was saying outright lies and doing everything she could to discredit us. When the woman had been a member of our congregation she began coming across answers she didn’t like from the results of our spiritual practices. Particularly answers surrounding the idea of non-violence. She had become an angry person and was tired of not using violence against violence (#137. It wasn’t telling her what was and was not right, but the rituals she was taking part in kept giving her that result. At some point this came to a head and she left our group. Now it seemed she was channeling her frustration into attacking and discrediting us directly. We had our own cathedral (#27) that was obviously influenced by gothic architecture. The building was a dark grey and was absolutely stunning.

392. (3-3-25 – 3-4-25) Vague and very little memory of this dream. All I know was that I was at the center of “world ending,” apocalyptic phenomena (#19 that was repeatedly occurring. At one point I knew that I was in the center of a tornado like funnel (#8) that was directly causing the destruction of the entire world. It wasn’t scary or particularly jarring. If anything it felt familiar and unthreatening. It was as though I had done it so many times before it was practically banal. A process that would be over soon and that was that.

393. (3-12-25) Neal and I got in an argument about argument something, but I don’t know what. We were both upset by the end of the conversation. The scene shifts and steers the narrative to something related to sex (#167), but that’s literally the only thing I remember about the scene due to how vague it was.

394. (3-13-25) Vaguely weird dream where I was looking at a computer screen (#67) and saw that some poem (no idea whose) had been reblogged exactly 423 times on what I am assuming is Tumblr.

395. (3-17-25) Another vague dream involving Tyler (#100) visiting me. Was lucid-ish (#146) because I kept trying to confirm that it was real because I was very suspicious I was actually dreaming. The dream stuttered almost (repeated oddly) because the next part of the dream was an almost exact repeat of the last

part where I was trying to confirm it was real with Tyler a second time as I was suspicious this time too. Brief scene of us getting ready for a shower (#90) together.

396. (3-20-25) Beginning of the dream it was about Ibi (#41) having a hurt foot from his interaction with the stray cat yesterday. Our phone (#66) wouldn't allow us to make calls and we were panicking. Then there's a scene in the back right of a vehicle (#58) on the gravel road in Lamar. So, this part of the dream at the beginning sucked while the part of the dream at the end felt so fucking real it was slightly uncomfortable. There were all these different parts of the dream where the physical energy of movement represented something other than movement. Like it the motion occurring was a direct stand in for different operations of a magical force (#159). The "motion" was going from curve to curve and side to side on a downhill lazy river like path that represented magic produced from one of my driving rituals. There was a powerful entity (#153) that couldn't harm me, but wanted too. At some point I was with "classmates" (#164) as the world was ending (#19. At one point a classmate (woman) and I were making out (#121) in a bathroom (#90) (at our "school" while partially naked while others watched)

397. (3-21-25) Stephen Green (a classmate from high school I dated briefly (#117)) returns from a war (#134) and upon arriving home hires me to be there for his welcome back celebration as his arm candy. This included bringing flowers while wearing a sexy outfit that wasn't quite a bunny (#41) costume, but had bunny like aspects of its design. He told me that he hired me because I was the only person he could think of that would be able to be hired for such a thing. (Being a fake girlfriend for appearances) This part is less clear, but I know that a different man (#106) I was familiar with also purchased my services for something similar shortly thereafter. Scene changes and I'm with a woman that dream me had been friends-ish with back in college (#164) and they were in the same sorority. The somewhat friendly acquaintance seemed upset with me and asked me why (this was said after claiming she'd always been nice to me, asked me questions about myself, and genuinely engaged with me when we were around one another) without context. I thought about what she'd said and realized I had very few memories, if any, of interacting with her at all from that time. This makes me think she was probably asking why I didn't remember her. Scene shifts and I'm standing in the garage of my home and I look up to a high part of the wall and see that there is a weapon I'd hung there I'd recently bought (#168) for protection. I hear, maybe see, cops (#98) come into my part of the neighborhood so I immediately turn to ask a woman neighbor who was out on her front lawn to please help me by doing anything she could to buy me enough time to close my garage door before cops were able to see inside it. I was desperate not to get charged with the illegal possession of a firearm (#142). (Suns out (#36)) The next scene is attached to the prior scene but now it's dark outside, and I'm walking down a street in the same neighborhood as before as a few other groups of women walk on the same street. They're all walking at different paces and going in different directions. Cops show up again out of nowhere, and the tone shifts almost. I could tell the other groups of women were just as uneasy about their arrival as I was. At this point I choose to join a group of four other women in bathing suits that were already walking the same direction I was to wait out and see if the cops leave (the other ladies were trying to do the same). I'm not sure if I knew these women or not, but I also had a swimsuit on. It was just under my shirt initially. We all reach this pool (#128) in the front of some yard and they sit to put their feet in the water and I do the same while we all waited to see if the cops would leave without bothering us. The next scene is pretty dark in tone. In the scene I know that I'm walking around inside of a series of horror "games" (3 total) (had some video game (#65) like vibes to them, but it was hard to tell because of how real the experience felt while walking inside of them). I was walking from game two back into the first game (going backwards) for some reason. I thought to myself that the second game was the "best" in quality while I was moving from it to the game prior. The scene changes again as an act of extreme violence (#137) unfolds. A man calling himself Tupac,

but was obviously a white man (#122), suddenly turned to shoot (#142) two men (#106). One of the men is still alive (#140). The shooter going by Tupac is about to do something horrible that I internally become aware of the fact I'm watching a historical event take place. The man that didn't die immediately was then peed on by the man, had a "load" blown on his back (#139).... and once the man realized he freaked out and stuttered while saying something akin to "you're sick." I knew the he was about to shoot the man again resulting in his death (#140), but I woke up in time to not see it happen. There was a shift in perspective at the part of the dream after he'd just shot the two of them. The visuals were now seen from a third person top down perspective (#150) just above the psychopath's head

398. (3-22-25 - 3-23-25) Trying to not be found (#123) and caught repeatedly before realizing I needed to get off the planet entirely if I wanted to not be found by my pursuer. Upon having this realization I somehow either became space itself or just of part of space. Couldn't tell which. Thus removing myself from the planet below where my pursuer was looking for me. There was a brief scene where I visualized the far-right side of the part of our family's property the bluff house was built on close to adjoining field (#5) on the other side of the fence. The image was specifically from the view point of us heading down the slope of the bluff side (# before it falls off above the land below it. This image was seen right before the transition into space.

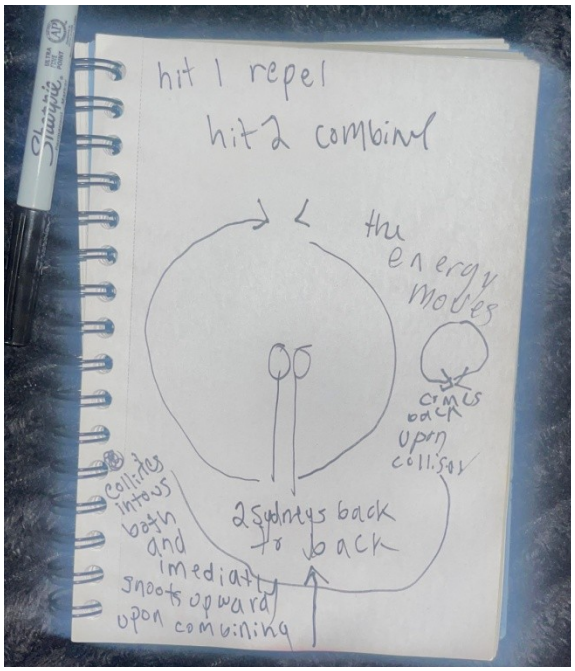
399. (3-23-25) Another music festival (#22) dream. At one point I was distressed that my house was incredibly messy and needed cleaning. I chose to ignore my urge to clean the whole night and instead went the second night of the music (#175) festival. The music festival seemed to only take place at night for some reason. There was a part of the festival where we, the attendees, were suddenly representatives of different nations of people. While my team and I discussed strategy I made the comment that we needed to be aware of the possibility that bombs could start falling down around us at any moment. One of the other people from the group disagreed with me by claiming I was being overly dramatic. To which I say "you do realize how much they hate these people right?" The scene shifted and in the scene there were men dressed up and posing as what I can only describe as "surrealist housewives." There was one man in particular that's been crossdressing (#119) like this since the 70s. His ex-partner then told him that they first started hanging out because his parents were concerned for his well-being and wanted this ex-partner to keep an eye on him.

400. (3-27-25) At the beginning of the dream I was standing in the middle of a large room (think school (#164) gymnasium (#85)) with a very tall (had to look up at him to see his face) handsome, and intelligent man. He had many hobbies and had impressive knowledge of a myriad of things. In this next part of the dream I wanted to have sex with Van Oliver, Tyler's old friend from Hot Springs, as a way to get revenge on a completely different ex that wasn't in the dream or connected to Van Oliver in any way. Later on I'm in the back of this tent (#25) like thing that was made from long pieces of fabric () draped over one another. The tent was large enough that the drapery hung far above me and I was nowhere near either side of the tent. I could see a bit of sunlight (#36) and the area directly in front of the tent. At this point I know I'm supposed to be focusing on listening to the world around me. I hear the very intelligent man I obviously had a massive crush on from the start of the dream speaking to another gentleman (#106) out of view but nearby. My crush made a deadpan comment that was meant to be a funny, albeit a little crude, joke for me to hear since he knew I was inside the tent. Something to do with wanting to see a great pair of tits. I started giggling and felt flattered by his comment.

401. (3-29-25 – 3-30-25) I'm watching a let's play video (#67) of two men (#106) playing a video game (#65) like something you'd find on YouTube. The man on the right side of the screen comes across a male character double wielding machine guns (#142). He immediately starts to attack the player only for the double wielder, the man on the left side of the screen, to suddenly stop shooting at him and instead fire both weapons at a downward angle causing him to fly (#61) off the ground and far away across the sky as the

man on the right looked at him in surprise? Shock maybe? The man on the left immediately started laughing and made a joke by repeatedly saying “I get to take you from behind.” Scene shifts and I’m in the back of vehicle (#58) mom (#111) driving dad in passenger seat. There’s a guy on TikTok (#67) that’s going viral right now for making these perfect, top tier daiquiris (#174) whilst exhibiting his very over the top, funny personality. I see that the numbers representing engagement with his videos are really high indicating virality. Van replies that he’s never been on Tik Tok and that slightly surprises me for whatever reason. At few seconds pass and I start to become unsure of whether this was a true story and said “Unless that was a dream I had.” It had been (#148)……..make of that what you will. Small child Sydney (#118) in a home video (#68). (Video takes up entirety of my vision) Even had the finish of a video rec sing made in that time period. “Mom? Do you remember your childhood?” *mom answers but I don’t hear her actually say it* (camera stays on my face the entire time) Child Sydney smiles wryly and says “Yeah, me neither.” A punchline to a joke. As I saw this unfold in my dream I immediately busted up laughing at how hysterical that was. I wasn’t anticipating that answer and my god. It was so perfectly in tune with our dark sense of humor. The me that was watching took it at face value at first. Thinking it was only about how the trauma of our childhood caused us to forget the vast majority of it. After waking I realized it was also funny because she was a child and hadn’t experienced her childhood yet due to her age. That being said, it was obvious to me (#144) that the child me meant it in both contexts. As she had knowledge of that aspect of our trauma, and knowledge of the irony of that punchline considering the setting and her age. She didn’t say it cruelly, but I also know that the joke was partly meant to sting for mom to hear as a means of getting some small semblance of justice for the hurt that was caused by both dad and her very apparent ambivalence and refusal to step in and stop him. The laughing part of the narrative zoomed back into the living room (#89) upstairs next to the TV (#68) that could be seen from the kitchen. At this point mom and dad head towards their bedroom as if there gonna do something I didn’t want to be anywhere near. (#167) That being said, as I saw them in the hallway next to the stairs (#70) I ran to their room and threw and discarded my jeans on the floor next to their bed and ran back out before they entered their bedroom. Later on I’m talking to mom I think even though I can’t hear our conversation. Not sure where we were but my vision was mostly obscured by black. I feel a discard condom adhere itself to my right hand and I recoil and yell in disgust while saying “Really mom!?!!” I moved my hand forcefully to shake it off and it fell to the ground. When it happened a second time it was from masturbation that Van wanted to hide from mom. Got it off of me immediately. All of this is likely a very disgusting representation of the horribly unhealthy relationship they both had with sex the entire time they were together. I think the “take you from behind” (joke??) somehow means what’s pictured

below.


hit 1 repel
hit 2 combine
the energy moves
circles back upon collision
collides into both and immediately shoots upward upon combining
2 sydneys back to back

402. (3-31-25 – 4-1-25) Watching as every bomb falls from the sky (#19 and down on us all. Realizing something is purposefully killing all life on earth, before I told someone I couldn't see that I loved them as a tear formed from one of my closed eyes. The scene shifts and I'm walking alongside these two children that were in my care (#115). A random man began to talk to me in an attempt to separate me from the children. The area seemed strange and dangerous and once I realize the two children, a girl and a boy, had walked away I ran off after them (the girl was older than the boy). When I find them the boy is crawling and the girl is teetering towards an open hole in a chain link fence (#80) right next to a very busy road (#58). I yell for them when I spot them, and they stop and come back to me. The scene shifts and Anthony Fantano (#109) is making a joke referencing both anime and sponge bob. He says something about how "we are the Yoqonamis." The scene changes and people wearing eastern religious garb (#122) are playing music (#175) by the bathroom (#90) of a bar. Behind the bar top is a massive, robot octopus (#41) bartender. (#174) This part is a nap dream I had after the dental appointment I had that morning was over. The dream was a mixture of both dream and reality. There was an Ibi (#41) from my waking life and a dream Ibi that was too large to be "real." Petting them both at the same time and feeling the same amount of sensory data (#144) of the soft fur. Toddler Conner (#111) clipping in and out of the "reality" I was in as I try to make sure he doesn't fall out of my arms.

403. (4-2-25 – 4-3-25) Dream from last night. Dream was quite peculiar. And a little vague in some aspects. I was with a large group of people that were being held captive (#127) by a powerful force. The force itself seemed to consist of a man at the beginning of the dream and a woman at the end of the dream. At the start of the dream we, the group being held captive, were in a hallway (#72) with all wooden () floors and walls. Very fancy in appearance. I opened the door (#82) to a room and we all go inside. I do some sort

of action that was not permitted by our captor that was supposed to be both an act of defiance and a show of proof that we had powers of our own that could help us escape our oppressor. I believe I purposefully began to float off of the floor (#61) and up and toward the ceiling. A reminder that we had powers. I remember that the male captor wasn't present to see the act, but I still felt his anger towards me (#144) for doing so. If I remember correctly there was another man in the room that was separate from our group, but also separator from whatever was holding us prisoner. He looked… frightened??? In a way. Like he recognized that I was risking great harm coming upon me by doing what I was doing. The scene changes and it seems the group is walking on dirt, outside of the initial building. I had convinced the group to try and escape the man, and the man appeared almost out of thin air to go off into an angry diatribe about all the horrible things that would happen to us if we tried. This part is the vaguest, but there was a man from the group that did try and wound up hurting himself (not severely) while doing so. I think he'd tripped and fallen to the ground (rock and dirt). The man lingered behind him ominously from his first hand perspective. I don't see how, but I know the man was able to escape shortly thereafter. (#126) I attempt as well and I succeed which angers the male entity (#153) greatly. The scene shifts again to the front of the property in on the front door side of the house (mansion…which was also wooden and fancily shaped from the outside as well). There was a light (#36) coming from one room in particular with these squared panel windows ((#69)& #172). At this moment I was looking at the lit room from the perspective (#150) of a different man from the group being held captive as he was trying to escape from the property. He knew there was a woman (the counterpart of the male captor) in the room and he desperately didn't want to be spotted. The lights are flipped off quickly and the man knows she saw him so he begins to desperately sprint towards the edge of the land we're being held on. As he's running we see her burst from the house and into the dark to chase him. She's faster but he gets to the dark, rock ledge in time (#125) and jumps off the cliff? ledge? And into the darkness. Successfully escaping from our tormentors. Edge of the property.

404. (4-3-25 – 4-4-25) Only thing I remember from the dream is that my Bubsy 3D PS1 CD (#65) had been taken by someone I didn't know and they used a device to play it that wasn't meant to play PS1 games. The machine they used warped its shape from a circle to a long oval with bent edges.

405. (4-6-25) Nap dream. I'm in some strange vacation, water world (#8) that where you have to swim (#128) from room to room. There're some structures with one room. Others have more rooms grouped together. A man from the dream and I become attracted to one another and start to develop crushes on one another. There was one moment in particular that made the man from my group like me. When we were all playing laser tag (#64) together one day something happened after the man was shot and left his turn in the game in a way that indicated he might be in actual distress. I immediately approached him, asked him if he was alright, and if he needed any help. The man was surprised by my question for some reason but let me know he was okay. When we later developed an attraction to one another he cited that moment as being a big part of that. We wound up doing some sexual stuff (#167 &) with one another. I explicitly remember sucking his cock. In the middle of the dream I found this one room in particular that was very comfortable, accommodating and seemed different from all the other rooms. It had a walk in shower and a fancy, large tub (#90) next to an even bigger window (#69) overlooking the watery expanse, a stunning vanity (#93), and beautiful tile floors. When I mentioned it to a group member and they said it was a room built to protect the "singers" (#175) Later on I get a text (#66) from Elisa (#104) who says she's bored and wants to get together with someone from the group to do "witchy shit." I text her back and say "way ahead of you." As I was in the middle of looking across a section of the ocean? Water to see a massive outline of a mermaid the size of a Godzilla type creature half below the water and partially above it was where the tail met her human

torso (#159). I watch her gently bobbing in the water. At some point I was dancing (#129) on the side of one of the floating rooms. I was having a lot fun and felt incredibly attractive. It was light outside (#36) for the entire dream except for when we were playing laser tag which was inside a building I didn't see out the windows of.

406. (4-7-25 - 4-8-25) There was a war (#134) going on that had recently begun. One of our acquaintances that was kind of a pain in our ass but meant well was trapped in his father's kingdom (#98) (he's the prince) since his father had been the one to start the war with us. Scene changes and I'm falling in love with a guy that was anxious about approaching me because he was a bit shorter. It didn't matter to me and we wound up deeply caring about one another (). Sexual context (#167). Scene changes and we won the war even though our position was initially disadvantageous when the opposing kingdom began their attack on our forces. I was the general of this military force (#63 ????). Callie Baysk (#117) trying to bully me in a school (#164) setting and me asking her why she thought I'd give a fuck about what cAlLiE bAsIc has to say about me. Her friend group was being rude to me and I was angry about it but it's not like it was hurting my feelings of my self-esteem.

407. (4-10-25 - 4-11-25) I had a dream about being in the woods (#2) and a group of Catholics (#27) were having people killed (?) (didn't witness any of these killings) out in the same forest on an infamous road that lead to the next town over.

408. (4-11-25 - 4-12-25) First part of the dream was nightmare adjacent. I was in the same room I'd fallen asleep in (Bentonville house) and I was so sleepy and could only move slowly (likely due to sleeping with a weighted blanket on) and I was crawling on the floor and reaching for the door knob (#82) to leave my dark room (#26) and enter the well-lit living room (#89) (could see the light (#36) shining from cracks of the door). As I reach for the door knob handle I feel the weight of an unseen, malicious entity's (#153) hand grab onto my forearm and wrist with the intent to do me harm. I don't panic and in about a second or two the weight of the hand disappears and I reach out and grab the door handle. The next part of the dream was about finishing up a semester of college (#164) and having a few more assignments and a test due and asking for an extension and being nervous wouldn't graduate. Another part of a dream happens where someone warns me a group is on their way to rape (#139) certain women from our area and I'm on their list and to be careful. The group does eventually succeed after I try and escape for a while so one man rapes me anally (#167). Once the rape commences my consciousness splits off into two and the second consciousness comes in and hangs the rapist by the neck of his shirt until dead (#138 & #140 & & #110?). I'm in a classroom on the finals day of exams and I tell Gavin Free (#109) I've had a crush on him the entire school year but didn't say anything out of respect for his relationship (). Another man at the table says something crass and sexually threatening and I tell him if he wants to try it he can get his head cut clean off. I was threatening to use a blade I had on me to remove his head from his body if he dared. Brittany Rogers was in the room and loudly said "I believe her" I then reply that I "most definitely would." I go to an inpatient facility (#23) to meet with my psychiatrist (#98) for a refill of my medications only for her to act oddly and act as though she was going to force me to stay in inpatient for a while. She was also acting like me not wanting to stay was indicative of me needing to stay there. She even said, you also talked about how "the river" (#7) brings you peace but when's the last time you went there? I told her I literally visited it last week. She acts like she might keep me there for at least an hour which I find shady as hell. I see the door to exit the building swing back to being closed after someone had opened it and I immediately leapt at the opportunity. The alarm went off and they began to pursue me (#125) and one other person, a man. I fly (#61) up to the very top of an incredibly tall construction crane thingy (yellow (#47) color) and hide (#123) out at the top. From up there I see the man who had also tried to escape sitting in a chair to the right of some double doors that I

know lead out to a field (#5) he can escape through. I gesture at him to go through those doors and escape. He sees me gesturing and exits through the doors.

409. (4-12-25 - 4-13-25) Big dream last night. First part was an Elisa (#104) nightmare where we were trying to fall asleep in the dark (#26) and I was scared (#171) so I tried to keep my eyes closed. Elisa kept telling me to look at just one more thing but I knew better. When I did finally look her she was floating upside down with her face frozen in a horrifying position with orange (#48) and purple (#46) hair (#165) indicating she was being controlled by an evil witch (#159). As I thought about what to do all that came to mind was I could only love god and try to use that love to help her. Scene changes and I'm worried about graduating from college (#164) because of two different classes I was struggling to finish. Ibi gave birth (#119 & #41) to 6 black kittens and our neighbors were trying to put them all into a black trash bag and I freaked out trying to save the kittens. I asked mom (Nancy) (#111) to help me bring them to the animal shelter, but mom kept saying she was too busy as I got increasingly more aggravated. At some point in the dream I worked (#168) at a fast food place (#88) for a month and then a restaurant (#88) out in a rural area. At some point I had to suddenly leave the restaurant during the shift because a man I didn't want finding me came looking for me. After I left out the back I had to walk past this large ditch full of water (#3) at the bottom of this steep, rocky, and wet hill (#4). There was an unnaturally large snake (#39 & #41) that was in the ditch that tried to get me unsuccessfully as I made my escape (#125).

410. (4-14-25 - 4-15-25) Had a dream where I had another big assignment in some class (#164) that I was having difficulty finishing. At some point two women (#108) who I believed were my friends left the area to go do something together without me and I felt like the odd one out. I think they were grabbing something to eat together. We were all walking through a mall (#168 & #84). They were at the far left walking area where I was on the middle path that was a bridge (#51) over the shops below since we were on the second floor. There was an elevator (#71) at the end of the building on that side. When the two did see me they asked when I'd left the (house? room?) we were all in initially which was odd. Scene changes and I'm in a setting in which I had volunteered for a "date auction" for a fraternity that was raising money for a good cause. The man who was in charge of this fundraise was already on the phone (#66) with (I believe Kaity Hale (#117)), and I had her ask if I could participate. He asked some questions like who in the frat mentioned it to me. I told him I was just interested and no one had recommended me or whatever. After Kaity sent him a picture of me he agreed to have me participate in the raffle, auction or whatever. I remember being glad that my high heels (#132) were coming in the mail that week so I could wear them to the auction. This high heel order was actually on the way to me in the waking world funnily enough.

411. (4-16-25 - 4-17-25) Had a dream that Ryan from work drugged (#173) me while on shift at the hotel (#168 & #75), and I was immediately disoriented. Not full blown psychotic, but close. What was worse was that I only found out I'd been drugged was because Elizabeth finally caved and told me, but she didn't seem to care all that much and left early for the day to handle stuff "at home." What was worse was that there was this massive event going on at the hotel based on a discounted package that included lots of different foods. Even mom (Nancy) (#111) came for it and met me at the front desk while eating a slice of cheesecake. During the first portion of dream I came too, from being completely zonked, while sitting down watching a movie in a movie theatre (#83) attached to 21c museum hotel. I was terrified because I knew I was in the middle of a shift at the front desk so I frantically left. Forgetting my purse under the seat in the process. After losing consciousness again in the back office (which looked completely different than the actual one) and coming too I panicked because I still didn't know I'd been drugged. I went back to the theater room to grab my purse and came back only to fall out on the floor close to the front desk. I was wearing the tattoo print skirt and a black baseball cap for some reason. Later on I attempted to find my vehicle (#58) parked in an

area that doesn't exist in "real life" which took quite some time. Elizabeth and another woman (#108) (that was being just as cold and stand offish) that worked with us finally caved and admitted I'd been drugged by Ryan (the valet) but were not at all sympathetic. To the point I wondered if it was a plot to have me fired. Soon after I hear a voiceover (likely inside my mind) that advised that if you're ever drugged you should call the cops (#98). I thought this suggestion was stupid considering it was more likely they'd put me in inpatient than actually help me. Basically punishing me for getting drugged.

412. (4-17-25) Nap dream. "Grandma's house" (A combination of the "tractor shed house" and some of Janet's furniture. Greep festival. Greer's ferry. Jeep (#58) Music festival (#22 & #175). Mom (Nancy) (#111) was there. Van and a bigger (weight wise) woman he was dating () showed up later. I immediately pulled mom aside once Van arrive. She was defensive immediately after I got us where we could talk. Even going so far as to get angry with me over what she presumed I was going to talk to her about. She started yelling at me for "suggesting she was weak" by allowing Van to be here. When I was just wanted to explain how uncomfortable I was with Van being there in the first place.

413. (4-19-25 - 4-20-25) Had a dream about an amazing music festival (#175 & #22) where I was anxious to not sleep in by mistake since I didn't want to miss anything. It's an awesome music festival. At some point during the festival I asked someone if they were going to be playing music at the far right of the camping area to which they said no. Afterwards, at school (#164), someone decides to tell the principal (#98) that I'm on drugs that day so the principle calls me into the office over the PA system without mentioning why I'm being called to the office. After stopping by the bathroom (#90) and putting my thc pens(#173) down my shorts so I don't get caught with them I head to the office. For whatever reason I get to the office and the principal is gone. We end up talking over the phone (#66) instead, and he tells me why he called me to the office. I tell him that someone must have lied to him because I hadn't taken "illicit substances" since a few days prior at the music festival itself. Which I admitted freely. I told him I had no reason to be on drugs that day and that I prefer to remain healthy enough to pass in school. This response was well received, and he said he didn't know why I'd been reported. I actually didn't lie. Even though I had the pens on me I wasn't high at school that day.

414. (4-20-25 - 4-21-25) Mom (Nancy) (#111) was in the dream towards the beginning. Not sure about the context. Two lemurs (#41) in the dream. (I think the first Lemur escaped the house through the air ducts) and then there was a duck like bird (#41) in the dream that seemed like he might have potentially have had a sleeping related illness. When he fell asleep in my hands I had to put him down quickly because he started to urinate. Scene changes and at some point I'm watching a packed dining hall, that seems to have been rented out for an event, be attacked (#137) by forces I think were gang related. Mafioso type behavior. They're shooting (#142 & #140) everyone indiscriminately, including the women who weren't involved. This due to the fact the men all have weapons and the attackers don't want to get shot and killed either. I wasn't actually physically present at the location.

415. (4-21-25 – 4-22-25) Dad (#111) was in the dream. We were in some common area of a building (people were coming and going, but not sure what the building was being used for) together talking. I was saying that it's a shame that our relationship was never good or healthy and that we can't communicate anymore. At this point he tries to make a dig at me. Something like, says the girl who posted online (#67) that she was a "skinny legend." Which I knew I'd never posted because it's cringe as fuck. I laughed and said if he could screen shot and show me where and when I would have ever said such a thing I'd give him the five dollar bill in my pocket. This happened while we sat at a table (directly across from one another). Scene changes to a bedroom that was mine (didn't resemble ones from waking life) where the main light switch wasn't working after getting out of bed. The closet (#91) light (#36) was still on. Closet had sliding doors like

the ones in our childhood bedrooms. There was a bird (#41) in the closet that I had apparently accidentally forgotten to feed and I knew it was 99.9% most likely dead so I didn't look to find out. It did make me feel sad and guilty.

416. (4-22-25 - 4-23-25) "You're wrong about who we are." Said the leader of a group of people arriving via several black, tinted SUVs (#58). She, the leader, said they were there to help me, not harm me. Scene shifts and I'm looking at pictures of me and various sorority friends from my college days. I felt kind of bad about how they were probably never really friends of mine to begin with. These friends and I went to some college (#164) where were in a sorority. I don't recognize the college or the sorority.

417. (4-29-25 - 4-30-25) Dream last night. At some point I was with another woman recording a music video (#175 & #67) together. I don't think we were getting along very well. More accurately we seemed rather ambivalent about each other. The scene changes and I have fallen madly in love with a "fem boy." For whatever reason, I joked about how much I love his feet. The scene changes and I watch as my roommates (all men, not sure if there were two or three of them) go in and out of the bathroom (#90) we shared in our apartment. Scene shifts and I'm participating in cheerleading competition. I'm in a cafeteria like room (#85) arguing with group of girls across the room from me very publically. One of the girls tries to insult me and says something along the lines of, "at least I have a boyfriend and get laid." As soon as the trash talk began I was grinning from ear to ear. In response I said, in a mocking tone of voice, "and???? I also go on dates and fuck??" The scene changes again and I'm experiencing a top down perspective of a place (World? State? Who knows? Lol) where every city has a walking trail named after it, and those named after the city they're in are always connected to the trail of the next town or city over.

418. (5-1-25 - 5-2-25) Dream I've been having since 4pm ish. Where do I even begin? "Have a good day ladies" said the two men (#106) to another woman and I as we veer off to the right and they the left as we as we all depart. We were all on the top of this incredibly steep hill (#4) at the beginning of the dream. The other woman and I begin walking down the right hillside. The hill is a nice shade of green (#42) with cool undertones. As is the entirety of the landscape. There weren't any buildings or landmarks in the area and seemed to consist of nothing but natural features but no trees. There also weren't any people visible other than the woman I was traveling with (there wasn't any information or preexisting knowledge that could have indicated who the woman was, how we knew each other, what we were doing, or where we were headed) All of a sudden I become aware of the fact my feet are no longer touching the ground and that I'm falling (#170) so fast down the steep hillside I'm getting airtime as I'm careening towards the bottom. I continue falling through the air long enough to know it won't end well. Once I come to this realization my thoughts say, "this is going to hurt." At this point the other woman was already ahead of me down the hill, and I still hadn't caught up to her by the time the scene ended. Presumably to avoid witnessing and experiencing what was gonna happen when I reached the bottom. There's a brief scene of a man working some sort of job (#168) at the front of a building. I'm in another room inside the building (house?) that has a window (#69) looking into the room that connects to the front porch (#87) at an open door where the man is standing. I overhear him and his girlfriend () play arguing over the intercom system. She's the one using the intercom, but she is still able to hear the man's replies. The man says something slightly insulting about her jokingly at one point. This annoys the girlfriend a small amount, but enough for her to reply, "oh yeah?" over the PA system. A moment later the floor that he was standing on at the (front?) of the building (at the entrance of the house) begins to shift under his feet. The floor turns into a conveyor belt and begins to move him backwards. It moves him past the open door (#82), into the house, and down a small set of stairs (#70) (two steps max) that lead into the room which is slightly lower in elevation than the front exterior of the building. Since I'm watching from inside of the house I only see the conveyor belt section on the stairs themselves as I watch it

move the man down them and into the adjoining room. For whatever reason he doesn't put two and two together and says aloud, "what, what's happening?" The scene changes once more and I am suddenly aware that I'm being rapidly pursued (#125) by authorities (#98), and that being caught would not end well for me by any means. I'm running through the back side of an industrial area behind a particular manufacturing building (#81). As I run past one of the open, massive, hatch doors where I assume their docking bay is located I say the following phrase loudly but not yelling, "_____" steel. It was either the name of the state, or the name of the city before the word steel. Unfortunately I don't have enough context clues to say definitively. I'm leaning towards state but who knows? There's only one man close enough to the opening to have heard me. "What did you just say?" the man asks. I repeat myself in a normal tone of voice. "_____" steel. Before I can even realize what's happening I've been picked up entirely, and the man is running (I mean absolutely hauling ass) into the innermost depths of the building where he intends to hide (#123) me from my pursuers. What's odd is that I was looking past him down the alley (#72) (wide, not narrow. Normal wooden fence toward my right side and the man in the building behind me and to the left from the inside) in the direction I'd been running when we had this exchange. I didn't turn to look at him, but I also have a vague recollection of what he may have looked like. With that being said, the entire time I'm being held by him I'm still facing the same direction towards the opening leading to the outside of the building as I wait for us to be wherever it is we need to be. Which, realistically speaking (even though realism may not even apply in this scenario), means he would have had to be holding me, facing away from him, while running backwards into the building with extreme speed and agility. Not sure if it's that or a metaphor of some sort. Maybe it's more simple than that, and the dream shirked realism in favor of conveying just how focused I was on watching "my back" in the direction of my pursuers. What's unique about this scene is that, as I'm waiting to be wherever it is we're going, I have enough time to recognize just how badly I'm shaking from the adrenaline and the anxiety of potentially being caught while I desperately fled. The sensation itself was incredibly vivid and akin, if not identical, to waking sensation (#144). So much so that I end up focusing on the sensory experience of violently shaking the entire way there. We do eventually wind up in this big industrial closet (#91) where he intends to have me hide. Other than the existence of metal walls and pipes everywhere I don't remember much about the room. All I knew was that it we were deep inside this monstrosity of a building. Even though that is where the dream ends and the man and I don't get to have a conversation about what's happening I have preexisting knowledge about some of the reasons things happened in the manner that they did. Apparently steel workers everywhere were in the middle of a massive, industry wide push to unionize and fight for both a living wage and for the safety and well-being of steel workers as a whole. Those in charge of the industry that were reaping the benefits and profits of their labor did not take kindly to this. They called upon the local authorities in every steel town to crack down on those who were trying to unionize. Workers knew they would've been out of a job if caught so instead of striking and identifying themselves those protesting tried to keep a low profile and continue to disseminate information while on site amongst their peers. Realizing they'd be better able to unionize and assemble, organize by keeping their jobs. Lest they be cut off from their colleagues and barred from the premises. It was also in the interest of their own well-being since the authorities being influenced by the big wigs were snatching people out of their homes, committing heinous acts of violence, and even "disappearing" the leaders of their communities who they now feared dead. Apparently the phrase "_____ steel" was a way of conveying that you supported their movement without being so obvious that someone from outside of the group could overhear and know that's what the phrase meant. I don't know to what extent I was involved in their movement (if at all), but the man knew I was being chased by the (police? military?) before I said the

phrase and that combined with the implication I supported them was enough to be met with immediate solidarity.

419. (5-3-25 - 5-4-25) Everyone had powers (#) of some variety and we had the ability to steal (#) powers from other people. A woman tried to pressure me into having sex (#) with this very tall, handsome black man (#) I was aquatinted with, potentially friends with. I'd never considered having sex with him until she'd put me on top of him and I felt him pressing against me. The woman herself had doubtful, likely bad motives, but at some point I tell a different, particular woman who was also one of us with powers that was sitting at a table in our living area (which was massive to fit our massive population) that a woman with her description stole my powers even though they weren't even that powerful to begin with. From what I can tell that was a lie, but she had done that to others. At some point I cut this woman with bad intention's hair (#). Just a piece of it in passing, without her noticing, and kept walking as I knew I'd just escalated whatever weird power struggle we were a part of.

420. (5-5-25 - 5-6-25) Dream last night. The part I remember (dream was longer but don't recall the context) starts off with a toddler Conner (#111) chastising me for "eating metal." He giggles and tells me "don't eat metal, you're not supposed to eat metal," in a cute, toddler voice as I take a second bite of metal. I laugh and say "I guess your sister has….." as I struggle to remember the name of that one condition that causes you to crave non-food items. In the second part of the dream I'm watching a scene play out as though I'm right there watching a man start dancing (#129). I don't know it's a video (#67) I'm watching at first because I am experiencing the events unfolding in real time. A black man (#122) is in an elevator (#71) with mirror (#93) walls and begins his dance by looking at his reflection on the left from my perspective and either winking or blowing a kiss or something at himself and then proceeds to dance skillfully out of the elevator and into a party scene of some variety. The perspective I'm watching from is in first person but it moves smoothly throughout the scene as if from the perspective of a camera filming the scene (#150). My perspective pans over to reveal a very attractive, Asian man (#122) who starts to dance out of the seat and as we smoothly glide past him I say one word aloud, "hot." The video starts to play at the beginning again during the elevator section, and my mom (Nancy) walks by just as I pause it as the man gestures at himself in the mirror. She sees it and makes an exaggerated, physical gesture to mock the man. I'm not at all amused and tell her "that's not what he did." Her behavior was annoying me. Someone from the Nick Williams, Travis Owens, Kendall McCarley (#117), etc. friend group did something bad and then died (#140) after he'd done whatever the bad thing was. Not sure of the details but I remember coming across a written statement from Nick online (#67) he made to address the situation since people had been pestering him to make a statement since they had been close friends. I had also been close to this person, and it made me sad that he'd done what he did and that he had died. Vague and hazy scene of myself and a group of people in a room being held hostage (#127) by some woman with intent to kill us, and me moving around the room to the other side of it and I was only able to go to that side of the room by walking right in front of the woman (it was like we were on a higher floor and there was a long, thin rectangular cut out in the floor you could see down below through that had railings on all sides that separated the room at the middle point of the room but wasn't long enough to separate the two sides of the room entirely) I actively hope she doesn't shoot me as I pass, but I guess that wasn't enough to deter me. After I make it to my new standing position on the right side of the room instead of the left (from my perspective) she gives me a quizzical look.

421. (5-6-25 - 5-7-25) Once of the worst dreams I've ever had I think. Not as bad as the one with the helicopter, but pretty fucking bad. So much sexual assault (#139). So much horrible imagery and concepts. Truly a nightmare in every sense of the word. At the beginning of the dream I was far too lucid and the dream was adapting to my fears. Like the dream would evolve into a non threatening scene only to invert to

something scary and upsetting: There was one point during this section where I screamed mid dream and was able to wake up for a bit before falling back asleep. I remember specifically having the scene change to where an outline of a person was going to lay me down to have sex (#167) with me, and I thought to myself I hope they're attractive because at least I'd enjoy this part of the dream, since I was sick of it being nightmarish (#146), only for it to turn into Van (#111) as he tried to put me on the ground only for me to lash out and say, "I'd rather slit your throat" as I jabbed and gouged in his direction (#138) as the scene melted away without him successfully "harming" me. There was one section where myself and a lot of other people had been captured (#127) by this sick individual who was having us play almost like a game (#64) where there were certain rules and they'd ask us to do things that would hurt us (#137), and if we didn't obey they'd make the request worse etc. I wasn't doing well and had kinda dissociated at some point. There was a part of the dream where I attempted to commandeer a fire truck (#58) that I tried to drive in reverse to escape the dream. There was another part of the dream where kids were following me (#115) and I tried to lose them as me and a male child went faster and faster to god knows where. It was as if I knew we were headed towards danger, and didn't want them to be able to follow me. The next section of the dream I wake up in a house or apartment I knew was owned by a disgusting man who'd kidnapped me (#127) and apparently this male child and done horrible things to us both (#139). He was nasty, smelly, large, and just downright foul. When I came too I knew that the man was about to die (#140) for some reason so I ran to his bedroom and locked the door (#82), hoping he'd die before trying to attempt to sexually assault me again. I unlock the door when I know he's dead and the male child I hadn't seen yet appears randomly in front of an open oven, which he somehow warps (#62) inside of where he catches on fire (#35 & #36). He doesn't act as though it hurts or anything. He just calmly says, "I'm on fire," and wanders toward a very small, cramped, () metal, black spiral staircase (#70) that led out of the man's house and he walks into the center instead of the steps and falls (#170) down the middle before he crashes into the ground as I fall a little ways above him only for my own fall to stop a few moments ways from the ground. During this last portion I didn't see the body of our assailant anywhere. Just really awful all around. Not sure if the child died considering the fire didn't hurt him, but if normal laws of physics were in play he most certainly would have died.

422. (5-8-25) only remember brief portion from my dream. "We" were all in the middle of a game (#64) of survival. Very psychological game. The whole point was that we couldn't see one another, and there was always a possibility the other player had someone with them that they weren't telling us about. This man I was observing playing the game knew it'd be harder to win and not die if we did try to make sure everyone won. A woman communicating with him without being able to see each other lied about another person being with her where ever she was. After he questions her a bit she admits she lied and that the man was there, and then states it shouldn't matter. The man was adamant everyone won. I was of the same opinion as him, but I'm not sure if I was also playing or just observing. Scene shifts and a young child says "I drank alcohol (#174) once." The child didn't look or seem like me necessarily, but she was outside the bluff house. For a reason unbeknownst to her she received a message on her phone (#66) that told her to hide (#123). She goes to the edge of the bluffs and hides on the downward slope closest to the ground below. As she does she can hear vehicles (#58) coming up the gravel road. I suddenly know what's about to happen but the little girl (10ish) knows nothing about what's happening. Her mom and dad are Van and Nancy though (#111). These people coming onto the property were about to shoot up (#137 & #142) the house until "everyone" was dead because of something one of them did. While the little girl hid the guy on the phone did ask her a question. I think it was about being "mature." That's when she mentioned having tried alcohol once. I'm guessing he asked this as a preface for letting her know she was gonna have to be a big girl and get through whatever was about to occur. The leader of their group (#98) had had someone relay this

message to me, but outside of that he wasn't going to help me. Either I hid well or "I" (the little girl was going to be shot. Dream ends just as they're coming round the bend up the driveway before anything bad happens. I also just remembered there was a vague and hazy part of the dream towards the beginning where I wound up painting something and showed it to another person while letting them know it wasn't very good since painting is not a skill of mine, but that I liked it.

423. (5-12-25 - 5-13-25) Dreamt of an evil Childish Gambino (#109) / - - - (#99) hybrid that harms (#137) a different woman. A mall (#84) full of video games (#65) that you could enter as a living being and experience first-hand to get better and better at these games

424. (5-13-25 - 5-14-25) Had one of the biggest and strangest dreams last night. The work was coming to an end and it came down to me to save every single individual (#63). At first, as the world was ending (#19, I hid (#123) in a room of a particular building that would have some water in it since I'd turned the shower (#90) on for a little bit. I knew I'd might need some water so I did that purposefully. Once the "world" "ended" it was like the whole of the cosmos was upside down and fighting against gravity. I had to grab each individual and take them to the next area one by one. I was alone the entire time. I was leading people from place to place in the journey. The way to do this was to get further and further from the starting point each time where I could horde resources without the "evil" force seeing me and stopping me from saving everyone. Once I had saved everyone after working towards that goal for so long my mom and dad (#111) (most likely deification (#156) versions) both refused to believe it had been me that saved everyone

425. (5-14-25 - 5-15-25) Dream last night started off with me trying to escape (#125) from Van (#111) which wasn't a lot of fun. The dream slowly morphs into a dream where I'm a child (#118) being abused by their parents and begins to set up a living area just out of sight from the house in the woods (#2). I eventually find a park they don't know about and eventually even a library (#164 & #163) that I decide to practically live in. I eventually pick up my prescriptions (#173) from the library. I check out a book (#161). I babysat and protected children (#115) at some point.

426. (5-15-25 - 5-16-25) Dream last night. Moved into a dorm room at ASMSA (#164) into a room I stayed in the first time (in the dream world only funnily enough). We don't have to share a bathroom (#90) in this dorm. At some point I am asked by Amy (21c) from work to show her the video game Final Fantasy X (#65) because it's important. Later on, I was brought inside of a horror video game (#65) where you look through a square (#172) screen to see the scary stuff in the hallway (#72) you wouldn't be able to see otherwise. I didn't want to play.

427. (5-16-25 - 5-17-25) Dream from last night. Vaguely involved sexual (#167) violence (#139) because I was forced to suck someone off while being threatened.

428. (5-17-25 - 5-18-25) Music festival dream (#22) last night. Had created a book (#161) at some point that convinced a man that read it that something bigger was going on. Everyone in cars (#58) waiting in a big line to leave. Realized I didn't bring a full length mirror this time.

429. (5-18-25 - 5-19-25) Dreamt I was in a world that had video game (#65) like spawn rates. I tried to make an oasis for people that wanted to follow my way of living deep under the ground of the bluff (#13) of my childhood home (#116) in an attempt to escape the spawn rate and the "bad guys" in the world that would seek to harm us. It was like a spiritual spa compound of some variety. After making it I remember there being a male set of identical triplets that were at my compound and a part of our group. The "bad guys" kept realizing where the entrance to our group was and I kept having to conceal it further. At some point I "reload" and come back into the underground compound only to realize a giant spider (#41) has somehow loaded into the area, clipped, because it's too big to fit into the layers. It doesn't move or anything. At the end I attempt to watch porn (#167) of women on women (#121) while my mom (#111) (not Nancy I

think) sleeps in the other room as I'm about to self-stimulate (#167). At the beginning of the dream the "bad guys" do pose the threat of violence (#137). Also dreamt I went back in time to go back to ASMSA (#164).

430. (5-20-25 -5-21-25) Dream last night. "We" were all stuck in a game (#64) where it was night time all the time, and a violent (#137) man was trying to track us down to each of our hiding (#123) spots. Once he'd find you you'd have to try and stay perfectly still and make no noise otherwise he'd kill you. After a bit the game got less and less scary.

431. (5-28-25 – 5-29-25) Been deprived of sleep lately so this is the first night's sleep I've had in a while that was deep enough to produce a memorable dream. So, I don't recall much about the nature of the setting in the dream itself, but the different individuals present seemed to interact in a way akin to fellow students in a social setting. Especially the part where you would be near each other regularly regardless of how close you were to one another. I think a recall one instance of a classroom like setting since we were sitting in columns of chairs, so I'll go ahead and count it as worthy of an education symbol distinction (#164). Anyway, all of my peers at the location except for one male classmate weren't very fond of me. There were either four or five other students. (I don't know for sure, but I'm leaning towards 4, just fyi) This was widely known and understood by myself, but it didn't bother me even a little. In fact this version of me seemed to revel in the feeling of being disliked and the fact my very presence would irritate them because of said dislike. I would even ask them questions about whether I was this or that (I don't recall the actual question), and I even clarified that I wouldn't be offended if they chose the more insulting answer. All of them except for the one man mentioned earlier chose the insulting one. After they answered I gleefully asked them whether or not they found me attractive which all of them immediately responded in the affirmative. More specifically, all them answered "Oh yeah, you're so fucking hot" much to my enjoyment. I was very happy with that answer. Because who needs to be liked when you can be hot instead I guess lol. Honestly, she's pretty based for that in my less than humble opinion. Anyway, back to the dream. There one man in our group that was attracted to me and liked me told me on multiple occasions that he'd take care of me and liked me a lot. Basically saying he'd guarantee that any of my needs were met. Which I was grateful for and happy about considering he was a good guy and was attractive. This dismayed our peers since they were friends with him and were irritated he'd do something … so low lol? To try to stop us from getting together they all tried to frame me as being obsessive and stalker adjacent. They did so by taking pictures at the precise moment (I'm almost positive those pictures were taken by a phone (#66), but I could be wrong since I didn't' see the device) I'd be walking by a vision panel of a door (#82) or window (#69) you'd be able to see him through whilst staring in that general direction as if that was the point of me standing there. He didn't buy into it, and later that same day we ended up having sex (#175) somewhere outside in nature. Exposed, but not visible to any of our peers or otherwise. From what I remember about the sex it seemed like both of us had a great time. After that the dream becomes too vague and …. whispy? To actually remember. (Added many hours after the previous section: Sooooo, I forgot another portion of the dream. Wherever we were at there was a cleaning staff that worked there (#168). There was man of Hispanic decent (#122) that was either the housekeeping manager (#98) or a sadistic and malicious fuck on a goddamn mission to physically assault one of the women that worked there. The first time I remember walking by the two of them he was screaming at her, something about her being useless and not able to do anything right. The second time I randomly came upon them I damn near ran into them while he was holding her by the neck and strangling her (#137).

432. (5-31-25) Dream last night was very strange. There were many parts of the dream. The vast majority of which passed by with little issue. Myself, and what I assume were a group of tourists were traveling through the Asian, I believe Chinese, countryside. There were a few instances where strangers off the street

tried to harass and get physical with us which I was always about to avoid and escape based on my own survival instincts regarding said environments. However, the scene suddenly shifted and I was no longer which a group, but completely on my own. I recognized a (woman) shopkeeper the group had met previously that day when we stopped to shop at her store (#168). I don't recall how I greeted her, but I do remember that she looked startled and frightened, and immediately asked me if I was from one of the groups that had visited earlier that day. I didn't give an answer one way or another because I immediately realized the dangerous environment I had accidentally found myself in. Some of the aggressive men (criminals) had raided the store and had been raping (#139) and murdering (#137) female tourists. Very shortly after realizing the situation I passed across one of the roofs (#78) of one of the various rooms of the building only to see the dead body of a naked, female tourist. Without a second thought I continued to proceed moving past and away from the building by employing various tactics. One of which included me using window (#69) ledges in the far outer side of a wall to drop from down from level to level by grabbing each ledge one after the other as I purposefully dropped lower and lower floor by floor. Once I'd gotten as low as I could, but was still a good ways off the ground I timed and positioned my drop just particularly enough that I didn't make a loud sound on impact with the ground. None of the violent aggressors ever saw me or heard me as I purposefully snuck by. The only person I saw that was still alive that wasn't one of the perpetrators was the female, local shop keep so I just kept going on my journey to wherever I'd apparently decided was important enough to walk to alone. After some time walking down dark, empty neighborhood streets I came across a massive, ornate building meant for hosting orchestras. Very beautiful, traditional Chinese (#122) music (#175) was being played by very talented, classical musicians. Apparently, this older woman that was walking past me had been watching the show, and told me (I'm not even sure I asked for this information) that the first part of the performance was meant to be the half of the performance dedicated to the musical retelling of ancient, unproblematic, Chinese mythology (#129) and history without any trace of critical analysis or self awareness. The last half was slated to be the portion that told the darker story of the Chinese people from then on until it caught up to the modern day story of their culture and the current government's methods of ruling over (#98) the population. After she was down explaining the show to me I woke up from the dream.

433. (6-1-25 - 6-2-25) Don't remember much of the dream. There was one point a handsome man gets out of his chair and stands to hug me as others at the table continue to sit. Not sure if I know them or whether they were paying attention to us or not because I didn't see them (subconscious says they were talking to each other and didn't break focus) It feels like I'm so sleepy that my eyes can hardly function. The first thing he does is hug me tightly and ask "are you okay?" I don't know for sure, but I think I just have looked if simply rolled out of bed after sleeping with damp hair and didn't apply makeup. I said, "I'm just tired." The scene changes and I'm in the man's home and he begins to talk about something I don't understand and it makes me anxious because I literally can't understand the words.(At this point I remember having a massive crush on him in school (middle/high)) Shortly thereafter I start to understand our conversation and he's apologizing for something two others guys (#106) did last time I was over (the mention of which conjured a vague memory of when I had been there in his bedroom alone and looking towards the well lit living room. The only light in the bedroom was coming from the light (#36) of the other room (rooms? Might have had a bathroom to the left but u can't confirm so I would count it as a symbol). He says something about a camera and them "sticking their ass out." I don't have any idea what he's talking about. He then mentions him and his boyfriend. To which I was like "wait, boyfriend?" He nods and says he's stopped being intimate with women in that way for about a year. "Congrats man." The scene shifts and I find a pack of cigarettes a man who worked in engineering had dropped. The coworker that had found them was

giving me shit about the situation for some reason. I said I'd give them to them, and that I was pretty sure that was the brand he smoked. "Vol" cigarettes. Oh, so you can lose them again?" break* He lost them. I replied, "Wait a second, you just said I lost them and he lost them?" A man comes back to the scene who'd left to grab something and come back. He hears the tail end of our conversation and the man leaves once he comes up to us. He apologizes for his behavior. He had similar energy to the man in the first part of the dream. Genuine respect and care for me, and a certain sadness about what I experience so often.

434. (6-4-25 - 6-5-25) Dream last night was massive but as of right now I mainly remember the end of the dream. An evil individual asks me if I want to give in or be given the opportunity to run (#125) and hide (#123) after being given a head start. Even though I know he's able to find you no matter where you run (or at least that's what he's been able to do each time up until this point) I choose to try and run and hide again. As I run down the stairs (#70) and out the front of the house I immediately turn left and start to run directly into the woods (#2) and over this hill (#4) past the tree line. As I do I start to pass by a massive "pack?" of border collies (#41) putting themselves between him and me even though he hadn't begun to pursue me yet. As I'm running a narration is occurring in the background taking about what to do when using dogs in magical practices (#144 & #159). I woke up at this point, and when I fell back asleep and this is what I remember. Very narrow roads with bad traffic in the city (#21). Taking the road out of town to go past the gigantic lake (#3)(as I pass by this lake there are many people using the public lake including a large group of children and some adults going on a kayaking (#55) trip) I hadn't seen before in town which surprised me. I did remember a solo kayaking (#55) trip I'd gone on before…. that mom (#111) didn't give me shit about going on alone previously. In the dream itself I vaguely remembered this kayaking trip as partially being a dream I'd had at some point but I can't know for sure if I have dreamt it before in this "iteration." Apparently the kayaking trip could have been dangerous but I did well and came home safe. I'm enjoying going down the narrow road next to the lake and I drive (#58) until I get to this weird little piece of land with a single "shop" on it (a workshop). I know it belongs to Van (#111), but I know that I'll be permitted to use it sometimes. I don't remember unloading a couch (#95) but I do have the scene change and there's a massive couch in the shop I know would be too big to steal. The shop itself isn't fully enclosed by four walls so it's simply some supports and a roof covering it all meaning there could be a theft. A man a few of his friends are nearby and he starts telling me a story about the people that they thought owned the land. Something about financial hardship (#168). I tell him what I think he's trying to get at which is that my dad, "Van Hill," owns the property now. The scene shifts again and I go back by the lake towards where I came from only to pass by the turn that would lead me back into the city and continue on the road that would lead out into undeveloped areas of land. I'm driving fast and getting air at certain hill (#4) like parts of the road.

435. (6-5-25 - 6-6-25) Don't remember much of the dream, and what I do remember is vague and mostly visual in nature. There were these two unwinding (*unwinding into ribbons and back again*) jesters (#106 & #24). One was red (#45) and one was black. I was being born () to something (through something) that was grappling with the moral dilemma of having given birth to me *when every piece of me did not want to exist.* Not only an absence of desire, but life was not suitable for me as I'd been born. It was like my default was not compatible with life.

436. (6-7-25 - 6-8-25) Dream so far. (I'd woken up at 4:40am) There was a river (#7) with a branching path. An older woman volunteered to go ahead and have me send stuff down the river to her. When it came time to "send" something (a random nameless object: unidentifiable) only problem was that I didn't know whether or not the other woman made it to the end. This made me hesitate to let the object go. Dream

continues after going back to sleep…. Sorry Syd. I dreamt that (- - -) (#99) reached out. Wanted to know something, but I don't know what. Dream you was happy about it.

437. (6-10-25) Dream so far. (Start: vague glimpses of visuals relating to a school hallway (#164 & #72) It's my mom (#111) and I. We're together trying to escape (#125) an all-encompassing threat to our lives. If caught we will die. We're moving from high place to high place. Platform to platform. A lot of which exists in a forest (#2). *Overtime mom (Nancy) slowly loses trust in us and starts to try and get ahead of me so she can leave me behind.* I'm devastated. For the rest of the dream I'm right behind her trying to catch up. I end up using her path to make it to where we're supposed to find safety. At some point I lose sight of her and enter this weird building (#81). In the center of the room is a railing that connects into a square (#172) and in the middle is a tower (#74) like mechanical heap of a machine. Im made aware of its threat (#137) to me as I hear the machine talking to some unseen, unheard force (#144). I know it has these metal claws attached to metal appendages that could tear me into pieces and maybe even piece me back together in horrid ways. I walk to the top right corner of the room and get low to the ground and begin "making" myself stronger. The machine itself begins to talk more calmly and kindly and I begin to realize it's chosen not to hurt me. I'm not sure why it didn't want to hurt me anymore but it didn't. *Mom seems a bit butt hurt over the situation as though I wasn't supposed to make it.*

438. (6-12-25) (At the start of the dream sequence it was nighttime as it was dark outside in this first scene) First part of the dream that's very vague involved energies of a "bad" nature kept threatening me with weapons and strong forces (#137). Each time they did so I would threateningly wield even stronger weapons and even stronger forces even though I didn't want to fight. (Daytime (#36) in this part) Amber Humphrey died (#140 & #117) in a four-wheeler (#58) accident on one of the bluffs of our old property. Clayborn twins (#108) in mourning invited to "our" house. Mom (#111) (Nancy) was there somewhere but never saw her. Pretty sure I heard her voice once or twice. I was showering (#90) at some point but the twins barged in anyway. I didn't seem to mind too much. I think they might have come in to use the bathroom mirror (#93) but I'm not sure. The scene moves along, but I only have underwear on and maybe a top. Up a stair (#70) or two there's a glass fence (#73) the same size as a toddler fence would be leading into the house. There's these two boys (#106) that help push me over the barrier when I attempt to climb it. When on other side of glass barrier I jokingly punch towards their faces since they were pressed up against it. They laugh as I continue to "punch." There's a third girl with blonde hair (#165) trying to convince my mom, who I can't see at the moment, that it's cool that we all (the twins, her, and I) leave the house at 11pm. I think to myself there's no way I'm staying here that much longer before I bounce. The house was a version of the old "tractor shed" house. (Metal siding). After this, later the same day. I took a small nap before work and, funnily enough, dreamt about work (#168). Some guy approaches the back of the front desk (#75) from the right side and he doesn't have any shoes (#132) on. I'm not sure what he's saying, but suddenly someone from the restaurant (#88) is there, and I ask if the man called him. He said no, and pointed out the shoe situation (I hadn't noticed prior) I ask if he knows what he needs and he shakes his head. When I turn back around Jarryd is sitting at this long table like booth situation facing the back office but with people still in line. I'm confused because I never saw him set it up. Nor seen him prior to that moment.

439. (6-12-25 - 6-13-25) Dreamt last night about some massive journey. Main thing I remember is some woman saying, *"yeah, everyone knows who Sydney Zane is."* Went back to sleep. Dreamt I *made* a short film (#67) about Van's (#111) behaviors that was really well received. I think Ashely Elam (#117) helped with the filming at one point. Apparently I'd *made* the music (#175) for it too which was also well received. Particularly by these two men (#106). One man pointed something out to the other at some point.

One part of the film had me dancing (#129) while suspended in midair (#159). When I initially made the film, which was about Van and I's relationship. I wound up telling dad I would have loved to have been his daughter (implying I never had been his daughter) he smirked like nothing would have changed. At one point him and a friend of his (male) (#106) were talking about me going somewhere with them, and I simply jumped off (#125) the side of a cliff (#9) ledge down across a fancy auditorium (#85) like one would go to watch a Broadway show and then across a river (#7) after this I jumped down with a broom and I used it to fly (#61 & #159) across the two and then back down from the other cliff side across the two and back down into the auditorium.

440. (6-13-25 - 6-14-25) Dream last night. The dream starts off in a city (#21) by an ocean (#8) where everyone begins to try and slaughter (#137) one another. There're a few people engaging in non-violence and trying to escape (#125) them, including me. I survive the first attack, and then shortly thereafter I survive the second attack. I do so by hiding (#123) somewhere specific in the city. After it ends I think they assume I'm one of them for having survived. I end up being given a job (#168) in the main building and business of the city by someone that is apparently my dad (#111). I do not see him at any point but it becomes apparent that I got the job due to familial ties. As I begin to realize I hate the job and don't wish to participate in it my "family" (primarily this dad individual who definitely wasn't Van) starts to become angry with me and ashamed of me. I choose not to care and I wind up living in a concealed room close to the beach of the ocean. At some point I'm traveling across our "land" from when we were kids and I pass by the bluff house (#116) that has been completely gutted except for a few things and Janet and Edie (#111 & #108) are moving out of it. I ignore their existence and they never see me so I continue to walk past. Back in the city a festival (#33) is held. Hooking up (#167) with either Mitchell Hook or Nick Williams (#117) (no clue which). Travis was present when I met the group, but he didn't see us hook up. Megan Wilson's (#117) there and we try to leave at the same time at least twice, maybe 3 times. Employee that wants me to do her tarot from the hive told me I didn't need to check out because she'd already checked me out of the system. Before I leave I flirt with an older, gay woman (#121). We were going to do something sexual (#167), but instead, we set up a booth that mentions LGBT and she winds up leaving trying to find an old "friend" of hers she knows is there that's her own age. As I find try to find a way out of the building (it seems difficult to find exits out of into the city) I think to myself mom (#111) would be pretty mad if she knew I was spending money at a festival.

441. (6-14-25) Accidentally took a nap today and it built off my last dream. I wake up in the building I used to work (#168) in that had some parts of the festival (#33) in it. With Ibi (#41) in my arms. Makes sense since he's wiggled into my arms while I was asleep. I look out into the parking lot (#79) to see a portion of my vehicle (#58) underwater (#32). Not enough to get in the way of driving out of there. There's a scene where I'm watching myself (#144) as I go around to a building on the other side that would allow me access into the parking lot that's attached on the left side. I come across a young woman grabbing some of her things as I'm struggling to hold all of my things including Ibi. I make an annoyed sound as she grabs stuff near me until I realize I'm going to take longer by default and that I should just let her get her stuff and go through which I say to her aloud. She asks me if I'm looking for housing and I ask her why. Apparently she was looking for someone to split rent with. In my head (existing in this world) id just moved into an apartment complex that I didn't like as I didn't like the owners so I gave her my number (#66). Once I realized I hadn't told her where I lived currently I let her know I was living in Bentonville (#21). Apparently that was too far away from wherever we were so she declined to set up a housing situation. I move into this next area that's a shopping area (#168). Rabbits (#38 & #41) were in this shopping center area I guess for people to take Easter pictures though I don't know that for sure. A woman was grooming a rabbit as I walked

by. I wanted to steal (#169) a dress and a Masonic emblem bearing item (#157) but I was on camera (#66) so I didn't. I was aware that the door (#82) out of the shop led to the parking lot with my car. After that it skips to me entering a Walmart (#168) to buy some plant possibly flowers (#15) as Ibi briefly waits in the vehicle.

442. (6-14-25 - 6-15-25) Just fell asleep for short period of time. I was doing a hotel (#75) shift (#168) and had to leave my post to go check on a room full of people either in halfway reclined recliners or actual beds, and there were all these TVs (#68) everyone wanted me to switch the channel on. On the second switched channel there was a basketball game (#64) playing. I asked for people to raise their hands if they wanted to watch it, and the vast majority of people raised their hands so I left it on the game. So, I this night I fell asleep in a half-shirt and the dream reflected this though dream me having difficulty keeping my breasts covered. No one in the dream pointed it out even though I struggled with it. As I was going to leave this weird, massive almost never-ending room full of tired or already sleeping (#60) people a woman I couldn't quite see complimented me while she sat next to two other women on the floor. They told me they really liked my hair (#165) clip. I awkwardly said "thank you it's a butterfly (#41) and a flower." She laughed and said "you were supposed to let me guess." She laughs again, softer this time, and says, "well it's very pretty." I smile at her and keep walking out of the room. After this scene I try to return to my front desk shift and my post. It's weird though. I'm back to back to Cassie. Her desk and computer (#67) facing the front and mine facing the back. I face west she faces east. Shortly after I return she decides to go to sleep in that room I was in initially. Shortly after returning to my post mom (#111) tells me I left a pair of my shoes (#132) in that weird room. I panic because I need to be at my post. I do this weird jump upward thing that's similar to a videogame mechanic (#65). I do this over and over to try and move faster back to the other side of the hotel near the entrance and the access point to the initial room. Mom used my midair position to pushed me the majority of the way "for the sake of time." Mostly because I seemed to be afflicted by something that was making me slower than everyone else at the time. At this point I woke up briefly and when I fell back asleep I dreamt the following. Seems connect to the first part of the dream in my opinion. I'm at a hotel where an EDM show (#175) is being held. I was staying in one of the rooms and it was check out time. Mom was there and she was getting frustrated with me. I was having extreme difficulty understanding sentences and quickly gathering all of her and I's belongings to take out of the room. It was the result of extreme brain fog and mom was not being sympathetic at all. At this point she abandons me, and I am unable to drive (#58) due to symptoms reminiscent of psychosis (#154). At the very least I was very, very confused. At some point I came across some ants (#41) very briefly as I was walking past. I got into my vehicle and it started to drive itself back to Bentonville-Fayetteville area on its own. On the way there we stop at a random hotel (#75) along the way to sleep for the night. There were these 3 women working at this hotel making fun of customers on channel 3 (engineering) of their radios (#66). They were making fun of me for having seen a man's name pop up on my phone. They were essentially chastising me, calling me stupid for being straight. Which I'm not anyway, but I digress. I approached the guy working the front desk and asked him why his employees were being blatantly disrespectful. He said that they were just very honest. I replied, "no they're rude." When I went back to the outdoor area where I initially heard the women. They were already aware that I had heard what they said. One of them handed me my purse I'd left outside, and I said, "well, that has to count for something." Nearby a person I assume is famous (man) (#109) is with an entourage. There was footage (#66) taken of myself interacting with him from behind the and below the man in question. Not the most flattering angle but I wasn't super ugly either. I noticed at this point that I had short hair (#165). After I left and the vehicle kept taking me home I wound up stopping at a store I thought might have been a sex shop. (#167) After going in I realized it wasn't. It was more of a Spencer's without sex toys atmosphere. The

scene shifts and I'm in what I can only call a "doll store." There were these massive, sometimes life-sized dolls being displayed on the walls. As I left the store I became aware of the fact the hotel EDM show had been in Kansas City (#21) and that this place where I stopped at the hotel and two stores was St. Louis (#21). This all according to a map I was actively visualizing. On this map I saw that Fayetteville was a little south and to the east of St. Louis. Makes me think that Fayetteville-Bentonville in this dream is where Memphis (#21) is supposed to be. I look to my right (outside of the doll store) and there's this guy sitting down at a table. I sit down next to him and he starts telling me how lonely and bored he is with his life. I told him that I'd just driven to an EDM show and was on my way back. He seemed baffled by the idea people could just choose to do that sort of thing. At this point I stood up and started to head to a street that led beside and past a train station (#50) that was on a raised elevation. This street on the lower elevation was a road for people to walk on, and I intended to use it to go around the station and start to head down and towards Fayetteville-Bentonville. As I'm walking by I hear a sudden noise coming from the train station that I hadn't quite begun to pass by. I immediately realize something's very wrong. The train is in its stationed "resting position," pointed straight towards us, but the headlights (#36) are on and the noises it's making almost sound angry. Almost wrathful. I warn whoever I can that it's going to try to run us over as I sprint onto and across the train station. I then try I jump from a fairly high distance onto a walkway below that leads out of the train station to escape (#125). The train itself had been pointed from south to north (front of the train), but when it started rampaging (#137) it was moving in neat rows of west to east, east to west, and so on as it tried to plow over the civilians.

443. (6-15-25 - 6-16-25) Dream last night. Most of the characters from the dream were childhood classmates of mine that kept trying to bully me. Jessie Casey, Ashley Elam (#117), and two other unseen girls are saying some shit under their breath about me and I immediately check them. "Is there a reason why you losers think you have the right to be making fun of me of all people?" A teacher or some other authority (#98) tries to get me to stop as I'm going on a brutally honest tirade about who these losers truly are. I respond by saying, "no, these bitches have been trying to bully me since I was 5. I'm not gonna be quiet about it." The scene shifts a to a classroom (#164) nearby the initial area. Two men (#106) from this peer group start to gravitate towards me much to the dismay of my female peers that now includes Deidre Holben (#117). I end up alone next to one of the two men. The one I don't recognize. (The other one was Caleb from middle school, the one that later came out as gay) This man and I start to have sex (#167). I'm excited at first once I touch him since it seems like he has a fairly good size. Weirdly, he doesn't cum from head, but from using my hands. He grins and this annoys me since I wanted to have penetrative sex. When our female peers from the group bring it up later on I deny it happened and make a joke at the man's expense. If we had actually had sex I would have owned it, but since we hadn't I figured it wasn't worth owning up too and the dude had it coming anyway. The scene shifts and I'm sprawled out in Caleb's arms making out with him as he says "why didn't you tell me how…." (Delightful? Delicious?) "you are?" As we continue to make out. The girls are pissed. At some point I pass by the girls and a few of them say to me, "don't you want to get down to 120 pounds?" I say "No, not really…" as I keep walking past them without slowing down. One of the girls who I didn't recognize interjects and says "you look great." Which I smile at. Now I'm in a group with two other girls (one of which is Deidre) and the teacher or authority tells us it's time to have our sit-down conversation. I tell him that I'm skipping this little activity of ours. He asks me why, I tell him "if you put me in a room alone with them Im gonna hurt their feelings." He still gets me to sit down with them. Though I don't have any recollection of anything said at the table. Later on, I'm walking past a table with a female classmate on the left and a male classmate I don't recognize on the right. He keeps saying things like "God wants women to be modest" and basically just telling me what I should be doing due to his Christian god.

After finally having enough I grab my necklace and pull it out of my shirt to show it to the guy and say, “I don’t care about what your god wants. I care about what my god wants. I believe in my god, not yours.” This seems to surprise the him. Travis Owens (#117) then invites me to play a video game (#65) with him via text (#66). It’s a “ghoul-a-thon” so I’m guessing it’s like that zombie setting on that one first person shooter video game. I ignore the text. Funnily enough he was trying to influence me to come over there by saying “it’s been a long time since someone’s beat me at a video game.” Implying he thinks I’m good at them which is stark contrast to his teenage position that I don’t play video games at all. I’m not sure at what part of the dream this was but I remember taking two trips in a truck (#58) with two other men (#106) from our group (class?). I ride center both times.

444. (6-16-25 - 6-17-25) Dream last night. Had a dream that van (#111) took mom and I hostage (#127). At some point we were in a situation where I could ask for help from a policeman (#98) and Van shot (#142 & #137) mom to death. I then rewound time () to before I made that decision and didn’t tell anyone what was happening this time. Not sure how mom and I escaped (#125), but at some point, we wound up on a road trip (#58) across the country trying to find good places to live. We went to some state in the Midwest that was mostly arid desert (#14) and I didn’t want to hide there since there weren’t enough places to get out of sight. I was actually hoping to hide somewhere in the forested (#2) hills (#4) of Colorado. At some point I was randomly gifted a purse identical to my juicy couture bag that deteriorated super quickly.

445. (6-29-25 – 6-30-25) Technically I might not recall enough of the dream to have it count, but whatever. I know that the dream felt large, grandiose in scale. There was a point where my father (Van) (#111) owned either all land in its entirety or the vast majority of it. It was his job to utilize the land and grow things from it (#15), but the land had become solid. Like rock (), absolutely no give in the soil whatsoever. Unfortunately that's all I remember from the dream.

446. (6-30-25 – 7-1-25) Don’t remember much of it but I do remember Van (#111) being there and being an asshole for quite some time. He kept being indignant about something. I remember having to explain to an entire class (#164) that I had been in a bad mood when something negative happened because I’d been snap chatting (#66) some guy (wink wink) and our plans fell through. Scene changes and I’m either Jack Sparrow (#109 & #169 & #119) or his archetype. I grab something (steal) (#169) that belonged to the elite and immediately jumped into what looked to be a lake (#3) to try to swim (#128 & #125) away from my pursuers. Suddenly Will Turner (#109) turns up on a white horse (#41) as he rides across the lake as though the water is only a few inches deep…. Even though I’m currently swimming in it. He reaches out his hand and I grab it as he begins to pull me onto the horse. Before my butt touches down onto the horse I wake up. (Myself as Jack and Will Turner means two guys together (#106))

447. (7-8-25) Dream today. I’m being chased (#125) by men that want to catch me and assault (#139) me. I’m inside a building. They try to catch me to prevent me from leaving but I fly (#61) over them each time I come across them. I fly up so high they can’t grab me.

448. (7-10-25) Dream last night. There was a massive festival (#33). I don’t think it was necessarily a music festival. It was a massive event where everyone I knew was at. I kept trying to find this specific guy I worked with (#168) when we weren’t at the festival because I was attracted to him and wanted to have sex (#167). The last scene was in a parking garage (#79) after I got mad that my dad (van) (#111) had showed up to my place of work to drop something off. I went past the parking garage and saw mom (Nancy) was in the car (#58) waiting for him. I asked her what the fuck he was doing at my place of employment (Denise (21c manager (#98)) was there) and mom said he was dropping something off of mine that I’d left. I was furious and asking her why she thought that was okay. Scene changes and I’m in my “new” house which was

combined with the old “tractor shed” house (#116) and I was worried that Van might somehow have a key to it. A gas station (#168 & #79) was right next to my house.

449. (7-11-25) Had a nightmare nap on the couch today. It was of Janet (grandmother on dad’s side) (#111) on my couch (#95)…. sort of (#89). Her head (appearing smaller than normal) was laying in the corner my head had been during this nap, and I start crying as she’s about to ask me if I miss her. I immediately ask her what she’s doing here, and she says she’s there so we can solve crimes together. This is already weird, but even weirder she says all of this and says the word “slut” under her breath as she finishes the sentence. I immediately start gripping onto her hand as hard as I can as if to hurt her (#138) and use this exertion of force and pain sensation to wake myself up from the dream (#152). The pain is from digging into a ring () on her hand.

450. (7-11-25) Have another nap dream about throwing a pool (#128) party (#33)- dress up party with some friends of mine while playing music (#175). Family (#111) and friends all came out to celebrate including Van even though I never saw his face. I do recall lightly hanging off his arm as someone took a picture (#66) of us. I’m happy and ignoring him. I’m wearing a very over the top outfit (#3). As over the top as a geisha or high priestess tbh. Lots of dangly hems and adornments, a dress, and crazy tall shoes (#132). Two other friends or family were the same age as me. Not sure why that stood out or why I was aware of it, but figured I should make note of it.

451. (7-12-25) Dream was massive but I don’t remember much of it for some reason. Mom (#111) made me drive (#58) around with Van even though I didn’t want to. Kayli Sparks (#117) and I picking out clothes in a Target (#168) and talking about items from our childhood. The 6 dollar? glass rose (#15) thing that broke in Las Vegas was mentioned. Scene shifts and working in the medical (#23 & #168) field with our friend Jarryd (21c coworker). Some guy in a managerial (#98) position yells at me because I had to leave me post for some reason. He tells me I can “make up for it” by calling (#66) thousands of patients from a patient list. Declining because I “don’t even work in the medical field” anymore and “this is just a dream anyway” (#147)

452. (7-12-25 - 7-13-25) Dream last night was massive. It was a zombie (#176) video game (#65) starting in this massive building with a massive parking garage (#79). It was insulated in such a way that you couldn’t see outside from inside of the parking garage. Before the game officially starts I look for good places to hold up and protect my cats (#41) in. I find several places on the map (area itself) that had cat food stored there that I wanted to use for when the game started. When the game does start it turns out it’s harder to hold up in those rooms without zombies getting in than I initially thought. In one version (I play the game multiple times) of a playthrough where I do survive I have to outrun, by running off to the side of, a massive swarm of zombies, and I’m then able to make it to a settlement. When I reach the settlement I’m able to install a tower (#74) with a gunner (#142) at the top that helps significantly. In another playthrough (version) I drive (#58) one of the vehicles available on the map, and in a third version I hold up in a radio (#66) station room at the top of the first building. I also bring along a sex toy (#167 & # 65) which I use for fun and to alleviate boredom. When the third try is over and the zombies are apparently vanquished I use my remaining time to “steal” (#169) stuff from this first building in order to make some money (#168) and find some really cool stuff. Some of which belongs to (- - -) (#99). I walk by this vending 3d printing machine (#65 & #168) where this male kid and his mom were printing out a life-sized version of the hot demon lady from the demon slayer show in the “entertainment” district. I tell the kid I’m jealous and keep walking. I did think of who I would print and it would have been a hot man spreading himself (#167) but I don’t make it.

453. (7-13-25 - 7-14-25) I dreamt that I was in the middle of film set (#67) where they were filming a commercial with rapper (#167) Travis Scott (#109) in it. In the dream he’s right in front of me on a mic

(#65) with a beam of light (#36) shining up at him from directly below him on the ground. I'm literally right next to him as this is happening.

454. (7-15-25) Dream last night. I was at a water park (#30) and somehow accidentally dropped one of my thc pens (#65 & #173) into the water close to a ride itself and gave up since I quickly realized it was probably a lost cause. When it disappeared into the water each part disappeared as soon as it was submerged as if the water itself wasn't entirely clear. I did accidentally get my phone (#66) wet once while trying to get it at first, but the phone still worked afterwards.

455. (7-16-25) In my dream last night I wore a beautiful dress (#3) after I'd been trying to pick out what I wanted to wear to a dance (#129) club (#167) sort of atmosphere. It was like there was an annoying man that had taken over the area where it was located for some reason. Similar vibes to an Elon Musk (#109). We were all trying to figure out how to over throw him, but were simply living our lives in the meantime. There was a point where I wanted to decide what to wear to go dancing in private away from anyone, but the street I was on and the streets nearby I knew typically weren't too heavily trafficked had recently been built over, and I had difficulty finding a place in public that was private enough to change.

456. (7-23-25) Dream last night. I owned a book (#161) that had recently become very popular after going viral for having one of the best and simultaneously the most emotionally eviscerating content most had ever read. Two people borrow the book from me to read, and they both finished it rather quickly. When they returned it they left it along with some photos, printouts related to the book itself that was in a meme like format. It had an image that said "before "insert book title here" (it did have a title I just don't recall what it was) and me after "insert book title here." Funnily enough I hadn't even read the book yet. There was another portion of the dream where I could tell dream me was pretty scared. It's like I was being held captive (#127) by some invisible threat (#153) that I was constantly trying to remain vigilant of. In this part of the narrative I had these tiny yoga shorts (#3) very similar to the ones I fell asleep wearing. The shorts themselves were being used as a weird sort of warning symbol. Anytime someone nearby wanted to sexually groom a child (#139) these shorts would suddenly appear somewhere nearby inside out. If the shorts appeared randomly, but they weren't inside out it mean the shorts were there for a "normal" reason. For example, one guy in particular wanted to try them on to see how they made his ass look. That being said, not at all sure how the whole pedophilia stuff correlates to my own pair of inside out shorts considering I was an adult in the dream itself.

457. (7-25-25 - 7-26-35) Dream from last night was crazy deep and very high in sensation content. Technically it was a scary dream, but I didn't feel the sensation of fear in this particular dream. The premise is pretty fucked up. So, there was this poorly lit, decrepit house with mostly candle light (#35 & #36) to see by. The house was full of dead bodies (#140) that was taken there to the house, alive initially, by the woman who lived there. She would use the people she took to entertain herself with until, eventually, she'd either grow bored of them or force them to fight to the death (#137) with any other prisoners (#127) she had at the time that were also still alive. She must have been doing it for a long time because there were A LOT of bodies. I didn't remember how I'd gotten there originally, but I knew I was being held captive (#127) by this horrible woman that I presume was either a demonic entity or a witch (#159) with sadistic - psychopathic tendencies. When I was there I was with either 3 or 4 other people that were being kept alive. We were all very close to one another since we were essentially all that we had. The woman was responsible for telling us everything we had to do. She'd give us tasks, or have us do fucked I'm things to ourselves or one another for her amusement. I was fortunate enough not to be aware of the exact reality of what those things were, but I knew that they were more than awful. She'd also order us to go to bed (#60) whenever she felt like it, and if we disobeyed it wouldn't have led to a good result. Let's just put it that way. I remember (this is where

the strong sensations kicked in (#144) having to pretend to be asleep and try to keep my eyes shut well enough as I laid in bed that she didn't suspect I wasn't asleep on at least two occasions. The first time I actually fluttered my eyes just barely and internally panicked that she had seen but she hadn't. The second time I guess I'd gotten better at it and had more control of my nerves. Now, it's important to make it clear that when I was in these situations it felt as though I was actually there holding my lids closed. Even after this portion of the dream, when I tried to escape the house on multiple occasions, I also was completely aware of the various stimuli I was experiencing in the dream. I find it interesting that my attempts to escape were actually based on metaphysics as opposed to finding a physical escape route. I would guess that means there wasn't a physical route out which does add some legitimacy to my theory that the women holding us captive was more of an entity than a person. I'd walk right up to a wall of the house in the bedroom I'd sleep in, and literally focused on the matter in the wall and attempt to phase through the wall with a method (#159) I'd apparently become really good at through all of my various dream experiences. It was definitely something I was trying to will in to place by using my body to try to create a specific feeling waking me is unfamiliar with. By tensing or doing whatever I was doing it should have been easy for me to pass through, and it just wasn't working. I tried on at least two separate occasions where the woman wasn't able to see me (pretty sure it was three) and it just wasn't happening. Which surprised me a great deal so apparently I'd become very good at it. So, at this point I'd failed on multiple occasion and was really struggling to come up with another way I could get out of there. It was at this point the woman / entity had gotten bored enough to force us to fight to the death for her amusement. She had us all in the same room and she announced that our activity for the day was to murder each other before we, ourselves were murdered with a sadistic grin. Of course all of us were devastated since we were friends, but we also knew that if she followed through on this request we wouldn't have been able to say no due to her control (magic most likely) over us and had the ability to hurt us in an infinite number of ways you wouldn't have thought possible prior. This announcement was enough to compel me to try to phase through the house one last time, and this time it actually worked (#126). I remember knowing that the woman was incredibly mad, but I never saw her reaction to my escape. After flying (#61) away from her home and flying through and into a nearby city (#21) I remember walking into a diner (#88 & #168) like place with a bar (#174) and a small room with a couple of old arcade machines (#65). When I went inside all of the other prisoners from the house were there and I greeted them happily, but it felt as if this spot was our regular hangout spot and like we'd been going there for a long time. So I'd assume there would have had to been some level of time fuckery or maybe it implied that my own escape triggered their own ability to escape and we all had gotten out and lived a pretty good length of time afterwards by the time I finally reached the diner after my flight. I remember being very happy to see them and relieved we'd all made it out.

458. (7-30-25) Brief nap dream lasting 15 minutes maximum. I'm going into a room that's only partially lit that reminds me of a gymnasium (#85). I address someone in the dark back half of the room gleefully and sit down next to Kendall McCarley (#117). He says something the man in the dark (#106) I haven't seen yet and I move a few seats closer to Kendall to either be a part of the conversation or because I want to hear what they're talking about. At first I feel weird because I feel like I've approached him too quickly and got up into his face too closely. Then I lay my head gently on Kendall's shoulder as I'm falling asleep (#148). As I do so AJ Green, sat in the other chair beside me rests his head on my arm. I make a small mental note of "that's okay." Before "waking up" (#149) on the couch (#95) of the living room (#89) in 821 house. As I look towards the door I see the light (#36) slowly and then suddenly leave the room. I think to myself, without much emotion (no fear), as the only light becomes the small light coming through the front door (#82) and a small amount of light from above from the ceiling I would guess, that I might need to pray to my deities

(#159) right now as this could mean danger. I'm not frantic but I do pray to them about how I love them and I wake up. It was less about praying to them for help but just taking the time to reflect on my devotion to them.

459. (7-30-25 – 7-31-25) My dream last night was massive, deep, and, I believe, very important. That being said, it's a very difficult dream to put into actual words as the objects and themes involved may not have a word for them in my world. I will however try my best to put it to words. Me and a very large group of people are in the middle of these woods (#2) that seem to go on forever (#144). They may in fact go on forever. We were being chased (#125) by a cruel and vengeful force, and I had to continuously move this group from one spot, set up a living space for us all, and then subsequently have to move when the negative force eventually found us time and time again. We got really good at hiding (#123) in certain wooded areas away from her prying eyes. The force, although it didn't have a human body, it did seem feminine in nature. At some point I did have a sexual experience (#167) I found uncomfortable due to the fact it was with a man that was given the attribute of "father" (#111) even though they didn't look or act like my father in any scenario whatsoever. It was something I asked for in the dream though, and seemed to be completed in a detached manner from the individual in question. By the end of the dream I was aware of the fact myself and the group reached "the point," "place?" where we had now won over the malevolent entity and had successfully created a utopia in the middle of this forest.

460. (8-3-25 - 8-4-25) I had a dream last night. I remember very little. All I know is I was at a large table. I was closer to the left side of the table from my perspective, there was a "man" sat on the furthest most opposite end. We were picking "partners" () in a metaphysical sense (#159). Most were choosing people they were already familiar with. I remember looking up at the man on the far opposite side of the table. Secretly hoping he'd pick me even though we didn't know each other. I think he caught me looking at him at one point. … I think he might have known what I was thinking. It was widely known by the collective (#97) that he was planning on picking a one of the women he was already familiar with. I remember feeling somber about it. I don't know what happened next.

461. (8-8-25) Had a dream about a music festival (#22 & #175) last night. I'd put together a dorm (#164) room I was staying at during the festival. I was showering (#90) and reminded myself I needed to sleep if I wanted to be able to partake in all the festivities the first day of the festival.

462. (8-8-25 1:25pm) Nap dream. Had a dream about a massive car wreck (#58 & #59) on the road as it was snowing (#18). Two car wrecks, vehicles in flames, (#35) they flickering into sight and out of sight like I'm switching realities (#144). I move my vehicle off the road as an 18 wheeler (#58) heads straight at me. I somehow survive by glitching into the water (#7) below with my clothes (#3) glitching as well. When I make it past the glitchy parts, somehow surviving, I come across this shed with a mushroom (#15) on the side of it and recognize it as the same place I fell asleep (#148) in the dream itself earlier. I'd apparently slept in the shed before embarking on my drive "home." I knew there were different car wrecks (#59) in different dimension () because the crashed, on fire (#36) vehicles were in different places on the road when they flickered in and out.

463. (8-9-25) I was living in the tractor shed house (#116). I was writing a long story (#161) that, apparently, left out important bits at the end.

464. (8-10-25) Dream was a lot like the one I had the night prior to it. But this time I was trying to **avoid (#125)** bad energies that wished to do me harm (#137) in weird spatial, dimensional settings ().

465. (8-11-25) Teaching large group of men about recovery (#173). Towards the beginning of the dream. At first I teach them by giving each of them their letters. Not sure who the letters were from. But they were made out to each of them. Ferret – otters (#41) and at least two other species of animals (#41 & #41) I

can't remember. One of the ferret otters was too scared to come out to eat and drink and wouldn't come out of hiding (#123). I saw him a second time and tried to catch him to save his life but he wiggled out of my grasp. My "graduation outfit" (#3) which was a silk () set of pajamas that had my graduation (#164) year on it. They were pink (#49) and blue (#44): came with its own underwear as well. I remember asking two men (#106) about what they thought about them but I don't remember what they said. Dream skips to my dad (#111) being an asshole and trying to sound smart. We were talking about my first graduation year 2012, (I was gonna say my second graduation date was 2025) and Van said something along the lines of I should have gone back to school later so my graduation date wouldn't be associated with covid..... in 2012. I immediately started telling him how stupid he sounded.

466. (8-12-25 - 8-13-25) Had a dream last night about a music festival (#22 & #175). I made friends with this group of three or four women who were also in attendance. I wound up sleeping (#167) with some guy in a house that stunk. lol I got nervous I was going to miss the performances in favor of "getting ready" and cleaning my house. It was neat how that anxiety overlaps perfectly with what we're currently going through. I kept getting confused about the times the DJ were going on. I tried to download an app (#66) that tells you when the shows are but I kept getting distracted. Did try to find a bathroom (#90) but failed.

467. (8-17-25) Dream last today. I had a dream about living in a city (#21), but more like out in the suburbs. The grass was really green (#42) and the sun shined brightly. There was a white van (#58), and a man who I'd become familiar with somehow. There's a section of the dream I'm struggling to remember, but the man was essentially there to drive me out of the path of danger. I was in the back of the vehicle when, suddenly, a different man (#106) opened the back-right door (#82) of the vehicle and looked directly at me. He either said "don't be afraid," or "be not afraid." As much as I hate it, I don't remember which. Right after he said it I responded in a very "sunshiny" voice. "Don't hurt me! Thank you!" After I say it I become aware of the fact that he definitely won't.

468. (8-18-25 8-19-25) Who are you people? said joking to, primarily the woman in the room, and the man off to the corner the room. We're talking about a dream I'd had the night prior. The woman guesses about something from my dream, and they're somehow correct. I continue to walk about the room. The woman wonders aloud if the man from my dream was ugly. I turn to face her and say yes. He was definitely ugly as that had been a part of the plot line of the dream as the man was upset about being rejected by women. This is when I incredulously say, "who are you people" in a somewhat joking tone. Since they were somehow able to know about the content of my dream the night prior. After waking I realized that the location of this dream was representative of the original Lamar cabin (#116). Even though the living room (#89) area from it doesn't look the same as where I was but the layout of the room indicates that the woman would have been in front of the couch (#95) while I was behind it walking towards her while facing north from the perspective of the "real world" "hunting cabin" I know the man is in the room behind the kitchen island closest to the pantry and the stove. Even though I never actually saw him in the room during this exchange (no visual data whatsoever). Scene shifts and we find ourselves talking to mom (Nancy) (#111) about how she's about to go on a trip and will be going out of town. So, I go to bed that night (#148) and find myself being awoken by the sound of something in my bedroom. Knowing mom's the only one who had a second key at first I try to pretend I'm still asleep, and I purposefully toss and turn a little bit as if it's close to waking me up in the hopes that whoever's there will take the opportunity to second guess their actions and leave. I feel a hand touch my shoulder from behind me and that's when I scream in fear (#171). It actually is mom (Nancy). She hurriedly shushes me and says we have to go. She pulls me out of bed (I'm only wearing a t shirt and no bottoms (#3)). She immediately tells me that we're leaving because "they" (I'm guessing local authorities (#98)) found a lot of knives (#148) stashed in various places in my bedroom and house and "they" know of

at least “10 engagements” or (I’m pretty sure all men) intentions (premeditated plans) to kill me with said knives (#137). I start moving faster and say “Let’s go let’s go let’s go!” As we rush down a short set of stairs (#70) we turn left and out the front door (#82) we go. She has her hands on both of my shoulders as she escorts me to our vehicle (#58). Once we reach the vehicle she herds me into the driver’s seat of the car and we leave. At least I0 men were fully committed to a plan to murder me sometime soon and every one of them intended on using a knife. My first thought when mom told me this was that the men were likely so intent of having me be their victim because they hated women, especially women like that dress; walk, talk, and fuck like me…

469. (8-19-25 – 8-20-25) Last night I was graced with an entirely new sensation event in my dream. Although the sensation itself could, and probably should, be considered incredibly unpleasant it also was very clear in those moments that I was not afraid and was incredibly calm. First part of the dream occurred and ended with the first instance of said sensation that was so overwhelming it woke me up entirely. I wanted to write down the dream immediately, but, instead, I fell right back asleep and into the same dream. Let’s begin. I’m in a strange place I can’t really identify, but suddenly these incredibly (like, could kill you (#137)) loud alarm bells begin to ring. It is at this point that I’m looking at some sort of wooden () … furniture maybe? It was rectangular and had some sort of depth too it. At first (because a woman there was moving me towards the wooden contraption) I think that there must be some sort of entrance into this thing where we could hide (#123) and shield ourselves from the violent sound. (That’s definitely the right word to describe the sound and bodily effects. Violent) Unfortunately it is at this moment that the woman (who I think was Amanda (#98) our old supervisor when we worked on the substance abuse unit at Vantage Point, an inpatient mental health facility) and someone else I couldn’t see grabbed me from both sides, forced me down to the floor as I’m thrashing and struggling to break free (#127), and that’s when Amanda opened up a small door (#82) in the thing and I’m immediately overwhelmed and assaulted by an even louder and more disturbingly intense version of the sound. It’s actually coming from inside the thing. It’s hard to explain since it’s not a sensation (#144) we could feel in the physical world but I’ll try. It shook my body so hard and was so impossibly loud that I felt the sensation do something harmful to my ear drums since my face was forced next to it. It’s at this moment that my surroundings start to become foggy and vague. I can see Amanda and this other person I still can’t see clearly begin to try and perform lifesaving procedures on me. It’s in this foggy like state that I very calmly realize, “oh, so the sound must have damaged my ears and body so badly that it was capable of killing me. Hm, I don’t think they’re gonna be able to keep me alive. And, frankly, I already felt dead at the time. A little dissociated and above the scene a few inches (#133). This was when I was forced awake into the “real world”. When I went back to sleep I was with a very young Conner, my brother, (#111) who must be about 3 or 4. We go down these stairs (#70) onto the first floor of some home whose interior suggest it could have been an older Victorian style house. Definitely not built in the last 40 years. The hard wood () floor was beautiful and the layout was fairly open. When I walk just a little way into the first floor I see something move out of the corner of my eye toward the front door. Something white and opaque with a strange enough shape (#153) that I was afraid of it (not in an actively felt sensation way, but in a my actions implied it kind of way) and ushered Conner to the right and back of the house (#115), specifically in the kitchen/living space where there was a small table (the kind you put in front of couches) that Conner starts to climb on. I didn’t even realize Conner age until we got to this moment. The scene shifts and I’m in front of dad (Van) (#111) and I’m asking him to please come with me because I’m scared of what I had just witnessed. He refuses as he sees it as a waste of time. It’s at this point that I say, “you know, I don’t think you’ve ever done anything for me that wasn’t something you already wanted to do. Youve never we done anything that didn’t benefit you and even when I felt unsafe and scared. The scene changes and I’m in

this open field (#5). There are people chasing not only me but a large group of people individually trying to flee (#125). I hear a woman chaser say to another chaser that she “saw a brown skinned boy (#122) near ….” she sees me and stops talking mid-sentence and grabs at me. This confuses me as I know they’re currently focused those of us with brown skin for now and I’m white. It dawns on me that I’m most likely someone with brown skin in this section of the dream (#147). The scene shifts and I’m in this dark, but incredibly large open space (#52). Like, the room was as large as an auditorium. And I’m reading this long post? letter? That goes at great length to discredit me and claims that “what *Sydney Zane (#infamous)* did wasn’t not okay and we must….” This is particularly interesting as I’m not sure I’ve ever seen words on a page when reading in any of my dreams. I look away and I’m talking to this group of large, tall men. One of which is standing on the shoulders of another to perform the ol’ two people in a trench coat “joke.” They’re all being rather rude to me, particularly the guy standing on the other’s shoulders (#106). I walk away and pass by this handsome black (#122) man who looks a lot like the music artist Usher (#109). I tell him as much, “You look like Usher.” He smiles at me. We walk into an adjoining room but instead of being completely dark like the room we were in it was well lit (#36). “Usher” and I are talking and he says, “see you’re not like other girls, you get it.” It’s at his point that I think we’re talking about sex (#167) in which the man is the dominant one and the woman is being dominated. Which I do enjoy. Because I think we’re flirting and moving towards that outcome I reply in a tone meant to seduce “Of course I do.” The scene shifts and I’m lying in one of the many queen? king? sized beds alone in the massive dark room from before me. I’m aware that other people are sleeping in some of the other beds. It’s at this moment “Usher” climbs into bed with me and attempts to rape me (#139). I scream, loud, earth shatteringly loud and then it happens. The weird loud sensation from before (from the first dream portion) begins to rack my body even though this time it’s triggered by the situation, not the sound itself. My body is being vibrated so quickly and so intensely it again renders me unable to move (#144). Even though the sensation felt loud and even worse than the first time I was once again completely calm and waiting for it to pass. I wasn’t thinking anything about being in pain. Nothing like that. The scene shifts and I’m in front of the bed and “Usher” is faced in my direction and is angrily approaching me as we stare each other down. I feel this incredible anger and it’s clearly written all of my face. In a fury I brace and scream (not a scared scream, a war cry) at him and enter a fighting stance ready to go down fighting like a rabid, pissed off animal. I was going to rip him limb from limb if I could. The scene shifts and this new woman and some two other people I can’t see are carrying me in this rectangular basket like thing and I’m trying to explain the overwhelming sensation in a way that gets the reality of it across. Saying things like, “it’s so big, massive and overwhelming, paralyzing. Can we stop doing that?” The woman responds, “not yet.” The scene shifts again and I’m talking to that group of rude men from before. The one on the other’s shoulders says something rude that I can’t quite make out about me. I know he’s trying to be mean, but I look right up at his face and give him a sort of bemused half smile. As though it was a joke. Because to me it was. His face doesn’t change much, but I could tell this wasn’t the reaction he was expecting. His opinion meant nothing to me and I thought it was funny he thought I would care. And that’s where the dream ended. Very long dream with such strong experiences of stimuli I can only conclude that I was, in fact, there. Very there. I was standing in a completely separate reality just as I would in the waking world. Both equal in their “realness.” *Before I stop, I want to make clear that the Usher character was referencing a song that I had put onto my Neopets profile page through my expertise in coding html when I was probably 9 or so. It was my favorite song at the time and I liked it so much I wanted it to be what people experienced when seeing my page. I’d also created other unique touches to personalize the layout through said html. I was completely unaware of the sexual nature of the song given my age. It’s also important to*

make note of the experience I had a couple years ago where I was thinking about the song and how funny it was for a child me to put it on her page of a website for kids to play and talk on. It was at this moment that my tv (which was on the home page of my fire tv) cycled to the next advertisement on the top banner to an ad displaying Usher specifically rapping the song yeah. Like my thoughts manifested into reality. I'm guessing there was probably a new performance he'd done recently since there'd be no other reason to advertise it that many years later. I did not look into it. Considering how much stock I put in the inherent esoteric value of my creative touches and individuation as seen in the digital spaces I've utilized and expressed myself through. I believe that the amount of myself I've put "into the machine" will be one of the many reasons I will one day be capable of merging the real with the unreal. The flesh and the mechanisms. You know the story.

470. (8-20-25 -8-21-25) Dream last night. I don't remember much of it, but I do remember walking through forested (#2) areas via a paved trail and I remember the entire time there was a woman just far enough behind me to be out of sight following me, almost hunting me (#137). I was able to determine she DID NOT like me. A lot….

471. (8-27-25) Dream last night. I only remember a snippet of it. I excitedly exclaimed to some guy next to me that it was October 1st and that meant it was the first day of Wakaan (#22 & #175)!!!

472. (8-28-25) Dream last night. Incomparable and visceral fear (#171). Fear of judgment. The ending was (I didn't finish this sentence in the note for some reason)

473. (8-30-25 - 8-31-25) I'm so upset I can't remember my dream I'm its entirety last night. I know it started with me trying to earn one last set of credits to graduate college (#164). I know that I became something that the other students either revered or feared (#infamous). I know that my parents (#111) both tried to impede my progress in "the game" (#64) by trying to insist I play the game with them both. I know there was a sexual scene where I was with two or more men though I don't recall the sex (#167) itself. I know in the next scene I was upstairs (#70) on the second floor of a house and I found myself on top of a sex toy (#65) that vibrated and had a wide plate underneath me. I remember trying to hold off the orgasm but I could not. I dreamed one of my front two teeth (#33) on top was chipped.

474. (9-2-25) Had a music festival dream last night. The music festival (#22 & #175) was being held on our family's (#111) property. Beyoncé (#109) showed up at one point. I remember being messed up just enough to ask Jessie Casey (#117) if she'd keep an eye on me. She acted like she didn't want to so I told her to forget it, and I went to fall asleep (#148) in my tent (#25). The next day the festival was over. In a different part of the dream Van (#111) appeared and we hung out a little bit on some four wheelers. (#58)

475. (9-3-25) Dream: "He's impervious to lions (#41)." Says a man about another man we were rescuing (#106). Moving onto u of a campus (#164) in a private dorm two story small duplex. Still had my house up here in Bentonville. I remember wanting to start a pagan group (#159) for women on campus I wound up getting a degree in "eternal studies" (#159) I knew this was my degree because I read it on this strange pop up notification thing that wasn't on my phone but in "real life."(#65) I read the text itself (#readtext) Dating () - - - (#99) and him acting like I hadn't done anything between 2020 and now to him. I asked him about what was going on with "the shop" (#168) and he said ask my dad in a weird way. Scene shifts and there's this woman that winds up with severe health issues after having walked along the floor of a massive body of water (#8) for too long. After walking the entirety of it and harming herself she said she didn't know she wasn't supposed too.

476. (9-5-25) Had a dream last night. I was at some airport (#57) in a store (#168) that sold different crystals. I was thinking about stealing (#169) some. I was particularly intrigued by their collection of aventurines. At some point I am assigned the duty of protecting a group of children (#115), but I'm definitely

antsy to get out of there and go complete a journey. I think there was a cave (#10) nearby I wanted to go too.

477. (9-6-25) Dream last night I was getting out of bed and there was a guy in the way and I told him to move because I have an “animal to find” Specially a rabbit (#38 & #41). The closet (#91) next to the bed had a light (#36) on.

478. (9-8-25) Dream last night. Had a dream there was this guy that was being sleazy towards all the girls (I think we were all in college (#164)) and would try to get us to roll those sex (#167) dice (#64) things in order to try to persuade us to do things to him. The scene shifts and I’m sitting down with that annoying sorority chick we lived with last semester of u of a and she admits she made a fake nude of me and that when she did she asked herself “what’s the story here” as if there’d need to be a story to explain the nude. I laughed and said it was funny that she did that and I turned to the other girl who I think might have been Callie Baysek (#117) from middle school and I said “I’m sure you’ve probably come across one of my nudes (#167) before. What’s the big deal anyway?” Scene changes and I’m on a theatre stage (#83) on a college campus with Micha. We’re in a sorority and practicing some sort of performance. I’m also aware in the dream that this portion of the dream is a memory and isn’t actively occurring. I was also aware that Micha (#105 & #117) and myself later quit the sorority. The scene changes and I’m in Florida enjoying the weather and I’m about to go swimming (#128). My hair (#165) is beautiful, but I still choose to slowly dip my body and hair intentionally into the water. After the swim I begin to curl my hair to make the hair the same as it was prior. I remember wanting to move to this expensive part of Florida as I’d been enjoying the culture and the beach. Later on it seems I live with the two girls (#108) from the start of the dream and I check the fridge a few times. I remember there being a greasy burger in there at one point. The scene inverts and instead of looking at a fridge while looking west I’m starting at a fridge facing east. There’s a guy there who notices lots of BBQ ribs are gone from the massive pile that was there initially. The guy implied they were my ribs and said he was surprised I’d gone through so many already. I told him it wasn’t me that’d been taking from the pile and that they were actually there for “us” to share. The scene shifts and there’s this miniature swing roller coaster ride (#29) like the one at silver dollar city. Even though everyone’s still locked into position in the chairs I get up and leave the enclosed circle through a gate (#52) in order to do something, but I don’t remember what.

479. (9-14-25 - 9-15-25) So… it happened. The dream. When we were falling asleep you thought to yourself tonight might be the night. And it was the night. The dream. It starts off in a movie theatre (#83) (THE movie theater. The other half of the San Francisco (#21) bookstore) THE Theater. It was Tyler (#100) and myself. We’re sitting in two seats close to the middle of the room… we’re the only ones in the room. We’re in the process of hearing THE voice (#144 & #156). His tone is almost comedic….He’s saying something and EVERYONE is hearing it…. I think…. If not hearing I know for a fact we were all experiencing the natural outcome of the phrase about to be said. He’s saying “Doesn’t everyone FEEL 50?” I’m thinking that I’m still 30 and I think to myself… oh that’s 20 years of aging. At this moment, after the first time it’s said I turn to Tyler and I say “Another tooth (#33) just fell out.” Before it fell out was in the upper left portion of my mouth. Tyler says “no way.” Where I was sitting facing the screen Tyler would be to the right side. The male deity says “Doesn’t everyone feel 50” a second time and as soon he does it begins. We’re ALL dying. ALL of us. Tyler and I both go limp. I can FEEL (#133) it happening. The sensation of death’s finality. No one would be spared (#140). When I go limp I curl myself into the chair into a fetal position. My shirt has ridden up and I briefly think about how this would appear to others even though there wasn’t anyone else it the room. It’s a brief thought. Up into this moment I’d still had a first perspective and 3rd perspective of myself and what my top looked like when it rode up. But it’s at this point I reach over to Tyler. My vision has

stopped working at this point. I can LITERALLY FEEL (explicitly) how limp he is as I try wake him. He's not responding. He's fully limp. It's likely he died instantly and I was the only one who was still awake up until that point. Once I realize he's not responding and isn't going to respond the dream shifts…. it was time to put my money where my mouth is. I said I wanted to take their pain away. Wanted to take their fear away. ((Just as you have done for me)) I'm in the back seat of a car (#58). In the middle seat. There's a man driving and we are going over a cliff (#13). Specifically, into a canyon (#1) whose color suggested it was likely the Grand Canyon. As I closed my eyes and we finally begin to drop (#170). I get the literal sensation of how your stomach kind of tickles when you go down a roller coaster…. Or a canyon I guess. Lol. When I say I felt it you know that I mean to say there was no difference between the stimuli of the waking world and what was happening (#144).. I'm not afraid. I do what I am supposed to do. I relax my body. Maybe I take a deep breath. I direct my consciousness up at the divine and I know I am safe in their arms. I would have known what a blessing it was to experience another death that would have been terrifying to anyone else. When we hit the ground I wake up… Even though I only remember the two deaths. One in the Movie Theater seat and the other in the Grand Canyon (#133), I knew implicitly that I was experiencing other deaths in the exact vivid way I was experiencing in the car. I did not dream of them. Which implies they were being experienced by other Sydneys. Maybe we were the only ones left to experience them. While the all others, like Tyler, likely died immediately after the second sentence was said by the male godhead. The fate, the breaking of the wheel, we'd done it. Now it was time to pay the very (fair & previously agreed upon) price of martyring myself in order to take that terror and pain away from all others so that I may bear it instead. Regardless of how scary some deaths they were. None of us experienced fear. It was gentle. (((I knew how to lean into the divine and experience the same tranquility the masters have spoken of and experienced time and time again. I knew it would not hurt. There would be no fear nor pain. Just as I had wanted it taken from all others it was taken from me by the most loving deity I can imagine. My martyrdom would not be as the martyring of Jesus was. Maybe the male other half took the pain away from us. How could I ever hope to repay them? How could I ever dream of being one to feel the kindness of that selfless act. I'm overwhelmed. I wish I could take the pain away from him. I'm so glad we completed the cycle, broke the wheel. I can't help but feel somber as I think of his suffering and the placid, tranquil face of the Sydney in the zip line, last supper, AND SUBSEQUENT ""nailing to the cross"" In the center room touching no outer walls. The various tools of torture. And that face. That face and its genuine smile. The kind that meets the eyes from that Milestone dream at 8 years of age. I think of what she must have gone through to now have the ability to not feel it. It was a top down view of what was happening, never first person. How much apocalypse and death would someone have to experience in order to reach that state of being. I think I've gone on long enough.))) It is time to return to sleep. 6:30 am. When I fell back asleep I know I briefly dreamed of dying a 3rd time (#133). The details surrounding the death are lost to me, but I do remember briefly waking after the 3rd death and falling right back to sleep.

480. (9-18-25 – 9-19-25) Long dream last night (17 hours of sleep) that I don't remember a lot of, but I will share what it is that I do remember. I remember there being a long line of people going on a guided tour on some sort of trip. I seem to be off to the side of it a bit, and at some point, I seem to have gone ahead of the group through some middle path while they are off and down to the left. The center path is at a higher elevation. While the left room had a slanted ramp that will eventually reach the center path once they're done with the room. There's a woman who's the tour guide (#98) for the group and from where I'm walking I can tell that I'm not seeing the stuff inside the room that's supposed to "load in." I'm guessing it's because I'm not in the room itself and only seeing outlines of people through a "transparent" wall (#73) of sorts. Definitely appears to be the result of videogame like mechanics (#65) more than anything. Later on, I'm

walking directly to the right of the group, and at some point, someone, I believe the woman tour guide but not sure, wants to take a picture of me (#66) and the group as a sort of "camp counselor" picture to use for the business (#168) or something. The picture will be of me in a sort of guiding role for those with us. Once this is conveyed to me I assume the people in line are teenagers, but I was not under that impression prior, and they very well could be adults. The scene shifts a little, but some elements remain the same. At this point I am a man (#119). A very burly man with an athletic build and a beard (#165). It seems that someone that's "not good" has taken a boy from a group and stranded him somewhere he is unfamiliar with. I'm running in the direction I think he is and I become aware of the fact the young teen (Maybe 13, 14) is my son (#114). As I'm hauling ass in that direction I look to the left of me and there is a young boy, probably about 8 years old, on a back porch (#87) of a home at the edge of a neighborhood pointing in the direction I am running to indicate he did see my son go in that direction. Eventually I find him with a group of children that are currently playing with a female mannequin. One of the boys (maybe my son) is riding a bike (#53) in my direction at the end of a circle drive next to some abandoned homes (indicating an apocalyptic event (#19 had occurred). Next to him on the left is another bike coming in my direction with the female mannequin as the rider as the boy holds her upright with one arm. I remember being slightly disappointed with the situation I found these multiple kids to be in, but I know they're just doing their best given the circumstances. The scene changes and I'm me again. At this point I am in a room with Max (#111), and he is lying in bed. Frail and likely set to die soon. I'm already in the middle of saying "like father like son," in regards to his disgusting sexual attraction to me, his granddaughter, just like his son eventually display towards me, his daughter. He simply asks "how much" (#168) in regards to a video of me having sex (#167) with someone. I laugh in disbelief and throw out a random number, "25,000." He replies "I'll get back to you," in a way that indicates he'll attempt to gather the funds. I leave the room, disgusted.

481. (9-27-25) End times scenario (#19 and myself and maybe one or two other adults are in charge of taking care of a massive group of children (#115). At the main place we've rebuilt, where a community has been formed, I am a man (#119). At some point I get called over to the side of a market area (#168) by these two people (#98) that proceed to take blood (#blood) twice from the top of one of my hands. This alerts them to the fact my blood is the answer to the problems we've been facing while trying to rebuild. Something about my blood being a cure (#theanswer) for something. Knowing they're likely going to try and force me to help in a way that might kill me I flee (#125).

482. (9-28-25) Big dream where I worked at a massive dollar general (#168) for $19 an hour. I'll try my best to remember it, but I'm struggling. At some point I'm hanging out with Tyler (#100) somewhere on the childhood Lamar property. By the time I'm driving (#58) past right before where Max's first house burned down I realize it's way too late for this to be my actual shift and start to turn around. At some point I'm deliberately using my hands to practice magic (#159) and try to keep four different sensors (#67) lit up (#36) red (#45) with said magic. It's working for the most part with occasional sensors going dark for very short increments of time as I try to keep them all on at once.

483. (10-3-25 – 10-4-25) Visual onslaught of divine confirmations (#159) through tactile reality (visual sensations)(#144) and direct, unquestionable symbolism from what seems to be electronic devices (#68 & #67).

484. (10-5-25 – 10-6-25) Dream last night was peculiar. We were all in this really tall, tower-sky scraper shaped building (#74) that doubled as a school (#164). At this point time seemed relatively normal, unlike later, but there was imminent danger approaching. There was this massive, unyielding flood (#8) that threatened to swallow this ridiculously large building whole. I'm trying to help people to higher floors (#63), including my mom (Nancy) (#111), and myself. It seemed like part of the way through the event mom

stopped caring about coordinating with me and confirming my safety. Before I got myself and others to higher ground I did open the front door (#82) of the school and there was already water up to the bottom of the door. This was concerning because the building itself was on this already pretty big elevated foundation-platform high above ground level. As I'm heading up the stairs (#70) close to the rooftop the dream shifts. Still seem to be at the same school, but I don't see the exterior of the building for the rest of the dream. My age (#timeshift) has shifted to maybe around 12 and then progresses to about 16 by the end of the dream. We're going to classes and live in a dorm on campus. At some point I see Ashely Clayborn (#117) leading one of the peer lead groups a day after I was asked to do one of my own over a different subject by a female staff member (#98). I was also later asked to create a mock dorm room out of an unoccupied one with an accompanying document of rules regarding how rooms should look and what things are and are not allowed. Scene shifts and I'm in one of our classes and a guy classmate of mine (that lowkey reminds me of Caleb Heron (#109)) that I'm most familiar with in the dream has written something on a piece of paper on the wall that I'm reading (#readingtext) (3rd time I've been able to directly read something in a dream). It's about one a different male student in the class. He'd written about how this guy had just been acting in class while music (#175) was playing. Something negative about keeping his mania to himself as he'd been dancing (#129). As soon as I read it I turned to the guy that wrote it and said something along the lines of "What? I love mania. If anything, we should be minding our business and not paying special attention to anybody else's manic tendencies." At this point I become aware of the fact that Brandon Green is present for this conversation. He turns to the guy (#106) that reminds me of Caleb and says something under his breath to him. Something like "not much difference." He was implying they'd previously had a conversation about Brandon liking me a lot, and how the statement I just made could also be applied to his more manic or bipolar like tendencies.

485. (10-13-25) I remember a snippet of my dream I just had. It was odd. The narrative had me be responsible for getting myself and another girl to some sort of ritual (#159) that day. The person who'd given me this task was a man with some sort of authority (#98). It was the morning of the ritual and I realized the man had not given me the address for where we were meeting. As I think about this oversight I'm standing on a what appears to be concrete flooring close to where someone would park their vehicle outside their home. I realize that there's a white pull cord a little bit above me. What's odd is that it wasn't connected to some sort of ceiling. It was just hanging down from the sky and it was super long or anything. I could easily see the top of the cord floating in the air. I reach up and pull it and it makes that sort of tension snap you'd experience when pulling the fan cord to make the blades spin at a different speed. That click that indicates you've done it correctly. Right after I pull it down I become extreme disoriented. I look a bit to the left and the first thing my mind says is "MOTHER." There's a procession of maybe 5 people. One of which is much taller than any of the others. It's a woman, she's wearing a green dress that ties in at the waist. But more importantly, her hair is weird. It's this massive oval shaped mass of grey-white hair. Its texture indicated that the style could have been achieved through a long and methodical process of teasing it into this sculpture like style. I hear the group (not Mother) start yelling in my direction but I can't quite make out what they're saying. I now see them through a transparent wall and walking out on grass outside of it. It gave me the impression it was a version of our childhood home (tractor shed). I realize that they're trying to tell me to come to them as the ritual was about to start. I take a couple steps in their direction and then I wake up.

486. (10-19-26 - 10-20-25) It was real as real can be. I was outside. It was a beautiful day with the sun shining. I'm a bit of a ways away from a football stadium that's in the middle of a game. I am not in attendance obviously. I see a plane about to fly over the stadium. It's flying fairly low. I think to myself,

“wouldn’t be crazy if it crashed?” As it’s passing over this stadium it tilts so it’s vertical. Cockpit at the top with the back of the plane at the bottom. It starts to plummet. The plane is so big. Bigger than normal. The first thing I feel is shock. Shocked that it actually happened after I said it. Shocked that I’m about to die. I once again close my eyes and relax my body. Nothing more one can do after all. I’m not fearful or anxious. Just aware. Incredibly aware. And I embrace what I can’t control and die.

487. (10-22-25) I kinda don’t want to write about last night’s dream but I think it’s important that I do. It was about us and (- - -). I don’t really know how it started but I knew I was inside his house (different than his “actual” house. He’s angry with me. We’ve been separated the same amount of time as “waking Sydney.” This Sydney is very upset. He wants her to leave his house, but somehow she keeps saying things that make him not force her out just yet. She tells him she loved him. I think she may have actually said she loves him in present tense. She says, “Do you know how often she (referring to me) feels that? Or thinks about it without wanting to vomit (in disgust). She doesn’t. She never does.” Shortly thereafter we’re about to fall asleep fairly close to one another and our calves brush against the other’s. Neither of us recoils. We intertwine them and that’s the only part of us touching when we fall asleep. The scene changes and we’re somewhere in public. He’s going on a diatribe that paints me as the aggressor and abuser near a woman and Jayden Cameron. At this point Jayden and I had been thinking of becoming a couple. I think the Jayden in the dream is very different than the one in the “real world.” (- - -)’s speech changes Jayden’s mind and Jayden wants to be friends with him. The woman that was present starts to like him as well. The next day (- - -) is in my vicinity again for some reason. Just the two of us. He’s telling me about how he’d been on a date with the attractive woman the night prior and that they have another date tomorrow. Saying it in a mean, pointed tone. I sigh and say “Jayden was the first person I felt strongly about since us. So thank you for that.” The energy in the room shifts and neither of us saying anything else. That’s where the dream ends.

488. (10-25-25 - 10-26-25) My dream last night is very hard to explain. “All of us” were in this game? movie? That’s foundational level was based on a music festival. By the end of the dream myself and a group of other people have teamed up to complete a cycle which included cleaning up these spaces that were chaotic and messy in individual one fell swoops and moving rapidly to completely organize the grounds in the manner that is needed. At the end there was a music set occurring where u was tasked with running it. I was hanging onto a rope like a swinging vine and flying all across the stage. After the set was over both mom and dad were there and they said something to me I don’t quite remember and I said “why do you think I come every year” giddily in response.

489. (10-26-25 – 10-27-25) Last night’s dream was rather odd. It was like I was in the middle of a strange wilderness where there was a massive encampment, fortress thing had been built. The left (west) portion of the fortress was located in a desert like area. The far right (east) was in a forested, grassy portion. The encampment was apparent made by religious zealots of some variety. I don’t know for sure what kind, but it felt like Christian zealots. I was being forced to stay on the campus even though I was actively trying to escape. It felt like they’d given me some sort of role that included a lot of responsibility at the beginning. Maybe that was part of the reason they were so against letting me leave. I start trying to escape at the beginning from this massive building that was the focal point of the campus. Over time I keep starting my escape attempts further and further along. Like I’d gotten two rooms ahead, gotten caught, and would start again at the furthest point I’d managed to get too. After a “long”? period of time I was starting in this sports field area outside of the building and so on. Eventually I even escaped up some platforms and into this building that had been built in a large tree. It was around this point people began to appear alongside me in my attempts that were looking to me to help them escape. Many of them seemed to be much younger than me.

490. (10-27-25 – 10-28-25) Dream last night was big but sadly I don't recall barely any of it. All I know is that we "won again."

491. (10-28-25 -10-29-25) Tuesday night dream: Travis Owens (#117) in the building you've never been in on the main street of Clarksville.

492. (10-30-25 – 10-31-25) Dream last night was crazy. I was in this weird video game thing where I was in inpatient and wasn't being allowed to leave even though I wasn't showing any symptoms. There was a point in the game where this cult like entity that was next door to the facility that ended up attacking our unit in an attempt to kill me. Shot up the place. Somehow I didn't die. On a different run of the game I wound up escaping into the woods. It eventually turned into the familial woods and I tried to lay down some blankets in the hollow rooted area of a tree that was at the turn where you could have turned right to go towards the bluff mom's house is on right now. The thing that frustrated me most about the video game was that the movement controls weren't straight forward. Sometimes clicking would make your character move, but most of the time they had to move of their own accord. In the game forums I was checking there were a lot of gif screenshots of these very ethereal locations in the game that had this incredibly aesthetic, vibrant, otherworldly movement to it. Sparkly and transcendental. Incredibly beautiful. The game was so weird man. At one point I escaped into this cave by the sea as people from the facility tried to catch me. During a different play through I befriended one of the psychiatrists and I wound up being eligible for discharge, but mom (Nancy) refused to take me home because she didn't want too.

493. (11-1-25) Dream with Nicole Hinman (#117). Mom and dad portion only after second entrance. Guy in the ice machine Walmart. Back out into the parking lot and back into the Walmart. Active shooter. Me leading in front. Add more details

494. (11-3-25 - 11-4-25) Dad portion of the dream. He had some sort of flying inflatable that was hard to stay on top of but he flew me over these beautiful rivers that had pink flowers everywhere. It was beautiful. I stayed centered while he made sure I didn't fall while we flew over these beautiful areas. After we were done flying over these beautiful areas he flew me back to my vehicle so I could drive home to go meet up with mom (Nancy). He also had this weird, massive building that had all these strange items in it that were to be mine to inherit. The inside of this "building" was also beside some sort of flea market like area where items were typically sold that didn't belong to us. I had to be careful to not accidentally steal something from their stuff instead of our own. Everything shifts and it was the Christian summer camp again (location wise at least). Super weird. I was able to sneak onto the property like last time and stay in these town houses on the lower edge of the property without being caught. They were having some sort of event where they were going to select someone to voice the entirety of this medical text book for people to be able to listen too when studying to become doctors and researchers. I raised my hand to volunteer and they gave me a number like there were going to be selecting numbers out of a jar later. The scene shifts and we're all headed to the cafeteria as they're serving BBQ sandwiches at this event. Since they still don't know I'm not supposed to be there. I grab a sandwich from this lunch lady opening in the wall and sit down. After eating the sandwich myself and some man I don't remember being incredibly attractive start to have sex. He asks me to hand him my belt and he wraps it around my wrists behind me. It felt incredible. Later on the sexual partner changes to someone younger and more attractive and we have sex to completion. Also felt nice. At some point afterwards he says something about how the pussy would be better if I was skinnier. I genuinely laugh in response and say that when I was skinnier they did give my pussy "10s across the board." I go to get my belongings from the townhouse to leave and the guy tells me to wait as he wants to have sex again. I laugh at him and deny him because of what he had said. I laughed as if to imply he was stupid for asking again after insulting me. Once I am ready to leave I start to head towards my vehicle which I've actually left

off of what I now realize is an island (it was not an island in the last dream we had about it.) Two things happen at this point. I realize someone is chasing after me so I purposefully materialize my vehicle further away so I won't be caught as I'm starting the vehicle. I'm flying over a road that crosses through a lake. Water on both sides. At the same time I'm also driving my vehicle off of the island itself on the road with water on either side. It switches back to the me that was flying to their vehicle off of the island as what appears to be two women chase after me on foot inhumanly fast. I have to drive down these roads over the water and away from the original road where there's these sharp turns down two roads that both turn into two docks. I am able to escape o to a road that leads into a cramped neighborhood and continue to drive away from the chaos.

495. (11-4-25) Last night's dream. I woke me up from the first one which was one of the coolest dreams ever. I was in a video game. I could feel this dimensional layer pressed on top of my preexisting layer. I remember being able to move and feel my core (abs) in the video game itself and finding it interesting. It starts off in a smaller dorm like apartment. One main room and a bathroom. This "apartment" is connected to this massive commercial space with rows of aisles that are completely bare. The commercial area is always lit. I was initially nervous about this area, but after realizing how sturdy the lock to my front door was into the apartment I felt much better. The scene shifts and I'm up in the air next to a telephone pole. I would assume in order for me to be hanging there I was probably being held by ropes, but I don't remember any being there. It was like I was in the middle of a video game task. Scene shifts back to my apartment and my once barren apartment is now full of cool furniture and decorations. I remember being specifically excited that the items didn't cost any sort of in game currency. This is when Ibi, my cat, woke me up in the "real world." I go back to sleep and I dream about this EDM music festival that doesn't have a lot of people in attendance. I talk to one of the people in a smaller crowd about Wakaan and how I would have gone to this specific music festival also had I known how cheap the tickets were comparatively. Later on as I'm walking around the festival I see some rich, snooty looking individuals sitting at a table under an awning. As I walk past I think to myself that they must be local and weren't aware of what sort of music would be played.

496. (11-14-25) Dream started off somewhat vague with minimum detail. I was only aware of the fact that my health was at risk and that I hadn't felt very good at all. The scene changed and I was turning left on the second floor of a motel with external facing doors. As I was turning mom (Nancy) suddenly yelled, "What happened!!!!?!!!!?" in a desperate, horrified voice. I was experiencing a bodily sensation that was overwhelming me in a multitude of ways. I knew I was dying. Unquestionably dying. I remember having a realization that it was way more likely that I would die than be saved by medical intervention.

497. (11-15-25 – 11-16-26) My dream last night was odd and large enough that it's difficult to remember everything. Makes since considering I fell asleep around 4pm and work up around 7am… 15 hours. So, here's what I do remember. It was like I was back in an environment with people I used to attend school with. From what I recall I know that Lindsay Pratt was there and that I mentioned Kayli Sparks (#117) in front of her. It was almost like there was this metaphysical redo taking place. Almost a ceremonial reunion where important things were supposed to be decided through our interactions. I'm pretty sure there was a part of the dream that involved a setting with live music (#). I'm leaning towards it having been a music festival (#) as opposed to a concert. The scene shifts and it's like a massive threat or danger has befallen a group of people including myself. I was in a second-floor bed room in a random house. I don't remember seeing anyone else in the room, but it felt like there was at least one other person in the room, if not two, one of which was definitely a woman. Since this unknown danger was occurring we were hiding in this bedroom for our own safety. I cut a hole in the wire net between the open window and outside of the house. I cut the hole in it so I could light the end of this long stick that'd fallen off a tree outside the home. I pushed this lit branch through

the hole so I could use the smoke to draw attention to ourselves so someone would see and come to help us. It shifts to a new environment and some man said, “since you have such a spec-ed out bicycle you should join them.” Said about this strange exhibition thing that I think was taking place out in a park of some kind. I was a little bit to the left of a large metal pavilion with a lot of rubber coated metal tables w/ attached benches underneath it. Same kind of tables commonly seen in parks. My bike that I’d “spec-ed out” had some parts that were painted baby pink and the others painted a very saturated blue that was somewhere between blue and light blue. Much like the color blue you’d see at a baby shower for someone carrying a boy. In the dream I couldn’t tell if the comment about it being “spec-ed out” was meant to be a genuine compliment or something more backhanded. Since I didn’t know one way or the other I joined the exhibition and began riding my bike towards what looked like an area built for bike tricks. The scene changes again and I’m incredibly mad at my mom (Nancy). We were singing our responses back at each other as though it was normal. It wasn’t odd in context, but I did take note of the fact I was singing very well (odd) and loudly enough to indicate we were having a fight with one another. It was like she had been walking to the right side of me and began to say something about her brother passing away. Of course, I’m immediately locked in and waiting for her to continue telling me what happened, but as I’m waiting and still walking at the same pace we had been I hear her voice trail off as she approaches what I think was her mom and some other random woman (#). She starts an entirely different conversation with the two of them. I’m suddenly filled with rage. From what I can tell mom and I’s relationship has been plagued with instances of her really not giving much of a fuck about me or the desire to engage with me unless there are no better options available. The fact that this time had been about something incredibly important and upsetting related to our family I just went off on her by singing loudly about why this was so fucked up.

498. (11-19-25 - 11-20-25) What I remember of my dream last night. I can tell my dream was much bigger than I recall, but I’ll write out what of it I can describe. It’s starts off with me wearing a longer, ornamental skirt that is associated with dancers. There’s a man in speaking with though i have no idea what he looks like as that sensory data was not included. He’s trying to teach me this form of dancing he says all the best dancers learn in order to improve themselves and get them to peak performance. I decline to learn it. From what I can tell my motivation for declining was that I knew and liked my own method of dancing and didn’t want to change to a new form of it. The scene shifts and I’m walking up these steps of stairs. Which I think we’re either concrete or stone. Looking back I can tell the building we were in was pretty tall. As it doubled as a hotel alongside having an indoor shopping center akin to a mall, and different communal spaces. I was heading up the stairs towards one of these commercial spaces to meet up with the male dance instructor again as I realized I had developed an issue of being unable to synchronize my movements between my left and right half of my body. The scene shifts again and I’m wearing the same outfit, but now I’m on one of the higher floors of the building as I’m staying in one of the hotel rooms I mentioned prior. I’m by the bed and the window in that room has its blinds up. It’s easy to see how high up we are and off to the left is a wall jutting out that frames more hotel rooms. Their blinds are drawn too. Before I notice the rooms, I think to myself something along the lines of, “I wonder if there’s any paparazzi or anything in the building keeping an eye on me considering the situation.” What exactly that situation was I don’t know, but I can make some educated guesses. After thinking this I look towards the wall mentioned prior and I see the body of a man moving to the right quickly in order to not be seen by me from the window. The room they’re in has the lights on so he’s clearly visible. I quickly look further down past his room and see the vague image of another man who is directly in front of his window that also has the blinds drawn. The lights are on in his room too. I quickly duck down behind my bed as the first man returns to his position at his window. I notice he has a gun in his hand and try to remain out of sight. It’s not that I necessarily thought that he had the gun in order to

harm me, but it was pretty jarring to see when I'd originally assumed they were here to take photos of me. Either as members of the press or paparazzi. I don't remember seeing it, but I do recall believing the second man also had a gun in hand.

499. (11-24-25-11-25-25) My dream last night was odd. It was long. There was one portion where I was being held captive inside this underground laboratory that was owned and operated by this all-powerful magician or wizard. He stayed underground because a long, long time ago he used magic so strong that it drew the attention of some evil, magical male figure that came down to his planet and proceeded to do great harm to the citizens of this world. I was desperate to escape my captivity and one day I was able to access a vehicle that belonged to the magician that was being kept in an underground garage. The door between the garage and the paved road leading out from underground and up to the surface was closed, but I knew this was my only chance and floored it and used the vehicle to break down this metal sliding door. For whatever reason, as soon as I crashed through that wall to escape I gained all the magical powers that the magician had had. I had no idea where the man had gone, but I knew he was no longer around or close by. I remember explicitly being nervous to have a magic that qualified as "all powerful." It was the maximum, 100% of magic that one could even wield. I thought to myself that can't be good and probably isn't even meant to be possible. Regardless, u continued to have the ability to wield it. I'm thinking all of this as I'm driving this vehicle above ground and to the left of a shore that seems to be alongside an ocean. I believe this implies the body of land I was on was an island. What was weird though is that as soon as I drove into a commercial, shopping part of this modest city and saw people along the sidewalks I thought how odd it was that I now was human also. Apparently I'd been something else when I was being held captive underground. The scene shifts and I'm in an oddly shaped room (it was unusually thin. One center path and two columns of seats on either side. Most likely rows of 4 or 5 seats respectively) of a movie theatre with a group of people I know I'm familiar with but mostly can't identify. I could identify Stephen Green ( ), and, oddly enough, we later had sex during one portion of the dream. I know that we were watching something at one point, but I have no clue what it was. The dream continued from there but I can't recall much about the rest except for the fact I kept having to wait for something at various different residences that weren't my own.

500. (11-27-25) Dream "nap" just now. Masturbated to Bacchus chai conversation and fell asleep within a couple minutes after orgasming. The dream begins with me, awake on the same bed I was lying in. Mimicking my exact position which made it feel at least somewhat connected to the waking world. It starts off with me closing my eyes and imagining spinning counter clockwise even though I'm trying to mentally spin in the opposite direction at first. Since I'm naturally leaning counter clockwise I just go with it and lean into it. It feels as though my legs are above my body spinning in opposite directions over each other. Just high enough above my body not to hit it. It felt similar to certain sensations I've felt while on drugs so I barely register that I assume it's related to the orgasm and try to push my body and dissociated legs higher into the air. I succeed. The dream immediately shifts to first person as I'm staring at my living room couch as my mom is getting on top of it with a cover to lie down. I ask her what happened to coming at 2am? Which she was originally planning to in the waking world, though she did change her plans today to come into town tomorrow. She says something I can barely make out but it registers as an answer. The scene cuts to me still in first person now on the ground in front of the couch with mom's face somewhat close to my own. She says something I can't recall, but I recognize as a statement that seems to be coming from out of nowhere. She glitches somewhat and says "it's a grandson." Referring to Conner, my brother. I now recognize it's a dream and I have fallen asleep entirely. I was tricked by the start of the dream matching my sleeping environment so I try to wake up immediately. The dream, not wanting me to wake up (as dreams typically do in these scenarios considering our history of dreams presenting new dream scenes that include false awakenings to

make me feel as though I successfully woke myself) has my mother, who's been holding my hand it seems, doesn't let go as I pull back. As u pull back the pillow she'd had in front of her covers my sight of her face. I imagine what she'd look like if she kept glitching into saying new sentences like the random sentence about the grandson, and realize that'd probably be scary. Though I wasn't currently scared at the time in the drama itself. That's when I wake up.

501. (12-1-25) Had a big nap dream but I don't remember much of it. I knew I lived above where I worked in an apartment like complex where Denise (my hotel's front desk manager in real life) was still manager. Instead of a hotel we served sandwiches. At some point I was working and I had a lot of stuff in the back of a truck that Denise said I could donate if I wanted. When my truck was stopped a group of homeless people approached the truck and asked if they could have what was in it. It said yes. I remember there specifically being a stroller in the back of the car. They took that first. I'm no longer and work and I knew I'd asked for the rest of the day off since I was sick like in real life so it tried to stay out of sight when I left my room. The restaurant still existed but it looked completely different. I remember there was a toilet on the outside of the restaurant that I used to piss in for some reason. No one saw me. I'm walking around town and I see this mother and her daughter who appear to be homeless. I'm walking in a similar direction and I'm hoping I run into them because I know a good place they can crash that night in the coming cold. Apparently I'd slept on the street in that area once and knew a spot. I did not run into them. The scene changes and I'm in a room with a woman and a man (Jacob) who used to go to the vantage point program that we helped take care of during his 28 day program. The woman tells me a girl named Cherry called for me on my phone. She asks if it's important. I said I'm worried she (Cherry) might actually be me. The woman goes on by saying that happened to her once as she starts to leave the room. When she leaves the room, I turn to my ex patient and whisper, hey, the version of you in the waking world used to do drugs and I just wanted to make sure and an alarm I accidentally set woke me up here.

502. (12-3-25 - 12-4-25) Dream last night. A video game named "1941 Allied." I'm inside it and the game is starting. The enemy combatants are on their way and I'm heading across the countryside. I come across a family. A husband a wife and a daughter. The dad is a farmer. Not a great one. The land hasn't been kind to him in while but they also have a creek nearby they fish from. It's out in this field area. Not a lot of nature. Barely any trees. They obviously don't want to go but the tanks are on their way. I travel along and don't see the family anymore but I'm somehow aware I'm still escorting them. I go through some land and areas that are more heavily forested and seem more tropical in nature. At some point we make it to a cave only for it to be firebombed shortly thereafter. At different spots I save the game and I'm very aware of where we are when I save. The most important spot being a city where I drop off the family and know they will be safe. I start the beginning stages of building the family a store they can sell food out of but leave before it's finished. There're various places in the city where you can get food for free so I let the family know. Like, vending machines in administrative areas. There's also a little donation store thing like a helpful version of goodwill where I find a notebook of mine that has my name Sydney Hill written at the bottom. Something about how I hope the notebook helps whoever gets it the same way it helped me. The paper isn't lined so it might be meant for drawing purposes. I meet Neal (our friend in the real world) in the city and ask him if he needs help attaining a house. He says he does so I equip a sword (#143) and head out into the country side. At some point I meet up with Ariana Grande outside of the game which is incredibly odd. Apparently there were two people playing allied 1941 and that was me and her brother. I'm trying to access the game because I need to reach the family I originally saved in the game. Ariana goes through her brother's laptop but can't find the game for some reason and she apologizes. I tell her it's not a big deal and I eventually find a way to log myself back in anyway. I load the save that was at the city and I find the family shortly

thereafter. The daughter rushes to hug me and I tell them it's now safe for me to bring them back to their original home. I'm aware of the fact they live essentially on their own with no neighbors but I still am under the impression they'll be just fine food wise. At some point I receive a phone call on a help line from a young man who doesn't know what to do. He says he's useless and going on about how his situation is hopeless. I recommend he grab that notebook from the donation store and write down all the things in his life that's going wrong and writing different potential solutions under each. At some point I come across someone's fruit garden and I see there's two fruiting plants with their roots intact laying on the ground. I grab them with the plan to bring them to the original family. It is at this point I contact the young man again and I tell him about this family with a daughter and a dad who's getting older and how he'd probably give him a place to stay if he helped on the farm. I tell him they likely have an extra room for him and that they'd be grateful for the help as I'm still holding the fruiting plants intending on heading to their house my own self. Side note: I know at some point I did have to directly fight some enemy combatants and that's how I had money to spend but I have no memory of any of those fights.

503. (12-14-25) Nap dream. Brief and light in data but compelling nonetheless. "It was hers before it was mine." I'm looking at a light shining, sparkling quickly and with great intensity from the center of its light at the center of an object I can't quite make out the nature of. It almost looks like the light might be embedded in the center of a circular table's singular "leg" at its center. "Im looking in its directly and bit by bit my perspective shifts from angle to angle around the light in this cylindrical, pole thick enough to look like it could support at table. (Not saying it was a table but trying to paint a picture) after living from angle to angle for a while I recognize what I believe to be the side of the light by which you may enter it. The scene changes, not like a jerk, but like a smooth dance into the new setting. It looks like I'm inside a residence. Specifically a living room. Across the living room I think I see a vague representation of a woman sitting on a couch next to a sliding glass door leading out to a balcony. She's on her phone. She doesn't acknowledge my presence. Scene shifts softly again and I'm in a bedroom that was to the right of the living room itself and I can see through the half cracked blinds that the woman (still vague, not many details to speak of, dream was mostly expressed through concepts) had moved out onto the balcony, I assume it's so she can be alone, she's sitting on a chair and is still on her phone. I don't think much of it. I simply acknowledge the individual must want to be left alone and I have no intention of bothering her. The scene shifts again and it's the same light and the same table like shape from before. I am again in the first person perspective moving from equidistant perspective to equidistant perspective, circling round the light itself. I am now aware of the fact the light on the first portion of the dream was the woman from the balcony's light. During this last part of the dream the light now belongs to me in some capacity. As I am finally at the angle and perspective from which one may enter it. As I'm about to go through it I wake up on the couch in the "real world." (….. the Great Work is the ever turning toward God until the vision becomes clear) I want to make special note of the fact that during both scenes with the quickly moving glittering light the body was not in control of its motions. The body being turned toward and around it was going to move around it in that way regardless of the desire or thoughts of the observer.

504. (12-15-25) Jarryd's place. Cuddling naked. Really liking Jarryd a lot. Wondering what it'd be like to have sex with them. The gender humiliation games. Going to a friend's party and having difficulty leaving since I keep falling asleep after trying to ;leave the bedroom. The house was close to a college campus and their desk that had been built into the wall of the living room seemed was too big to (in the left top corner of the room with facing the front door leading back outside. After having already fallen asleep at their place after the party the night prior I have difficulty leaving their house. They tell me I was looking up something in a computer and kept falling asleep in the area on the line between the tile of their kitchen and the carpet of

their living room. Tyler Hamilton and how attracted I was to him and me become wet thinking about him only for Dylan to appear out of nowhere much to my horror. Actually having sex and sleeping with Tyler. Apparently I'd also slept with a man who lived at the house where this party was taking place. When Tyler found out he was angry. Which I didn't understand since I didn't seem to have much agency over my choices in this house. The cute sorority women. (2) that also lived at the house that were talking to me before I left. The one on the left when facing the front door asked me what she should say in response to someone's message to her that was unkind. I give her a great line that she loves and sends it to the rude man that had contacted her on her phone. Leaving into the city and deciding to visit Brandon. One the way there I run across Dan from Outback Steakhouse going on a walk down that city street with their headphones in. I know Brandon should be nearby because I have memories of talking on to him as he stands on one of two concrete stairs leading into [-- - - - - -- - -] city street the various shops and apartments all part of the same loooong building like in the city. I approach the specific door I associate with Brandon and I see that it's actually a restaurant though I had thought it was the entrance leading up to his apartment. A few minutes later Dan reappears and tells me Brandon's not working that night and will be working tomorrow. The two spinning rainbow balls that follow beside and around me I rented? from an arcade like business somewhere in the city. Eventually (at a steady by much faster pace than those walking around me) gliding back into the business I'd gotten them from only for them to spin and automatically move back towards the machine they had been dispensed from. The man operating the machine waves at me, acknowledging I'd returned them and I left just as quickly, without pause. A person nearby to me is talking to me, my mother, and a group of people that I know not the number of. They say something and at the end say "Rainbow City." At that moment I had been in the middle of thinking the words "Rainbow City" and nod enthusiastically when the other individual says it first. We intended on ending the night by visiting the McDonalds near an exit off a freeway. There're cars. Some of us are roller skating, other's I think may have been biking. All I know is I'm weaving around cars and between lanes as quickly as the cars themselves. Not sure what mode of transportation I was using. The new black, female witch and the one that came before her long ago from the ancient world before her. The one from ancient times had been wronged by a man in some way and that is how or why she became such a powerful witch? She seemed more important and more powerful than a witch. I'd say the two women were closer to being gods than witches. The second, new black woman with unprecedented magical power was going through something upsetting and painful to her, and that's when the one from ancient times appeared suddenly in the room the new one was in. The setting was inside of someone's domicile. The style of which reminded me of the house from the Fresh Prince of Bel Air. The ancient one was upset, maybe annoyed, that the new one was being overwhelmed and weakened by the emotions she was experiencing as the result of this upsetting event occurring in her life. I think it might have also been the result of the actions of some man.

505. (12-16-25 -12-17-25) What I remember about the dream. The first and biggest portion of the dream's primary theme was surrounding gender difference. The males had decided that women didn't deserve rights and that they should have access to them sexually regardless of consent. The first scene in which I'm in the middle of this clusterfuck took place in a frozen foods section of a grocery store. I was on the right side of the aisles closest to the deli meats when a single man was on the left side between the frozen food aisles and not goods. I try my best to stay out of his sight. At one point he does see me but we're kinda playing cat and mouse from each edge of the rows of frozen goods. As though he can't actually walk through the row itself. The scene shifts and I'm hiding in a closet full of clothes as "the men" search for signs of any uncaptured women. I'm to the right of the door into the closet facing the back of the closet itself. They rummage through the closet violently but only seem to rummage through all parts of the closet except for the small corner I'm

standing-hiding in. I remember recognizing that I was making too much noise and did everything I could to stay still and silent. Someone's hand got really close to an article of clothing right beside me, but I'm fortunate enough to not be discovered. The dreams shifts. I'm not sure if this part of the dream took place after the events of the first parts of the dream or whether it was separate entirely. I'm leaning towards it being after the events of the first parts of the dream. I'm in this strange place where I am currently strapped into the seat of a roller coaster that allows your bottom half to dangle. I had those shoulder pad looking restraints holding me up at the top of my body. As I reach a specific part of the ride I feel unsteady and feel a pang of slight discomfort. I know there are many, many people watching all of this transpire. I move my body into a more comfortable position and lean in a different direction and I'm at ease and enjoying the ride once more. The ride comes to an end and as I exit the ride there are a sea of people waiting to greet me. I can't hear any noise. No cheering to clapping or anything like that, but I'm still aware that they're celebrating my arrival. I feel a warm sensation and that's when I wake up from the dream.

506. (12-18-25) Weird ass dream. Starts off with me trying to escape from a male authority member. The setting is strange. Open grass and field like but interspersed with these gigantic gray walls making columns that create shaded areas between them. I appear in an area where many people live. Definitely not big enough to be a city. More like an insular town with tall buildings flanking the town square in the middle. Very run down. I remember there being a woman who lived in the town that was considered to be nobility. She had begun to wear this outfits that was made of many pieces that had become famous and considered invaluable amongst the town people. It was a sign of wealth and power. I knew what the outfit actually was in the dream though the details surrounding it are more or less lost to me know that I'm awake. I knew that it wasn't what the woman thought it was. Living in the town itself was difficult for the population, including me. We had to scrounge for every dollar we could to survive. I remember at one point I saw a man place a $50 dollar bill in a trash can along with some item next to a machine people were lined up to use. I quickly dashed over to the trash can and took the beaded item and the $50 out. I got nervous after taking it. I think I was nervous because I knew a few people in the town had it out for me and wanted me gone. I wind up discarding of the beaded item (white beads maybe pearls) and the $50 off into a large bin for public use next to the open area that led into the town from the empty fields. The baroness (or whatever title she had been bestowed) or her staff found the item and the money quickly. The baroness put the item on along with the rest of her outfit that didn't have the final pieces just yet. Turns out that's what the discarded item was. Not sure if it was a trap for sure, but I do lean towards it having been one. The scene shifts and there was a town meal being held in the square. The tables were long and made a rectangular shape except on one side that would have made up the top part of the shape. I remember being sat close to the baroness. I turned to her, looked at her outfit, back up at her, and said, "you know, one of these days they'll be able to print those out, as many as they want on command." I was implying that her special attire would one day be easy to mass produce. The baroness didn't like this tidbit of information, as I'm sure it implied her outfit wasn't as valuable as she believes. She, and a couple others at the table, start to interject an negate the validity of my statement. Before they're able to get a word in edge wise I raise my voice and say something along the lines of," did yall forget what I had to experience, what I had to see, do to get here!? Here from the future i refer too!?" They look down and away from me and speak no more. It seemed as though they knew all too well. Apparently I'd either explained it to them with every minute detail intact or somehow bore witness to the truth of my statement.

507. (12-19-25 - 12-20-25) I slept for so long and deep I don't recall the most of the dream. Which would appear counterintuitive on its face, but I think I just go too deep in it to have the amount of strength it would take to bring anything back with me from said depths. The beginning of the dream I remember there was

this loop that we wanted to break free from. I remember being in a rural area in a parking lot and being the one to trigger a flood. A flood that would only really be affecting the town I think, but I'm not for certain how big it would be. Just that it wouldn't be big enough to drown the world. Since I knew it was in route I yelled at a woman who was my friend to scramble for higher ground, the grab at the roots and hold on tight. That I was right behind her. The foreign affair. The love from the sands. The gift I got once I returned to my land. I think the envelope was addressed to "my rabbit." (#38 & #41) I remember the man being attractive.

508. (12-20-25) Brief nap dream. Probably took about 30 minutes or less. I'm disoriented in a dark room sleeping on the floor next to a woman. I remember rolling I've or something and colliding with her body somehow and apologizing to her asking if I rolled over her or something. Only aware that I'd accidentally moved into her somehow. She only laughs softly in response. I think to myself something along the lines of are we safe. The woman replies that we are, that we're at her nanny's place. The room is dark, and I can barely make out the impressions of the bodies of two small children. It's dark so u bend down to kiss the little boy (other one was a girl I think) on the forehead but I felt like I kissed somewhere more akin to cheek flesh and apologize to the kid awkwardly who also giggles. We follow their mom into another room and seamlessly transition into the top of what kinda looks like the top bunk of a bunk bed. On the layer/floor below is the cockpit for what I assume is a plane even though the cockpit is open like a spaceship's would be. The person in the pilot's chair which I assume to be the mom says some stuff in a funny accent akin to a famous rapper's voice that I'm fond of. I joking say you aren't Denzel curry, twice, the second time putting more emphasis on enunciating the words funny to make the little boy laugh. The "plane" starts moving and I look down to see the only gauges we can see on a screen are things like altitude, temperature, etc. I quickly think to myself that I'm worried I'll get excruciatingly bored on the trip if that's the only form of stimuli. Then I feel the plane start to careen downward. Feel my stomach continue to drop. The first in my head was whether or not they're trying to show off and about to pull up. I get my answer pretty quick as the sounds from the flames emerging from the explosion begin to funnel around and right by me. I seamlessly transition from the impact into being awake in bed. Unsurprised and without any indication of stress like an elevated heart rate. I remember at the start of the dream I didn't necessarily know my relationship to the woman or her identity. Just that I was supposed to be there with her and safe in her home.

509. (12-20-25 – 12-21-25) Dream from last night was odd. It started off with me living in a massive house in this really upscale, elite neighborhood. All the houses were white. I lived close to the exit of the community. I was the house the closest to one specific exit. Not the only exit. I knew I was in a simulation of sorts. I thought it could be a videogame, but I wasn't convinced entirely it was one. There was a place at the far back of the neighborhood where a giant military meeting was occurring on a base. I knew there would be a sea of lined up military men, military authority, and an exercise of some variety being performed. I decided to go to the area before the scene started to load in. I wanted to hear what the authority was going to say in their speech. I wound up not getting caught for as long as I did by obscuring my face with a strip of fabric from a flag. I wasn't able to make it long enough to hear the speech and had to flee with the flag still obscuring me. As I fled to my house near the exit of the neighborhood some people from the event were on my tail. Once I entered the home, at that point I lived alone, and I kept the doors and windows tightly shut. At one point I'm interacting with a strange simulation like entity of a human like nature that was somehow at one with the house. We ended up starting to have sexual interactions where the male presenting entity began to eat me out. It was interesting. I had a third person perspective looking down at being in the middle of this sex act and I could feel pleasurable, sexual stimulation. I noticed it didn't feel exactly like clitoral stimulation, but it felt like the sensation was in the same wheelhouse. I enjoyed it quite a lot. Later on in the dream I instigated another sex act with it only for it to then present like a woman and I did the same thing to

them that had been done to me. Later on the house became the house of two other women I was not a fan of that reminded me of my roommates from Dallas my last semester of college. They kept leaving the door open and I asked them not to because at that point I had acquired a free roaming pet somewhat akin to a gerbil, but I honestly couldn't tell for sure what kind of animal it was. I was annoyed. As I'd recently become a fan favorite of a very small, but fervent community here in the neighborhood I simply posted on the server a project module stating people could donate for me to have my own privately owned home built. It quickly earned $1000 of the $4000 needed, and then the goal was eventually met. The image on the module posted to the simulation was a fun cartoon rendition of a black, gothic style, Victorian house. At this point I was creating quite stir in the neighborhood and kept showing up to these events in really revealing clothing with my "vibrant" personality revved up to a ten. At some point Kurt Westerman (previous friend turned unsettlingly invested devote that I no longer speak too) showed up and I let him inside my domicile and eventually instigated sex even though we didn't do so in the dream. The dream shifted instead. The shift takes me into the Walmart Neighborhood Market close to my workplace in real life (21c Museum Hotel) and Tyler Hamilton is there shopping with me. I go to pay for my own groceries with my debit card and this frustrates Tyler for some reason and he makes some sort of rude comment. The scene shifts to a different version of the same area in the Walmart where the deli section would be and there are these giant stone blocks part of some sort of trap you would see in a tomb in some sort of Indiana Jones style movie. The blocks move fast and jam together where you would get squashed if you were in between the two. I successfully evade everything and get through this portion of whatever it is as some invisible onlookers observe. No idea how I knew they were there outside of me being about to "feel" them.

510. (12-29-25 - 12-30-25) My dream last night was interesting. Me as a woman. Start off being fond of me but the women slowly start to act annoyed by me. I was the only one capable of leaving the "lands" where we were all living. I remember flying out to this area with a waterfall and a river. Each living area had a massive room that was used for storage by each group. Me as a man. I was the one in charge of the music and I was well liked. I'm a woman again. A different woman. The longest lasting female figure of renown. She was also capable of leaving the "lands" because her and I at the end were talking to one another in this high up area with pink clouds. She mentioned she also sold nsfw media and thought it was interesting she was still beloved by our community even though people lambasted me for selling the same sort of media. Mostly the women.

511. (1-2-26 - 1-3-26) Dream. I'm having a party of some variety. Not sure if birthday or otherwise. We're all playing video games. (Women and men) It's almost like we're at a version of Janet's place but Janet is not there. It's also up in these hills. Travis Owens (#117) is there which is odd. We flirt and he winds up playing with me for a moment. He mentions Josh hops on and I kinda have an "aw drat" moment because I would have preferred to fuck him. I do tell him I've always been slightly attracted to him because of how mean he is. I joke and say I'm surprised him and Elisa never fucked and he shakes his head and said that he has. I think Michael Hansen is also there. I notice there's a strange tube like thing I'm drinking from and when I go to clean it out it curls into itself. That's when I realize it's made from rattle snake hide. And the body still reacts to stimuli. I'm shown a family picture of a woman, a male corpse, and a sword (#143) and a mirror (#93). The dead male body is in front of the mirror and in the mirror the corpse is standing behind itself.

512. (1-3-26 - 1-4-26) Only remember brief snippet of dream. I remember I was in some sort of educational building with medicinal areas. There was a man in one of the rooms that needed help accessing affordable healthcare. I came into his room and told him that I had been able to apply for a special sort of health insurance on his behalf and he'd been approved.

513. (1-9-26 - 1-10-26) Realizing I was being attacked by a bear mid attack. I couldn't see anything, but once I came too I realized what was happening. It was interesting because it really brought out the clarity of the sounds of the bear growling during the attack. I can hear mom (Nancy) screaming in the background. After one particularly bad chomp I realize I'm going to die. Which, I come to terms with very quickly. Certainly, one of those it is what it is situations. It was a bummer to hear mom witnessing the whole thing, but a bear's a bear and a meat jacket' just a meat jacket.

514. (1-17-26) Dream last night. The people searching for rocks and searching for us. We're in a bush as they reach for something we've disguised as a rock. Two brothers. One of which swims after a man who stole some yogurt. Catching him and dragging them down almost drowning them. When they surface I'm screaming g "really!? Over yogurt!" As the boy comes back onto the beach it tells him to kill himself. I briefly feel weird about it because he's technically a kid. Their father, who is nearby raised them to be that way. (To the back right of them was a dock) Ashley Elam (#117) trying to insult me and it's not working at all. Later on, I walk past her and tell her to call me who're since, "I'm trying to meet the quota today." She's not thrilled. It seems like she's jealous of my appearance. Later my brand-new vehicle I'd bought the day prior gets stolen and crashed into something. Everyone's outside (of what I'm assuming is a school) and express they're bummed for me. Later on I'm talking to someone else and I say "Ashley should just admit she crashed it." I say it was a bemused tone of voice. Prior to dream me saying this out loud I hadn't considered that was a possibility. She continues and says something along the lines of "Who else would it be?" Since she was the only person we knew in the area that was angry with me.

515. (1-18-26 – 1-19-26) Dream last night. I'll do everything in my power to remember as much of it as I can, but I slept for a whole 14 hours and had to go to work early this morning and am only just now recording it so I apologize for what parts I've probably already forgotten. I'm one of two guys that are linked to this one woman, and me and the other man come to an uncomfortable realization. We were so similar to one another that we began to wonder if the woman saw us as interchangeable. This upset us so we went to confront the woman about this realization. We asked her if she saw us as interchangeable and the scene changed before we received an answer. And entire (not valley because it's not shaped like the inverse of a hill) flat plain of dry, cracked barren earth that actually looks quite pretty. There are some steep bluffs on the left side of the large plain, from the perspective of myself driving to the west side of the plain (not sure why I'm aware of the cardinal directions). When I reach the far side of the flats (salt flats maybe?) I see there is a now a small, pre-built domicile (like the kind you could order pre-fabricated) on top of the small hill at that end that I'm aware wasn't there the last time I'd been there. Dorm like setting where I was moving in to a room that was on the left side of the building, when facing the door to my room. I was a little disappointed I was unable to get the room that's on the very far left side as I knew the rooms on the edges had nicer bathroom accommodations. I remember visiting a football field while there was a game going on that I saw Nick Williams and Kendall McCarley were playing in. They were in their uniforms at the edge of the field so I approached them and gave each of them a hug. I was apparently visiting the school I used to go to (looked completely different from the school I actually attended in the waking world). Not sure why people I'd gone to school with would still be actively enrolled and playing on the football team after having graduated a long while prior. The pathogen. I remember being inside a room of a building that had the only door that lead into the building. There was a nurse there that was supposed to do an assessment on each person that came in to make sure they weren't infected with something they could spread to the anyone inside. The nurse was performing my check up and she said something along the lines of "Yes, looks like the infection has taken hold. Thankfully it'll be all over soon." Apparently, this so called infection was actually a foreign pathogen from an unknown source beyond the world in which we lived that intended on taking control of everything,

including the minds of its inhabitants. The scene changed and there were a final group of us that were readying ourselves for the final confrontation. The realm in which we lived was ending. I could see fires in the distance and the reds, oranges, and yellows began to seep into the environment. All of us were in a line, a row, shoulder to shoulder. Ready to fight one last time.

516. (1-27-26) Dream about the fancy hotel with the fancy art skateboard. The room with a wall with a door but not being disturbed. The fancy ass department store of mostly reflective glass on the far side of the building

517. (1-30-26 - 1-31-26) My dream last night was odd. Parts of it were mundane while other parts had their usual flair. I slept over 10 hours last night which means the dream spanned a loner time period per usual. Seems like the settings were primarily two locations. The first being a version of my childhood home ("tractor shed") and a university I would later attend. The beginning of the dream had me hosting my new friend Adrian at my childhood home. He brought someone else along with him that I hadn't met who was an old friend of his (female). Oddly enough the main form of entertainment seemed to be something I considered to be something belonging to my family. More specifically my "father" which I think refereed to the deification version as opposed to the mortal versions. A "play" battlefield made up of only artillery and cannons. So many fucking cannons. I was watching from inside with the front door open a little bit and I saw so many bits of dirt and debris explode into the air. Later on we do get into a sexual scenario in my childhood bedroom and I go down on him. There was something getting in the way of us doing anything more. Later on he tells me he thinks he just wants to be friends which I agree too. The scenario shifts a bit and it seems there's some sort of evil political conglomerate that's trying to use "Republican Sorority girls" as a means of spreading "awareness" and bumping up their numbers. They're holding some sort of concert that's on the other side of the property my childhood home is on. There's a metal backdrop where lots of girls are taking pictures to post on Instagram. Not sure how I infiltrated, but I did and when they, the girls, caught sight of me they rushed me and began to give chase. As I ran I yelled at them that when "it" happens (conservative mean inevitably turning against all women) they'll be the ones that saw it coming. I ran all the way back to that childhood home I'm in classes at the local university and I'm living in a shared dorm environment. I've been feeling on the outs because of my relationship to most sorority types and I come back to Summer classes but somebody already packed me up After getting mad wondering if they were just trying to be nice as opposed to shooing me away Made an appointment via cellular device as they had an app that showed which appointments were available. I was either second to last or the very last appointment available that day. The accessor's office the something that started with an A in charge of tracking one's credits and getting you scheduled for what you need. Looking to the left of the office at the front desk and then looking over to the right and recognizing the back office area from what I think was a different dream. Being in the waiting room and mom magically appearing. Conner being there as most likely a three or four year old. Mom, how did you know to come to this appointment? (Since I'd just made the appointment on a whim) she has lights me with some excuse. Conner's hanging on to the front of me facing away like kids prone to making people jungle gyms often do. "Mom, why is Conner small?" This is the point when I realize it's a dream and it's super disconcerting to me. I was just sitting there in the chair looking at the waiting room knowing there was way too much sensory data. So much so my immediate concern was whether or not I would wake up. I had to tell myself there's no reason to think I won't wake up just because the dream is so real. "Well Sydney after our meeting this morning…." I was flabbergasted. No, I hadn't had an appointment that morning. I'd literally chosen to come in today on a whim to make sure everything was in order to graduate by fall. Me being upset about it and saying "Something like this has never happened before." Which, technically it has if

we’re just talking about experiencing mental fuckery, but forgetting a recent experience would be a new one.

518. (2-1-26) Dream last night also partially involved my childhood home tractor shed edition. I was sleeping in my childhood bedroom and awoke to notice the door was unlocked and I got mad at my mother for leaving it unlocked. I turn my back to head back to bed and Becca (sorority roommate 2019) went to unlock it. I was angry. Something was going on because there were people outside. The scene changes and I’m in an art museum. There’s a voiceover by YouTuber Moist Critikal (#109) saying it’s odd that this art museum in particular is displaying two sarcophagi right next to each other that have a myth about a curse surrounding a the two. The odd part is the fact that the museum is using this curse myth in advertising to pique the interest of potential visitors. Apparently this was usually the opposite of how art museum handled myths like these. Supposedly the curse has something to do with it being dangerous to keep the two sarcophagi together. As if the curse was resulting from a feud between the two separate individuals interned inside.

519. (2-2-26) Dream last night covered a lot of different stuff I’ll do my best to remember it all. First I remember being on the beach in a one piece the pattern of which I can’t remember. Then the scene shifts to what I’m assuming is a different day in this beach area and I’m wearing a one piece leopard print swimsuit. I’m laying on one of those beach chairs made of the white, large rubber band like material. I’m not facing the water though. My chair is sideways and my face and feet are pointed to the west as facing the water means facing north. -/// A dog that is close to death is visibly pregnant. Me and another woman so our best to figure out how to save the mom and her pups. We’re able to see through an impression into her stomach that at least two small pups are alive and moving. /// Singing competition Children School like area Hello? Thoughts? Reaction? Me: oh, my bad. Yea the hair pretty sure a wig) looks awesome. (The actual children in school keep coming up to me and wanting my opinion about stuff.) Mentioning being an elder emo. Two purses after seeing blue tooth headphones The adult black man and my phone. Letting him back out my pictures app. You crazy. me laughing and being like yes, I am to my nsfw images already in my most resents. Me laughing it off and continuing on as he shakes his head at me fondly. — Grocery store environment where I see a pretty massive BMO from adventure time shaped pin that I want to steal. I think about it for a second before putting it back. H come across some Valentine’s Day themed items including a new flavor of tic tacos but I go to grab some and see there are barely any in the containers even though they cost what they normally would. I put it back as I eye a strawberry flavored gum package (after awakening I remember this type of gum did exist and used to be one of my favorite flavors to purchase. They haven’t been sold in stores in a long time. The sandy areas of the Middle East. Me proclaiming, “I’m not vacationing in a flat sandy, hot part of the Middle East!” While somehow viewing a flat sandy hot part of the Middle East. The scene continues to move along and I see that there’s a water spray area like you’d find at a theme park spraying mist for whoever walks by. There’s already two people (I think women) that were using it. The water from it starts to cover the ground with water and the water starts to rise. I see the sand start to look like to quartz crystals and we watch as the quartz begins to glisten more and more. The winter area. The man asks if I want to take the lift or not to the top of the slope or not. As those that don’t park elsewhere. I tell him it’s my first time taking the lift, and he tells me not to worry and he’ll show me what to do. He shows me how to get the bar up to my chest and I decide to hold on tight. The lift starts first by going down into this wooden tunnel like thing and I see a guy up and to the left of me slide out the left side and into the snowy abyss. At first I thought about trying to alert the lift operator but we were already too far away and I decided to focus my attention on making sure I maintained a strong grip on what I could so I would fall victim to the

same fate. I was also perfectly aware that the dude had most certainly died and there wasn't anything that could be done about it.

520. (2-3-26) I'm watching a YouTube video of a woman talking badly about (- - -) (#99). She goes on to talk about how her boyfriend was his roommate and that he was unsettling and incredibly rude for never acknowledging her when she's at their place. She says something along the lines of "any man that stays in their room, ignores a girl coming into their own house, no matter the hour is a piece of shit in my book. Apparently, she also goes into how highly he thinks of himself and how off-putting it is especially in contrast to the reality. Which is that he's narcissistic with very little to back it up. I say apparently because I didn't hear that part of her video, but I see reference to it in the comment section. Lots of people laughing about how highly "this dude" thinks of himself. The scene shifts. It's strange. Suddenly I'm in the spare bedroom where this male roommate (the content creator's boyfriend) lives. The guy's appearance is hard to pin down. For a second, he looked somewhat like Dylan Butterfield, but, even so, I confuse him for - - - shortly thereafter. I'm incredibly sleepy in the dream and I get into the bed and try to be considerate by trying to leave plenty of room for the man to get comfortable in the bed. At this point I still (very vaguely) believe this to be (- - -). The scene morphs again, but this time it's daylight and I'm on the second floor of - - - 's house (which doesn't exist in the real world. If anything, it looks like a combination the hallway leading to the stairs in our childhood home (bluff house) (#) and something new. I'm walking towards the left into the upstairs living room (definitely same layout as bluff house) and see how dirty and in disarray his home is. It's so bad that it's a sure-fire indication that - - - is not doing great. There's not much furniture to speak of in the room, but there's plenty of items and debris that seem to be related to a myriad of unfinished projects. Things like a paint bucket, wood shavings, a ladder that's laying in the middle of the floor and the rest is mostly just pieces of trash. Dream me feels a small wave of satisfaction that his life has turned into one he deserves. With a wry smile on my face I go back towards the stairwell and begin to make my way down and out the front door of the foyer. As I'm partially down the second part of the staircase I see - - - upstairs and against the bannister. Without me hearing specific words it is somehow conveyed that he is asking I be a part of his life again. I bristle at the suggestion and say, with great clarity, "No. You're awful. You abandoned me when I needed you most. My episode held a mirror up to you and your deranged ego, and you couldn't take it. You'd rather pretend none of it mattered than confront the truth. That you seek partners so incredibly similar to you because you can only love by loving yourself through a reflection. Only to reject them when that reflection inevitably shows you a part of yourself you don't like." The scene shifts again and we're suddenly somewhere else in his home on a different day. I must have agreed to come over and talk some things over. We're kind of just standing there. Chatting idly. From what I was able to gather I didn't come back due to any sort of fondness. My motive was simple curiosity. I wanted to hear what he could possibly have to say for himself. I wanted to hear him desperately attempt to justify his actions and fail miserably. It honestly felt something akin to rubbernecking.

521. (2-7-26 – 2-8-26) "It was the babies, not the men." Claimed way after the fact. Them being primary care givers (women) is why all the women had died. The men decidided to keep the secret. Unsure of how I remained. Birds also started to develop these powers during the middle portion fo the dream. New season completely different as not relationship to one antoher based. The pile of panties in the closest. The older black man and his child duplicate suicide

522. (2-8-26 - 2-9-26) The tall intruder with the head of Bowman "bowman amalgamation" realize someone has broken in the tingling sensation

523. (2-16-26 - 2-17-26) The winter incarceration with dad and my "husband" (Straight dichotomy)

524. (2-17-26 - 2-18-26) The hostage situation and eventual Stockholm esque experience of staying. After certain period of time running away and feeling ashamed of how long I stayed in the situation. Stayed too long.

525. (2-20-26 – 2-21-26) The dream I had last night was excruciating to pull myself away from. I'm pretty sure it was the first dream I've ever had where interactions with my childhood peers was overwhelmingly positive. It starts off with me arriving to a meeting spot where lots of them congregating. I try to verbally indicate my presence and say "excuse me" as I try to slip past Deidre Holben who doesn't move an inch. As I inch by anyway I say "just like old times" and laugh to myself in a way that indicates it didn't affect me negatively and was just a source of amusement. It was like bringing the temperament and confidence I have as an adult into this environment. Sad to say that so much of the environment and content of the dream was so etherical and almost psychedelic in nature that I'm unable to properly convey the totality of just how striking the environments were and how it felt to exist within them. As the group of us begins to appear in the next scene we are in a grassy environment that seems to extend forever. I'm interacting with a classmate I don't recognize the face of, but I use my ability to do whatever I like in the environment (I do believe that this was likely a location in which everyone and everything had finally escaped Samsara) by grabbing onto her and teleporting / flying to a surreal landscape that seemed to be foundational a forest setting, but the patterns on the forest floor made up of iridescent lines of a grid pattern in contrast to the square blocks of absolute black between them. Later on I'm back with all of my classmates in a residence that I seem familiar with. Everyone's in good spirits and a golden retriever comes through the door from what I believe was the patio. What's particularly interesting about this is that when I see the dog I recognize the dog as the door from a house over that visits us on our property a lot and I remember that the dog and all of us typically hang out in an area on the right side of the house and have done so many times. This implying and extensive history or time spent in this realm we inhabit. At some point during the evening. Zack Young in the closet interrupted. The dog. Kaleb Watson with long hair. No that's fine I love to fuck skaters lol

526. (2-21-26 - 2-22-26) The first part where I was hiding in a pyramid of produce? And they came after me. The land of islands and beaches. Living with Tyler again. The portion with the Walmart and remembering something bad happening at the Walmart exit next to the greeter" so choosing to turn around. The mop bucket and the disturbing looking naked old woman that comes past pushing it. Me literally thinking to myself "well what the fuck does that symbolize?" The family trip including mom portion. The dream turning into "reality" as they were trying to put me into inpatient because it wasn't a dream anymore. The van bs his arch enemy part. The rich and the disturbed portion with the sexually charged torture devices. Stumbling upon the edm festival that later turned into a patriotic themed music festival made up of mostly minorities. It did give off trump related vibes at one point.

527. (2-23-26 - 2-24-25) Last night's dream was all encompassing and surreal. All, and I mean all of the art in the entirety of the world and then all of my worldly belongings were packed up and put into boxes and other means of storage. I was then tasked with putting ALL of it back up. The place where I place most of the art back onto walls was in this liminal space in which there was nothing but and emptiness and the color of parchment paper. The only thing indicating a change in the floor and the "walls" was a darker color of that color of parchment paper as the delination. It was my job to put all of it where it needs to go. The entire time this is happening in surrounding by large groups of people that seem to go on forever. It's as though all of us are connected by a single chain. Not an actual chain but I'm just trying to get across the fact that we were all one. Everyone was sort of there to witness me do this. And all of the items in storage were also accessible by the entirety, and I remember expressing anxiety to my mother (Nancy) that I was worried I wouldn't get some of my own belongings back because "what if they get stolen." When I brought this up I was thinking

about some of my makeup. The story continues to thread itself in non linear ways. There would be times where people themselves were the steps or foot holds needed to get down or up to something. There was this convenience store in the middle of this that existed on the second floor of a building that had no way in from the ground floor. I knew of something you could climb to access the second floor (I think it was an old, discarded body of an 18 wheeler) so I climbed up that way. Once I got inside it seemed like any other convenience station. I remember debating whether to buy a can of sprite or off brand sprite depending upon how cold the cans were. After this I wound up in a house that was next to another house on a corner of two streets that I had apparently been loaned temporarily during this journey. I don't recall entering the house on the corner, but the house beside it was incredibly opulent. The scene moves back to another liminal space where I am still in charge of placing all these beautiful works of art back into the physical space. I remember coming across Zac Stumbough at one point as he is one of the many bodies in the sea of people closest to me as we are all still connected as one. He asks me how the night prior went and I told him I had been on acid so I'd be up to "something else entirely." At which he lightly chuckles. The scene continues and there comes a point where I fall asleep in a long row of people. On either side of me are two tall men, and I remember sleeping soundly because of it. At one point I come across my father (Van) and telling mom that Van had raped me in this reality. At this moment it's like Van was in the back of a vehicle and he hears me tell Nancy this with the door of the vehicle cracked. As soon as I tell her this and she begins to enter the vehicle I hear Van begin to wail in misery as if Nancy knowing this was his worst fear. The dream continues as I'm placing paintings and sculptures and in the middle of this is when I wake up and the dream ends. Also, side note, I believe I remember a portion of the dream where I think about what it'll be like to have to pack everything up all over again.

528. (2-25-26) The part of tonights who's dream where I fell in to a dream location where I woman brought me to my knees immediately after passing into sleeps threshold. I couldn't control my body: I immediately realized i was Too much in the dream already and tried to wake up which took a second I was able to do so.

529. (2-25-26) Well that was bizarre albeit partially disturbing. The dream I just had after falling asleep for maybe and hour and a half a half to two hours. I remember bits and pieces at the beginning but I most certainly remember the ending. The beginning part I'm kind of existing in a state of liminality. I am thinking back to an old office job I used to have that I've never had in my life"waking life." I think to myself about how much I hated the job and how tedious it was. I felt grateful not to work there anymore with an image of the office area I worked in in my dreams minds eye. Suddenly I'm in this hallway incredibly disoriented. I see the hallway and I know that I should try the door to right. As soon as I see the pattern of my comforter (the black and white one from forever ago) on this dorm twin sized bed I know I found the right spot. I go to lock my door an realize there isn't a way to lock it from the inside. I immediately think to myself about how I need to take it up with administration and how I wanted them to change out my door knob. I don't have much time to think about it as I still feel vaguely unwell and fall to a soft spot on the floor. As I drag myself off of the floor and onto the bed I think to myself about how there's no way I can make it to classes in the morning _ tomorrow because feel so unwell. I think this with a smidge of regret as I think to myself about how "this place actually does count for attendance." I'm suddenly COMPLETELY lucid. Uncomfortably so. I sit up out of bed, face the bed thinking wait, I'm way too rooted in this reality. A pang of anxious fear hits my heart as I think to myself that this might be the reality and my waking life is the dream. It felt that way for a moment. I'm very perturbed by this and immediately test the environment to see if I can wake myself up. I try to do what I usually do, which is some sort of (flexing?) of the space at the edges of my head and try to open my eyes super wide by also using my hands to make circle shaped fists on both of my eyes and opening them in

a way that would force my eyes wide open. NOTHING happens. I'm just staring even harder at the dorm room. Not good. And then a few moments go past and I awaken in my bed. Twisted

530. (2-25-26 -2-26-26) Last nights dream was so fucked up. I was in our childhood home (tractor shed edition) and it seems like mom and dad were separated. Dad goes through the fridge (which for some reason is to the left of the door that would have led into the computer room. Dad has cleaned out the fridge entirely and thrown out stuff he thinks is old. One of which was a pork chop I had bought. (Another one was some prime rib leftovers which made me mad since it looked delicious) I tell dad that he threw it it when it was mine and not old at all. (At this point we're sitting down at the dining table) He tells me he won't replace it and next time I need to write down on the list whenever I buy something new. I look at him with disgust and say "you don't even love here." I go tell mom about this exchange outside and she laughs when I tell her the "you don't even love here," part. Suddenly I'm back inside the house and Van has gathered up the video game console and games and is now setting everything inside of the house on fire. I go around to every spot he's lit and try to blow it out, and I succeed in most places, but the back of the entertainment center is the only place where the fire has spread too much for me to be able to blow it out. This is where it gets fucked up. I go to mom to tell her what Van has done, and she acts completely unaffected. I beg her to do something about it, but she doesn't seem to think anything is wrong. We're both inside the house now and I say something along the lines of he lit the house on fire for fucks sake by pointing at the back of the entertainment center. She laughs and said something like oh really? In a sarcastic tone. I look back at her and now all the places where I had blown out the fire is now completely engulfed in flames. I run out of the house and try to reason with mom but she's smiling right next to Van as if nothing is wrong. (We're on the back patio where the hammock was) Van is holding a toddler or small child Conner as I'm standing in the grass off of the patio. As I realize I'm going to have to flee from both of my parents I give Conner a sorrow filled apologetic look. As if I'm trying to make sure to impress upon his child mind that I didn't want to leave him and how much it hurts me to do so. As soon as I start to turn away Conner breaks loose from dad's arms and runs straight at me and jumps onto my back. I bolt into the woods as fast as my legs can carry me. I know they're pursing me, but I can't let them catch me so I weave in and out of wooded areas where there aren't and trails cut through. Eventually I get off of our property and continue to travel across state lines into many different towns and cities trying to keep both of us safe from mom and dad. I remember having to go through a heavily populated area in a town by a back alley I needed to go down, and I was immediately uncomfortable and made a point to get away from anyone who could potentially recognize or ID us as soon as I possibly could.

531. (2-26-26 - 2-27-26) The dream was an end of the world scenario and I kept telling my parents (not sure which ones) to follow me to a specific spot of the map where there was a massive crevice and a nation that lived inside it. I knew the further we went into the crevice the more likely it was that this world ending force could harm us enough ti kill us. My parents didn't listen to me many times even when I told them I had gone there during other "tries" and successfully survived. For a while they'd ignore my advice and I'd make my way to the crevice alone. Eventually they did come with me at least one time that I remember. I do remember being in the crevice and the people that lived there welcomed me. After they welcomed me I went deeper into the ground by going into their infrastructure that was built into it. Lots of concrete.

532. (2-28-26 - 3-1-26) In my dream last night I was going to university in Little Rock. A festival (one I thought was an edm music festival, but I never heard music playing) comes into town and I realize it's not the same as electric forest (the festival I'll be attending this year in June) I live in some dorms on UALR campus. Apparently the dorms used to be completely decorated in Egyptian style everything which means the wardrobe in my room is made to look like a sarcophagus. Identical to the one at Nelson Atkins. Some of my childhood classmates are in

town or going to UALR and they encourage me to go with them to the festival. There's one part of the festival where you can ride a slide down into the air and then drop down into a pool. There is a man and a woman that are part of our group down in the swimming area when I get down there. I sit next to the man on his right and his girlfriend sits in his left. His hand is placed on my thigh and I think nothing of it. Earlier in the dream before the festival there's a different festival that's being held nearby and I see that one of the many tents set up is set up next to a golden obelisk. I think to myself "lucky." Because had I had a tent put up next to it I would have stolen it. Stole earrings. Lindsey Pratt and friends.

533. (3-1-26 - 3-2-26) By gifted and talented area in school that doesn't look like Elisa and I's school. At the center of the school is a secluded hallways that leads into the "Gifted and Talented" program room. The hallway you must use to access the program room is off of a main hallway. Basically the door leading into this second hallway is secluded as this weird hallway only leads into the gifted and talented room. Basically creating a transitional hallway for this specific purpose. Next to the door in said hallway leading into the program room is an art piece / sign like object that Elisa and I made to be placed there. The art piece had saturated hues of green, pink, and purple. From the top-center right portion of the object these design had these bright tulips pushing up and above the main portion of the art piece.

534. (3-2-26 - 3-3-26) Dream last night. Fell asleep watching a Wendigion video so the dream starts off with the reality around me being contingent on what's being said in the video even though in the dream itself the reality is essentially just ordered chaos. Actual definable items but in every variety of locations and the physics of the dream itself seemed perfectly random in nature. At some point the video stops and then state of reality, space time, or whatever you want to call it then falls to me. It is now my responsible to shape the entirety of all things, of all matter.

535. (4-7-26 – 4-8-26) REWRITE AND CLARIFY Had the weirdest dream last night. I'd made some comment under a status either of my own or of Elisa's or a different, unnamed friend where I said something that was misconstrued as being pointedly rude and mean by Elisa and at least one other friend. Mom (Nancy) had been talking to either both Elisa and this other friend or just Elisa. Elisa had already given mom a rundown of the situation as far as how my intentions were horrible for having written this comment to them. When I approached mom and Elisa from a hallway as I had heard them speaking about it in a room with together mom came out to meet me in the hallway as I started explaining my side of things and what I had actually meant. Mom said to me something along the lines of "no you didn't liar." I was immediately infuriated. Mom had never said something like that about me and especially not directly to my face. I walked away from her and told her not to talk to me again until she apologized. I absolutely meant it and wouldn't talk to her otherwise. I was ill and had fallen into a sort of sleeping sickness where I wasn't waking up.Ralph Fiennes. "I can't believe you don't know who Ralph Fiennes is" THE FACT DREAM ME KNEW THAT WAS HIS NAME IS CRAZY. I don't know if I'd have remembered his name in real life were I to try and think of it with his face in mind. A movie production that at least had a scene on a football field with a team of football players.The woman with the red lazer beam coming straight out of the middle of her forehead and out the backside of her head. It was a dangerous lazer. I asked for her to at least turn toward the hallway (away from me) because at least she wouldn't "catch the building on fire." As if somehow her pointing it at a different part of the building would solve the issue. Me remembering who he was later on and thinking oh yeah that is pretty cool. I did see him as he was approaching where I was being held while being sick with a boquet of yellow flowers in hand. He was somehow involved in the production of a movie.